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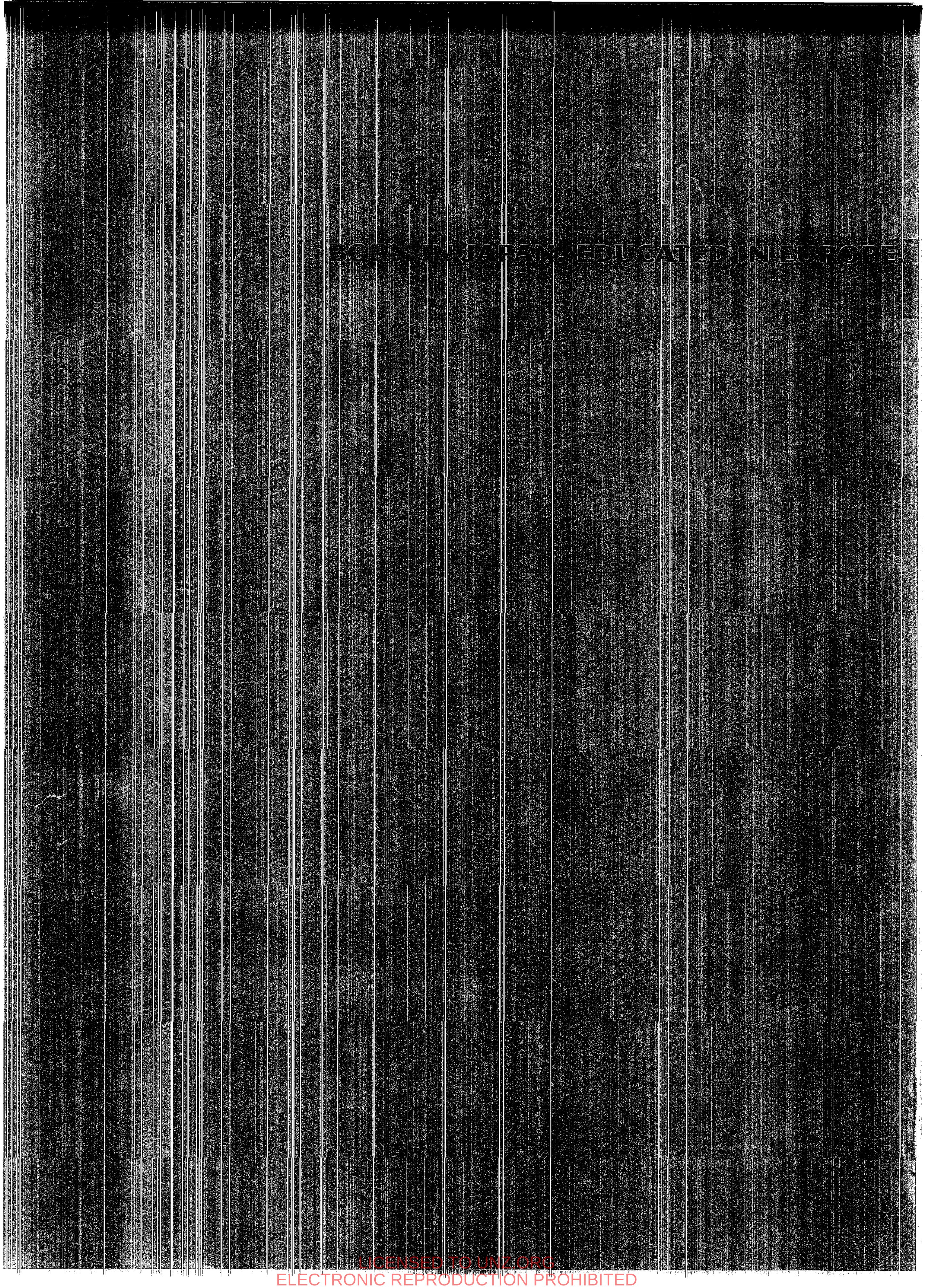
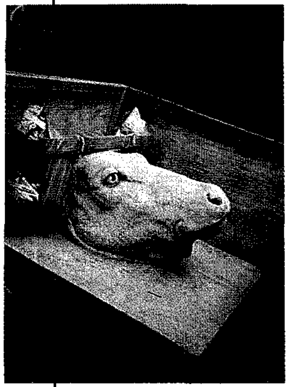

BORN IN JAPAN. EDUCATED IN EUROPE.

Contents Aug. 17, 1998

> *"My apartment looks like a drag queen walked in here and exploded. People think I'm subletting from Cher. My friends envy me because I look like a king."*
>
> DERRICK KARDOS, PAGE 36



36 Love Me Two Times

Secondhand has many euphemisms. *Vintage. Previously owned. Lightly used. Antique.* But there's really no need to blush (or claim a particularly patinated piece is an heirloom). The city's secondhand stores are filled with things you need, at prices you'll love. After all, someone else once needed that crib, that cloche, that camera, and that cornice too. We've investigated lots and lofts and little boutiques, searching for the best sources of goods with a past, either documented or imagined.

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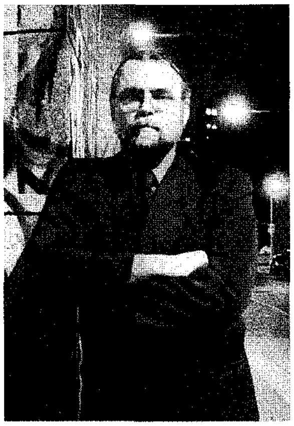
By Doug S. Barasch

Charles King helped build Housing Works into a nationally admired provider of services to the most vulnerable AIDS patients—the homeless and drug-addicted. But this Texas-born, Yale-educated son of a preacher defends his flock with a zeal that rubs many, including the mayor, the wrong way. Can Housing Works survive a battle with City Hall?



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By David Handelman

Unlike his mentor, the legendary Ahmet Ertegun, Atlantic Records A&R chief Craig Kallman isn't a flamboyant man about the club scene but a driven devourer of everything from hip-hop to schlock pop. With 50,000 albums in his East Side apartment and a talent roster that runs from Aaliyah to Sinead O'Connor, he's helping to redefine the industry. "He's a music dude," says one rival. "He's the future of the music business."

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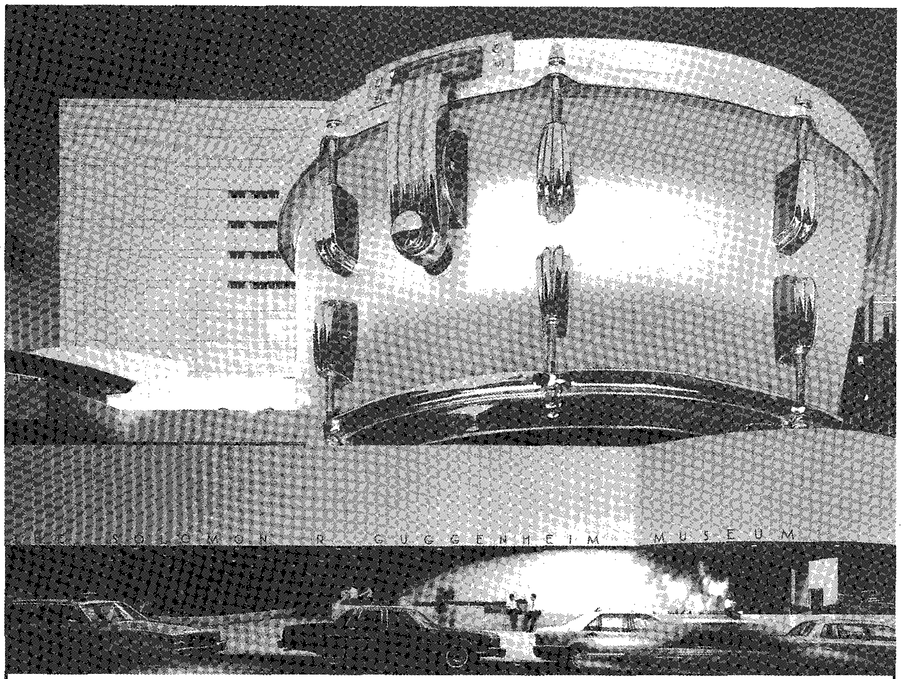

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Alexandra Parnass
Beauty Editor
Marie Claire Magazine

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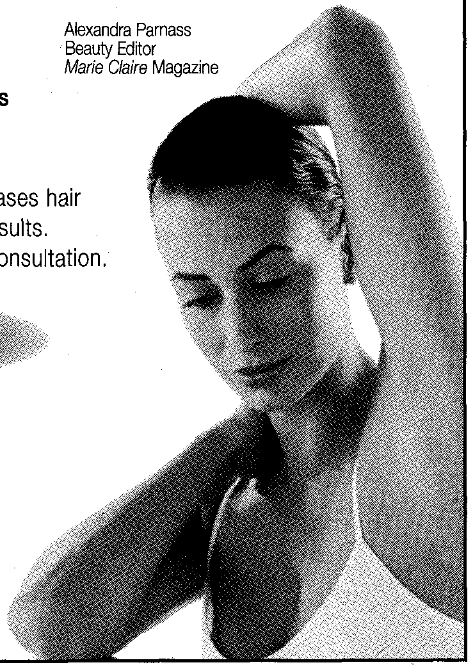

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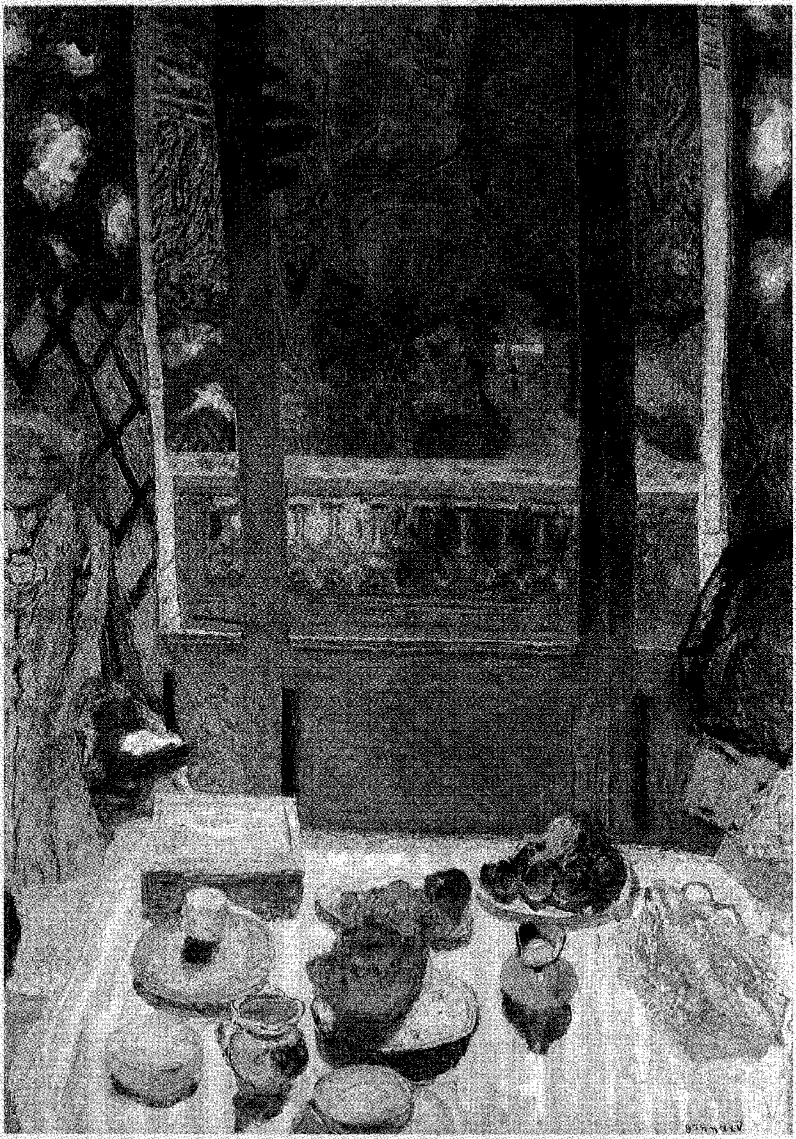

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Pierre Bonnard. *Dining Room Overlooking the Garden (The Breakfast Room).* 1930–31. Oil on canvas.
The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Given anonymously, 1941

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Southern Comfort

Why won't Giuliani let Ingrid Casares bring a little Liquid north? Where's the inspiration in Union Square South? Why won't the Yankees play nice?

THE ARTICLE ABOUT INGRID CASARES only shows that it takes more than looks, money, and famous friends to open a business ["Who's That Girl?," by Jonathan Van Meter, July 27]. I hope I have an easier time getting into Liquid the next time I'm in Miami than she has had trying to open a club in New York.

Juliana Longiotti
CHAPEL HILL, N.C.

TOO BAD "WHO'S THAT GIRL?" DEVOTED only a few paragraphs to the actual battle that Ingrid Casares and her lawyers have fought trying to open her Manhattan club. I'm sure an examination of the restriction-of-trade issues sparked by Deputy Mayor Rudy Washington's comments would be far more titillating than whom she chooses to sleep with. I guess we just have to put up with the Giuliani administration's continuing to destroy the diversity and vibrancy of Manhattan nightlife (anyone for a Disney-run Studio 54 with culturally insulting Mulan sushi hour?). As a gay man who goes clubbing often (Twilo, Roxy, Tunnel, etc.) and has frequented Liquid in Miami, I can certainly say that Ingrid knows how to throw a great party, something New York is in desperate need of. Unfortunately, it's our loss. Ingrid, don't ever try to become "less fabulous."

Paul Wood
MANHATTAN

Over the Rainbow

I WAS SHOCKED TO READ ABOUT THE UPcoming changes at the Rainbow Room ["Mondo Cipriani," by T. Z. Parsa, July 13]. Even as a die-hard New Yorker, I have found that in my frequent trips back to the city, I gravitate to the bar or cabaret for a "New York" experience. To take that away from New Yorkers and the many visitors who look upon the Rainbow Room as a must-see is akin to moving the Empire State Building to another city.

Bob Beck
SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIF.

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Imperfect Union

THANK YOU FOR YOUR ARTICLE ON UNION Square South ["Cityscape: Cineplex Odious," by Karrie Jacobs, June 29–July 6]. Not only are there shootings at System, we lose 11th Street to what is locally known as Webster Hell because they block it off at night. We have a new behemoth NYU dorm and low-income residential buildings on 13th Street, and now the Palladium is being turned into dorms. All of these changes can be attributed to the ebb and flow of the city. But the most offensive addition to our neighborhood is the monstrosity called Union Square South.

I was quite excited to see what architectural marvel would pop up from that long-vacant block. When this ugly gunmetal monolith started emerging, I thought, *Well, that's all structural—they'll do something to it.* But it just got uglier and uglier. I thought it was me until I read your article, which did an excellent job of explaining the purpose of and circumstances surrounding this building. It did not explain, however, the lack of imagination or creativity in its design. If form truly follows function, you'd think Union Square South was a sewage-treatment plant.

Tami Solondz
MANHATTAN

Bad Yankees

AS A LIFELONG YANKEES FAN NOW LIVING in California, I relish the rare opportunity to see the Yankees locally ["Bronx Coup," by Chris Smith, July 27]. Imagine my excitement when my husband and I took our then-4-year-old son, Andrew, to see them against the A's. To my dismay, after we'd waited an hour outside the locker room to get autographs, only two Yankees actually came over to the group: Andy Pettitte and Willie Randolph. While Willie and Andy graciously signed, none of the others even bothered to approach us. Andrew was inconsolable. Andrew and other 6-year-olds are the future of baseball, as fans and players. While I will always love the Yankees for their on-the-field skill, some of them need to learn how to be better men off the field.

Jocelyn E. Grayson
SAN CARLOS, CALIF.

Buh-Bye

I AGREE WITH THE STUDIO EXECUTIVE who said in Nikki Finke's "Hollywood" column "Brown Out" [July 20] that Tina Brown's new job is a total demotion. She is either naïve or desperate. I feel sorry for her, because she'll have to endure the wretched process of development, which includes sucking up to people you don't like, reading hundreds of awful literary submissions, and telling never-ending lies to people you like. On the other hand, I am thrilled that she is leaving *The New Yorker,* because I may start subscribing to it again. During her reign, Brown ran articles about Hollywood celebrities, going so far as to make one a contributing editor. I couldn't believe that the magazine I once admired had become such a sellout and suck-up to Hollywood, the last place that needs more focus or publicity. I always thought *The New Yorker* was better than that; now that Brown is gone, maybe it will be.

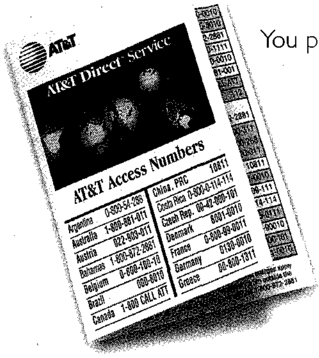
Cami Berkus
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Remember Sex?

I SPENT THE DECADE OF THE EIGHTIES PHOtographing the Times Square sex-club scene at Show World, the Pussycat, 7-11, the Avon, and the Bryant Theater, as well as the male-burlesque scene at the Ramrod, the Big Top Lounge, Show Palace Follies, the Unicorn, and the Crazy Horse ["Gotham: Unstripped," August 3]. The energy, the life, the variety, and the character are all gone, but Times Square's sex clubs were a great source of inspiration and creativity for many artists: I amassed more than 1,000 photographs from this era. Times Square will always have a special place in my heart.

Vivienne Maricevic
MANHATTAN

(say yes)



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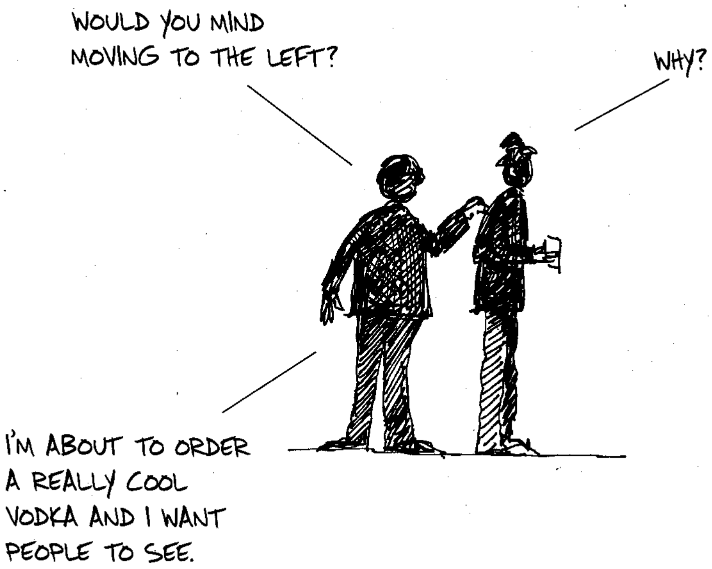
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INTELLIGENCER

A CLEAN SWEEP FOR RUDY AT CITY HALL?

Stay tuned for a new round of musical chairs at City Hall this fall. Though no one's talking, the word trickling out from political insiders is that **Rudy Giuliani** may have a new chief of staff by September. One source insists that the mayor and his current chief of staff, **Bruce Teitelbaum,** are already in discussions to move the aide to "another senior-level post." The name most frequently mentioned as Teitelbaum's replacement: Planning Commissioner **Joe Rose.** Meanwhile, **Margot McGinness,** the mayoral aide whose battle last spring with Grammy chief **Michael Greene** provoked the show to bolt to L.A., has herself bolted. She's now the chief of staff for financier **Ted Forstmann.** And **Fred Cerullo,** the current finance commissioner, is said to be a leading contender to take over the Times Square BID, a position Teitelbaum has also been mentioned for. Teitelbaum could not be reached, but both Rose and the mayor's spokeswoman deny rumors of Teitelbaum's imminent departure.

Candice Bergen: Murphy's Law?

MURPHY GETS HER 60 MINUTES

Candice Bergen is not a journalist, but she played one on TV, and that seems to be enough for the muckety-mucks at CBS. Sources say that Bergen and producer **Don Hewitt,** who were seen huddling together in the Hamptons last week, have been talking about the *Murphy Brown* star moving over to *60 Minutes.* Bergen's spokesperson confirmed that the actress, whose own show ended in May, has been in discussion with CBS about doing several stories a year for the investigative-news show. Apparently, the idea has been kicking around for some time; Bergen had auditioned for a spot with *60 Minutes* 25 years ago, when she was a budding photojournalist. Says Hewitt, "We thought she was great. At the time, she opted to stay in Hollywood, but now that she is no longer doing *Murphy Brown,* it dawned on me that she may want to do a story or two for us. Once we make the determination that there is a story worth her doing, we'll give her a chance to do it and we'll see how she does. My guess is that she'll do superbly. She's one of the most intelligent people I've ever met in my life."

METS' HOME RUN; HAWKE'S SALTY NEST

SHEA'S SECRET CLAUSE: While **George Steinbrenner** huffs and puffs to get a new stadium for his Yankees, the Mets' **Fred Wilpon** has hardly broken a sweat. He doesn't have to. His plan to erect a new Shea with a retractable dome in the current stadium's parking lot is percolating along, and the Mets are pleased with their negotiations with the mayor's office, confirms team veep **Dave Howard.** It turns out that the team has a secret weapon: a 1985 contract with the city that presciently included a clause guaranteeing the Mets first dibs on any new ball park. That means a new Shea will almost certainly be built before a new Yankee stadium. Financing for a new Mets home has yet to be finalized, but Howard says the stadium will be built with "a substantial private contribution" in addition to public funds.

SALT AIREANS: Reality doesn't always bite. Just ask **Ethan Hawke,** who's spending August on Fire Island with **Uma Thurman** and their baby. The couple is renting in Saltaire, the community known for beached politicos like **Geraldine Ferraro, Victor** and **Sarah Kovner, Bert** and **Letty Cottin Pogrebin,** and, until recently, **Harold Ickes** and **Laura Handman.**

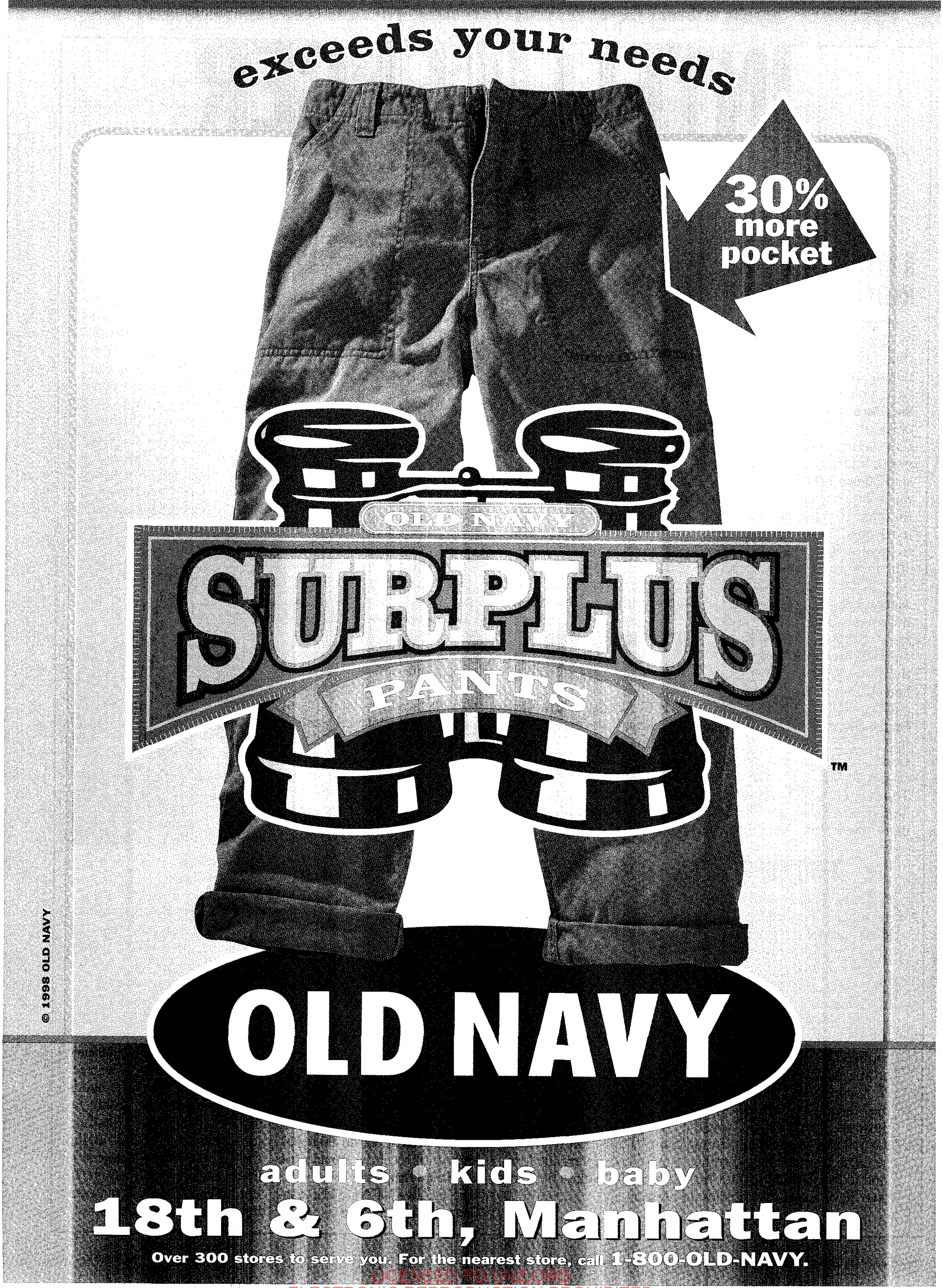
RESTAURANT NOTES: **Jean-Georges Vongerichten** is planning not one but two restaurants in Las Vegas—the Prime Steak House in **Steve Wynn**'s Bellagio, and a Jean Georges in the Mirage . . . They've lost the Rainbow Room to the **Ciprianis,** but Windows on the World creators **Joe Baum** and **Michael Whiteman** have a new project to keep them busy. The duo is masterminding the dining facilities for Jazz at Lincoln Center's new concert hall at the Coliseum . . . **Sirio Maccione** is in discussion with hotels in London and Paris about opening restaurants in both cities.

Ethan and Uma: Fire Island flames

THAT SUPER FLORIO BROTHER

The curse of the middle child doesn't play in the Florio family, where the middle son seems to be the blessed one. **Michael Florio,** the little-known 46-year-old brother of fearsome Condé Nast president **Steve Florio,** 49, and *Condé Nast Traveler* publisher **Tom Florio,** 42, has just recorded a CD of Christian songs. *The Witness* opens with Florio's rendition of "The Lord's Prayer," followed by eleven original songs by the singer-songwriter (who also plays guitar). Michael was a construction worker years ago when oldest brother Steve confided to the *Media Industry Newsletter* that his middle brother had "made the smartest career choice in the family." He then worked as a supervisor for Lehr Construction on the Viacom site, where co-workers remember him as an enthusiastic gospel singer. Now the born-again Christian has a day job at a Manhattan printing plant. "I don't know *where* he came from," laughs brother Tom, who's determined to land a distribution deal for his big brother. "Mike's here to save Steve and me." Miracles do happen.

Photographs: top, Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; bottom, Patrick McMullan/Gamma Liaison.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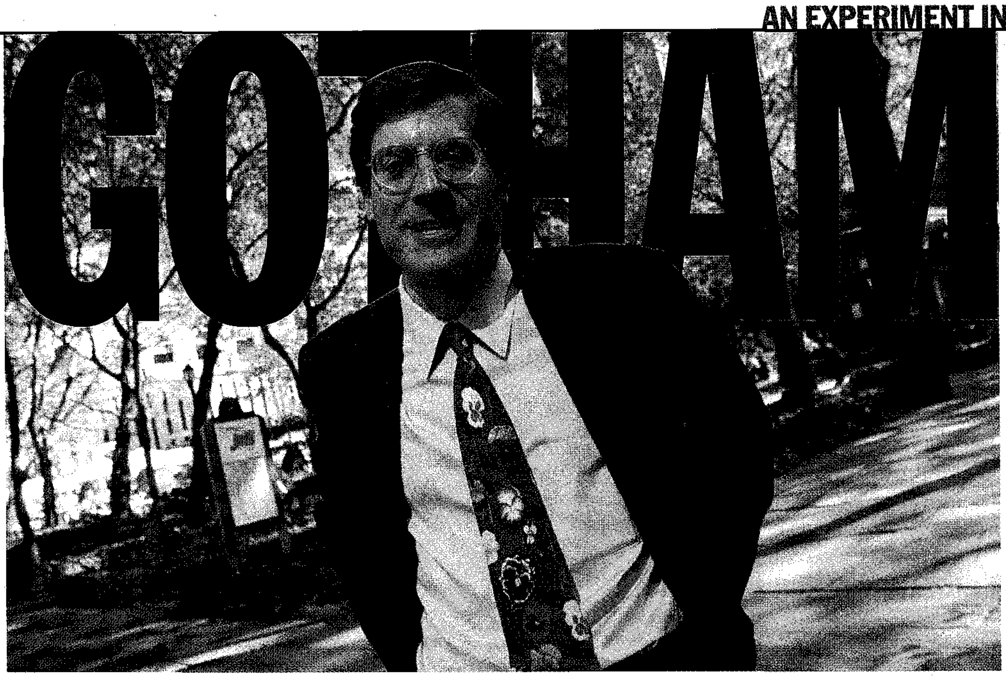
AN EXPERIMENT IN MISERY—*STEPHEN CRANE*

GOTHAM



Daniel Biederman, the longtime head of the Grand Central Partnership and two other BIDs.

BID for Power

Is Daniel Biederman the problem? Or does the mayor just not like competition?

SPEED BUMPS, PEDICABS, ELevated flower baskets—a recent Thursday-morning "Streetscape" meeting at the Grand Central Partnership office touched on all the usual hot-button topics. Then it was time for a slide show of an outdoor mall in Santa Monica. Something in the slides unsettled Partnership president Daniel Biederman. "Those damn white plastic chairs," he cried, leaping from his seat. "You'll never make a space beautiful with those horrible chairs."

No one has ever doubted Dan Biederman's eye for detail, or his obsessive faith in the perfectibility of urban space. His success at cleaning up the Grand Central Terminal area and Bryant Park earned him national fame as a miracle worker. But while keeping watch on urban eyesores, Biederman—the only person to control three business-improvement districts (the Grand Central Partnership, the Bryant Park Restoration Committee, and the 34th Street Partnership)—failed to notice how the political ground had shifted beneath his feet.

The week before last, his former ally, Mayor Giuliani, abruptly terminated the city's contract with the Grand Central Partnership, exasperated at Biederman's refusal to cede any of his power. He's still got the other two BIDS, but the decisive loss of the mayor's favor places his career in jeopardy—just weeks before what would have been its crowning achievement: the ribbon-cutting at the newly refurbished Grand Central Terminal. The Partnership's backers, some of the city's most powerful property owners, are now huddling to figure out whether their man can be saved.

One thing they've clearly resolved is not to fight the mayor in the press, or to risk a war of personalities, like those that felled schools chancellor Ramon Cortines and NYPD chief William Bratton. "The Partnership board is making all the decisions," says Biederman's P.R. rep. "Dan doesn't even have a vote in this. He can't comment." Bratton agrees that Biederman should "lie low and try to wait the mayor out."

But discretion may not be enough. "By their very nature, BIDS pose a threat to govern-

(continued on page 14)

SPIN CYCLE

The Final Vinyl

● Rock-and-roll souvenirs may be trading like the Indonesian rupiah these days, but Gary Zimet, president of Moments in Time, is betting that no matter how morbid the memorabilia, the Beatles are still blue-chip investments. On behalf of an anonymous seller, he's asking $1.8 million for the *Double Fantasy* album John Lennon autographed for Mark Chapman right before being shot. Found in the front-gate flower planter outside the Dakota, it contains Chapman's forensically enhanced fingerprints, Lennon's signature, and a New York Police Department evidence number.

● Zimet and the owner have decided to donate part of the proceeds to a gun-control group "to offset any negative spin," and they anticipate interest from "either a museum or the Hard Rock Cafe or someone who will buy it and keep it in their basement."

● The folks at the Hard Rock were too horrified to comment, but Giles Moon, Sotheby's rock specialist, spoke with appropriate understatement: "We'd have to think carefully about it. It could create anti-publicity."

SARAH BERNARD

CAMEO

The Bad News Bear

RATIONALLY, WE KNEW THE BEAR WAS MERELY hibernating—that at any moment, he could come crashing through Wall Street as if in a Kool-Aid commercial. Sure, we thought that he'd be roused by a seismic event—like, say, any of the catastrophic economic collapses of the past couple of years—and not by the idle mumblings of a lone Prudential analyst. But the bear chose late July to awaken, and it made for surprisingly good summer entertainment. For though the stock market's recent high-seas act may have masters of the universe sleeping fitfully, the little people of the world took comfort in the safety lessons of their Boy Scout days. *Keep your wits about you. No sudden movements. Go about your business; the bear will go back into the woods.* They knew not to panic. They knew he was really just a cub. Besides which, they knew their mutual funds were fully hedged.

Photographs: top, Frances M. Roberts; bottom, Gerard Lacz/Animals Animals.

BID *continued from page 13*

ment—they're where people can go to get things they need done," explains Mitchell Moss, an urban-policy expert at NYU. "So the trick of managing a BID is being very respectful to government. And that's exactly what Biederman doesn't do."

Biederman doesn't have much support beyond his own powerful board. Liberal groups detest the Partnership for its treatment of the homeless. And none of his counterparts at other BIDs seem too concerned. "If I were still in New York, I'd call for an emergency meeting to congratulate the mayor," says Robert Walsh, who ran the Union Square BID for eight years. "BIDs have to be community-based, and Biederman never understood that. When he should've been out on the street talking to merchants, he was getting on a plane to make speeches about his great accomplishments."

Biederman's chances for survival rest almost entirely upon how far the midtown property owners are willing to go for him. A protracted legal fight is not the way these real-estate veterans like to operate, so a deal of some kind seems likely. They are now discussing the reduction of Biederman's load to one BID, though it may be too late for such a compromise.

Giuliani's crackdown on the Partnership may have less to do with Biederman than has been assumed. When they were created in the eighties, BIDs stepped into a vacuum left by drastic cutbacks (and the general inefficacy) of municipal services. People like Biederman were hailed as the saviors of the city. But public-sector incompetence is no longer an article of faith at City Hall, and when something good happens in the city, the mayor is going to be damned if he'll let someone else take credit for it—or let the people who do business *with* him do business *like* him. There'll be no more eloquent symbol of that shift than the sight, come autumn, of Giuliani standing at the podium on opening day of the new Grand Central that Biederman made possible. Or perhaps the mayor will be sitting in one of those ugly white chairs. HUGO LINDGREN

FIELD MEMO

MEAN MARK GREEN

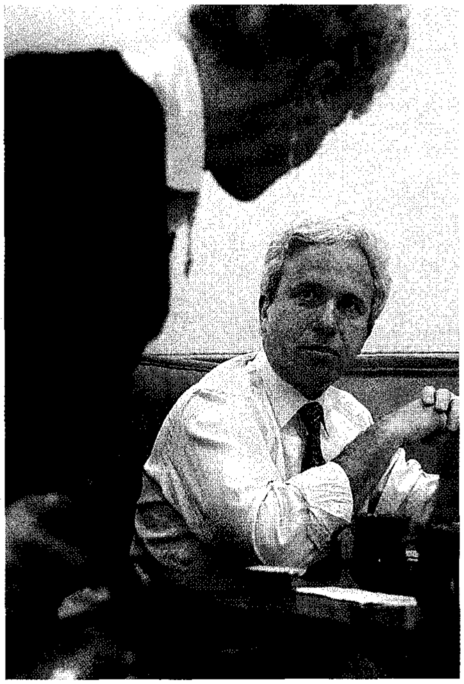
The third-place Senate candidate has no choice but to get nasty.

IT'S A BIG DAY FOR MARK Green, the moment he will throw caution to the wind and rip into his Democratic opponents in the U.S. Senate race. For the occasion, he has chosen safe territory, the offices of the *Nation*, where the fatherly Victor Navasky and a conference room filled with bright young summer interns greet him like a favorite son.

Green instantly tries to make everyone feel at home by encouraging his young supporters to take out their sandwiches and eat while he talks. Then, peering out on the room through his baby-blue eyes, his silver hair glistening like a halo, the fair-haired kid of New York City politics launches into his attack. "A New York senator has to be able to independently challenge donors, not just call them for money," he says. He goes on to accuse Chuck Schumer of raising funds from the same people he's supposed to regulate, and charges that Geraldine Ferraro has "disavowed her voting record."

In a campaign in which the front-runner, Ferraro, is incredibly cautious and the top challenger, Schumer, is tirelessly blasting his résumé of legislative accomplishments to all corners of the state, the impecunious Green is the King of Free Media. He feeds the press a healthy diet of quips and zingers, and seizes any opportunity to stage a City Hall press conference, like the recent one to announce an endorsement from an obscure Asian-American group from Queens. "This won't interest you," he warned a group of beat reporters beforehand. Then, addressing a writer from the *Post*, he said, "Maybe I'll get some coverage from you when Farrakhan endorses me."

Green has a whole bag full of novelty one-liners that he reaches into for every audience. "Al D'Amato votes like Jesse Helms and campaigns like Jesse Jackson"—that's one of Green's staples. Unfortunately for him, the same sound bites that help him get on TV and in the newspapers often leave audiences cold.



Candidate and closet pit bull Mark Green.

Now, as the primary campaign nears the stretch run, Green is turning to harsher rhetoric—and directing it less at D'Amato and more at his Democratic rivals. The idealist has become the most ruthless candidate in the race. It's something he knows how to do. In his famous 1986 Senate primary fight against millionaire John Dyson, Green generated free press by disclosing Dyson's investments in companies doing business in South Africa. By the end of the campaign, Green's quips had turned his hapless opponent into a poster boy for the aristocracy. "I'm the working Democrat versus the rich conservative," Green said on numerous occasions.

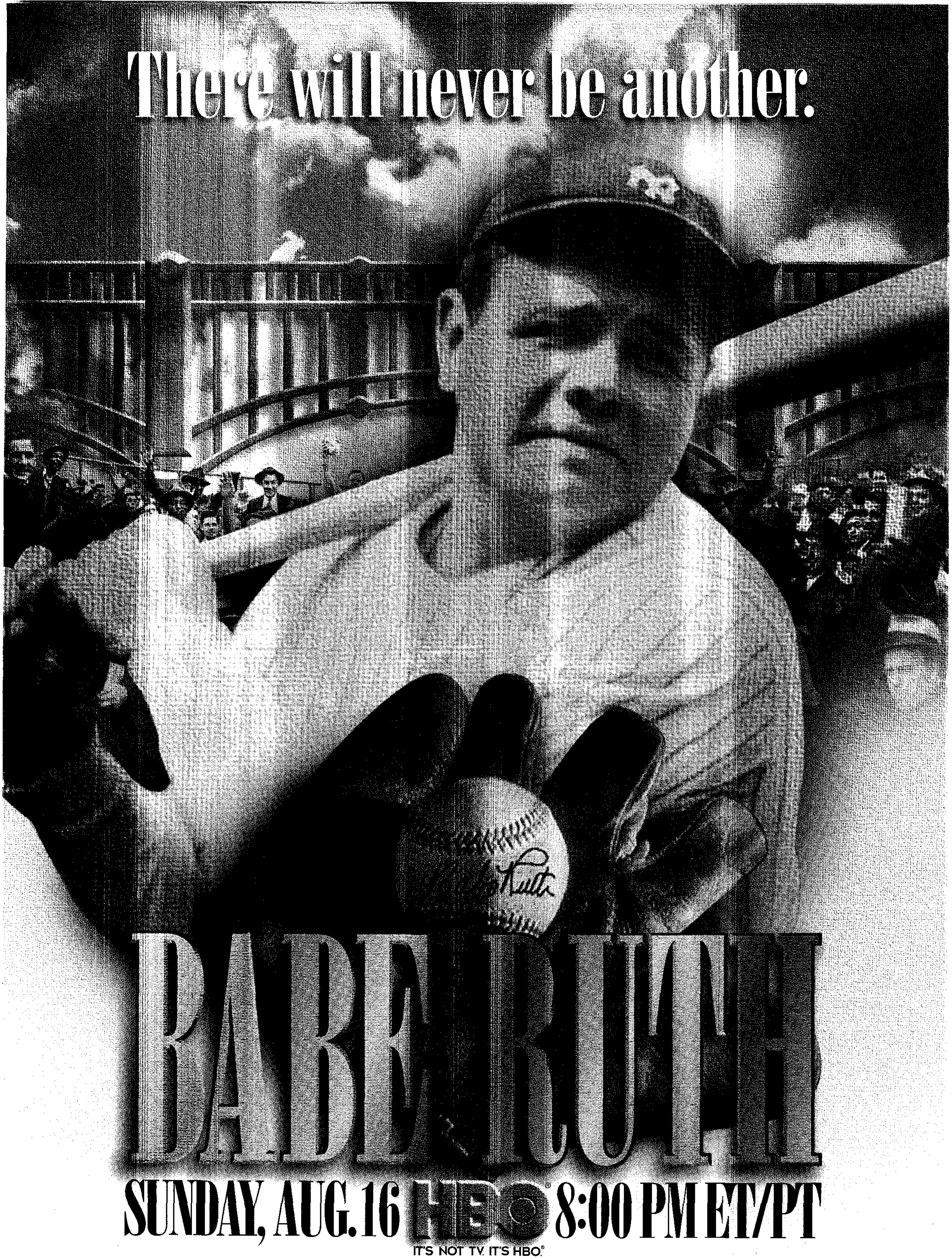
"He got his training as a Nader acolyte, and Nader is the original attack dog," says a former Dyson aide. "Nader had very little money but an ability to turn a phrase and turn an opponent's size and wealth against him. To Mark Green, an opponent's just another Pinto—find a flaw, call them a danger to the public, and create a sensation, or even a scandal."

But Green maintains the moral high ground because his record has been so spotless. David Paterson says that when he ran against Green for public advocate in 1993, he looked in vain for some dirt on him. "I felt Mark is like a freshly painted room—if you dump a bucket of mud on him, it'll stand out more than on anyone else," he recalls.

Opposing strategists dismiss Green as too glib, too negative, too "snipey," in the words of one. Widely considered a possible mayoral contender in 2001, he risks the fate that greeted Bella Abzug in 1976, when her combative Senate campaign soured voters on her 1977 mayoral campaign. "It takes some courage to do what he's doing, because your Establishment colleagues consider you shrill," says Paterson. "But if he didn't do it, he'd wind up fourth, hoping he hadn't offended anyone."

ANDREW KIRTZMAN

Photograph by Adam Nadel/AP/Wide World.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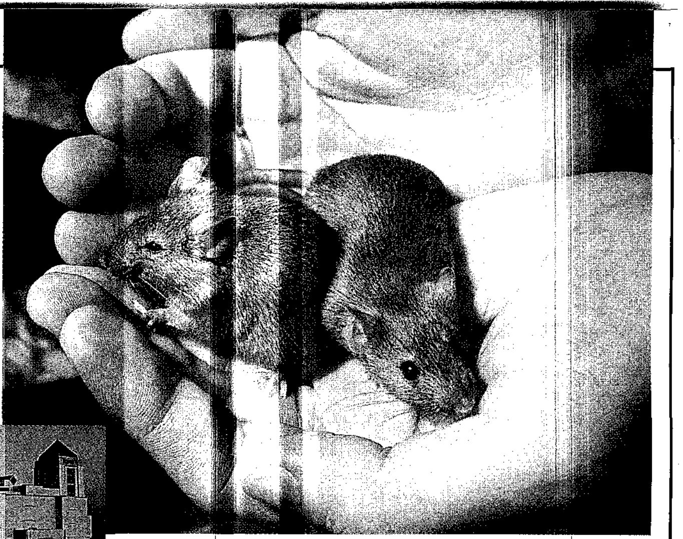
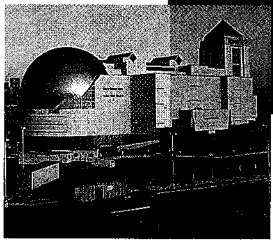
SCIENCE

Clone Alone Two

House-hunting for world-famous mice.





The world's first cloned mice (above) and their new home (left), the Liberty Science Center.

YOU PROBABLY SAW ON TV or in the papers that researchers in Hawaii cloned 50 mice, spanning three generations. Four of the mice were flown to New York for a triumphant, press-packed debut at the Science, Industry and Business Library on Madison Avenue. I went to see them. Once the astonishing news of their existence had been delivered, the reporters ran off to file their stories, leaving me—a lowly editorial intern at a biotechnology magazine—to peacefully survey the now-famous rodents. "Bringing the mice was a nice touch," I said to another journalist. "What happens to them now?"

He told me they couldn't return to their Hawaiian lab, for fear of contamination by New York germs. "You can probably take them home," he said with a grin.

He was casually offering me a bit of biological history. They didn't look extraordinary, and they sure stank like regular mice. But they were *genetically identical.* The sequence of their DNA's 2.7 billion building blocks was exactly the same. "These mice should be in a museum," I said, "where children can see them."

Hearing this rather obvious suggestion, the people who'd organized the press conference practically hoisted me to their shoulders. "This woman is going to find a home for the mice," a publicist eagerly told the scientists, who by contrast had merely *created* the mice.

After agreeing to return the next day to pick them up, I rushed home feeling important and instantly started calling the major museums and universities in New York. "You're who?" they asked me. "Why are you involved?" "Why would we want the mice?" "We don't have an animal facility." (The "animal facility" required to house mice is a fifteen-gallon fish tank.) "Didn't someone already do that?" "What's a clone?"

Finally I reached a receptive voice at Jersey City's Liberty Science Center. Carol Giuriceo, the "thematic director of invention," said they'd love to have them.

The next day, dressed in my best power suit, I went to the Fifth Avenue P.R. firm where they had spent the night, and picked up two coffee-colored clones, a chocolate-colored egg donor, and a fat, white surrogate mother. Keeping an eye out for a maniacal anti-cloning guerrilla, I carried them out in a plain brown paper shopping bag and hopped a cab to the Science Center, Exit 14B off the Jersey Turnpike. All four mice, thank God, survived the ride.

At the information counter, a severe older woman looked at me. "You have the mice?" she asked.

"I have the mice," I said. Just like a spy movie, except I was handing over furry mammals instead of secret documents.

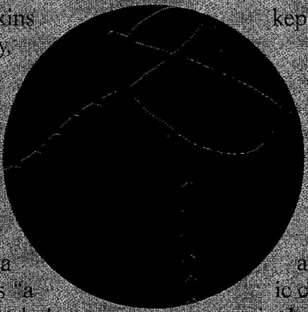
I was escorted through swarms of children up to the top floor, where the animals are kept. Standing next to a wall of glass aquariums that housed various reptiles, my contact opened the shopping bag and placed the mice, still in their cage, on the counter. In full view of their mortal enemies—most notably an eighteen-inch Savannah monitor lizard with a Mona Lisa smile and a flickering tongue—they must have thought they'd been FedEx'd to hell.

But away from the media's prying eyes, the mice quickly resumed their routine of meticulous grooming. Licking their front paws and slicking the fur behind their ear. Grabbing their tail and drawing it through their paws, aligning the tail hairs.

I felt inexplicably moved, and wanted to say something memorable. Or something about these superstars' strange interlude of homelessness. But nothing came to mind. Here in their new home, they didn't look like one giant leap for mankind; they just looked like little brown mice. Notwithstanding their genetic anomalies, they seemed happy. And so was I. Bijal Trivedi

SPORTS

Mighty Krishna Has Struck Out



IN RETROSPECT, IT WAS REMARKABLE THAT EITHER team made it to the softball game between Blackout Books and the Hare Krishnas. It's always tough to organize such events, even when they don't involve a matchup between anarchists and spiritualists. Still, as Team Anarchy gathered in Tompkins Square Park one recent Saturday, waiting in vain for their opponents to show, they could be excused for losing some of their revolutionary zeal. "Damn," said Alia Habib. "This could have been great publicity."

The contest had been in the works for weeks. Even Kapindra Swami had described the plan as "a very loving thought," and though he couldn't allow his disciples to play—"Sporting games are against the science of Krishna," he explained—he did authorize the Cro-Mags, a Krishna-friendly former punk band, to serve as stand-ins. What had started as an in-joke between neighbors became the talk of Avenue B.

But an hour after the game was scheduled to start, there was still no sign of the Cro-Mags. Everyone offered a theory—they'd snuck out of town, or had been running a hoax—but no one took action. "We're anarchists," they kept saying. "We don't have leaders." Louis Colombo, who'd organized the event (but skipped it to visit his grandmother), called his teammates to say, "Can't you just pretend that the game really happened?"

As it later turned out, the Swami had been rushed to an ashram upstate for a homeopathic cure; his stand-ins, admitted captain John Joseph, had "totally spaced out on the game."

Until the game is restaged, Kapindra Swami has been doing his best to psych out the challengers. "The real revolution," he has been reminding them, "is in the soul." Adam Fisher

Photographs: top, Stephan Moitessier/AP/Wide World; center, Bill Swersey/Gamma Liaison.

CONVENTIONS

On the Catwalk

Hordes of model wannabes storm the Hilton.

A hopeful participant at the most recent IMTA convention.

AS PUBESCENT GIRLS IN LITTLE black dresses and young men in black leather scurried through every hallway and ballroom of the New York Hilton last week, Sandra, a talent booker from Ice Model Management, surveyed the invasion and recited the party line: "This gives them lots of confidence."

The 1,500 portfolio-toting creatures had come, after all, for the annual International Modeling and Talent Association convention. And *confidence* is the favored euphemism for what they were all hoping to find.

Over the course of a long week, they competed in such events as swimwear, jeans, and smile; in between, they chatted with industry professionals for exposure and advice. For the privilege, many paid a staggering $4,000—not including the mandatory modeling-school fees, test photos, and new outfits, or the countless books and videos offering secrets of the trade. ("No swaying, twirling, or waving," advises the *Art of Modeling* video. "Just looking fabulous in your black or white wardrobe.")

The IMTA is a big event, especially for starry-eyed kids from across the country and their parents. "It's a good time," whispered Melissa Wendell's mom, who'd brought her all the way from Wichita. "But I've just been nervous." As she spoke, her daughter turned to watch a bare-chested man with a rhinestone necklace, bracelet, and navel ring.

Frank LaPoint, a Toledo native, had a slightly more jaded view: "It's a total pickup joint. Guys are definitely hooking up."

But no one's view was so jaded as that of the major-modeling-agency rep, sitting on the sidelines and arming himself with cocktails. "It's a moneymaking scam," he said. "Paying $4,000 for an agent to see you? Just send us a snapshot."

Still, when it came time for the final, gigantic runway show, contestants lined the entranceway dancing, screaming, and doing the wave during the four-hour wait for their turn.

When it was all over, they hurried back to their rooms clutching their YES! I'M A MODEL T-shirts and praying for early-morning callbacks. Some of them would get their wish—but not many. "We do find some models," said Jon Tutolo, of Elite. "Out of 2,000, we might be interested in 10." The long odds didn't faze Christian Monzon: "This is perfect," he smiled, dabbing at his mascara. "It's just what I'm looking for."

TIM STRUBY

THE SCENE

Shaqadelic

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Shaquille O'Neal and Funkmaster Flex celebrating Flex's new album at the MTV Beach House.

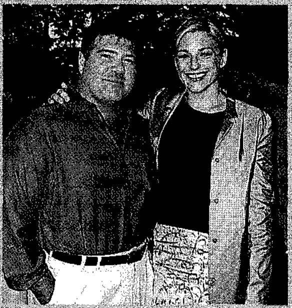
Ben Stiller, Dennis Hopper, Samuel Jackson, and Chris Eigeman backstage at the Celeste Bartos Forum for Hugo Boss's 7th on Sixth menswear show.

Steven Tyler and Kelly Price at the Pier 59 Studios for Lane Bryant's plus-size fashion show.

Isaac Mizrahi, Casey Woods, and Quentin Crisp at the National Arts Club for the opening of Mike Parker's show, "Rats Are People Too."

Interior designers Albert Hadley and Vicente Wolf at the opening of Wolf's photography show in the Pucci Gallery Penthouse.

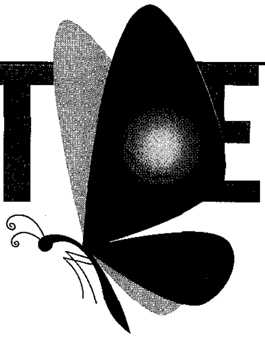
Designer John Bartlett and columnist Amy Spindler at the Dia Center for the Arts, for *Esquire*'s party for Stefano Tonchi.

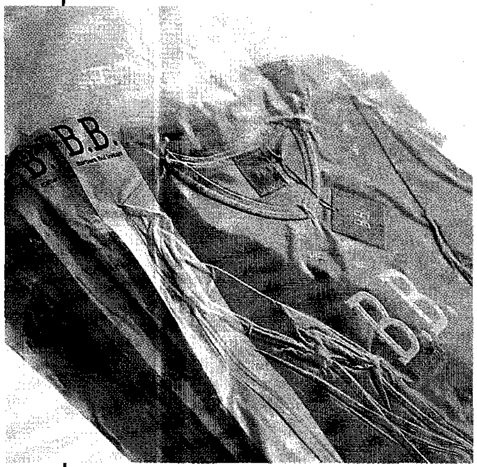


Dr. Joe DeBellis with his new fiancée, Eleanor Mondale, at the Sabbadini Jewellery Collection's party at Club Colette.

hotograph by Evan Kafka.

GOTHAMSTYLE



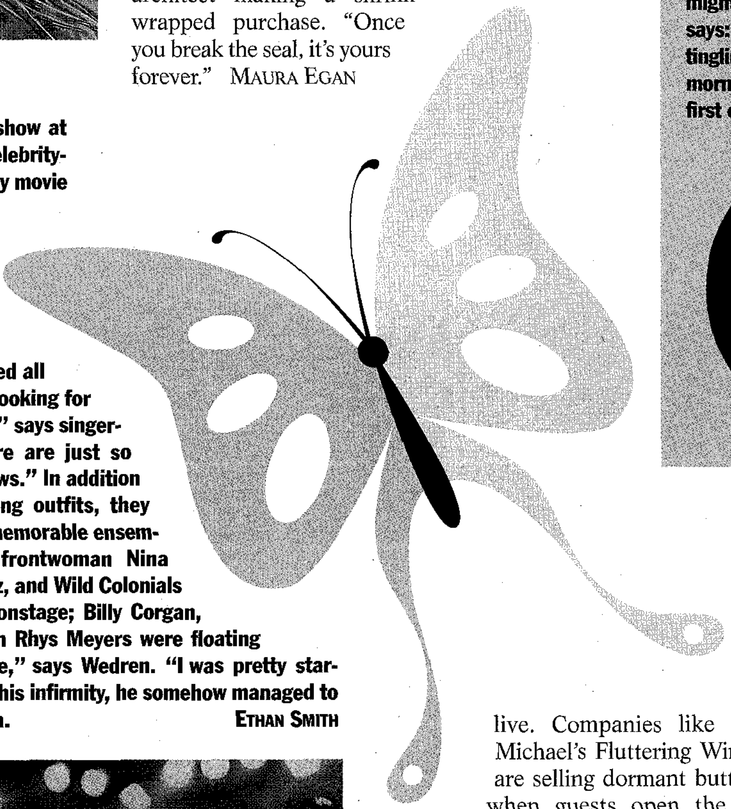


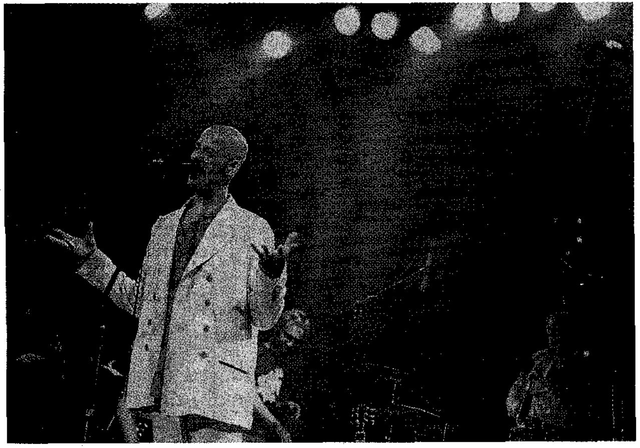
Fashion for the Germ-Phobic

As if inspired by Todd Haynes's *Safe,* Barbara Bui—the Parisian designer who recently opened a boutique on Wooster Street—has begun selling her fancy T-shirts and jean-cut pants in hermetically sealed vacuum-packed plastic pouches. "The clinical presentation symbolizes the purity of the product," she explains, "while preserving a sense of elegance and Zen feeling to our urban environment." "It's great 'cause you can *feel* the philosophy and consciousness of it," says Stephanie Goto, a 23-year-old architect making a shrink-wrapped purchase. "Once you break the seal, it's yours forever." MAURA EGAN

Glam Rock of Ages

Last week's Shudder to Think show at the Bowery Ballroom was so celebrity-packed that it looked like a fancy movie premiere. Technically, there was a new film being celebrated—Jesse Peretz's *First Love, Last Rites,* for which the band contributed the soundtrack—but the band's dazzlingly glam new look eclipsed all other attractions. "We'd been looking for a new way to present ourselves," says singer-guitarist Craig Wedren. "There are just so many bands doing so many shows." In addition to wearing some fairly stunning outfits, they called in all their friends for a memorable ensemble performance. Cardigans frontwoman Nina Persson, R&B It-guy Trey Lorenz, and Wild Colonials singer Angela McClusky were onstage; Billy Corgan, Ewan MacGregor, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers were floating nearby. "Boy George was there," says Wedren. "I was pretty starstruck, to be honest." Despite this infirmity, he somehow managed to attend the after-party at Veruka. ETHAN SMITH





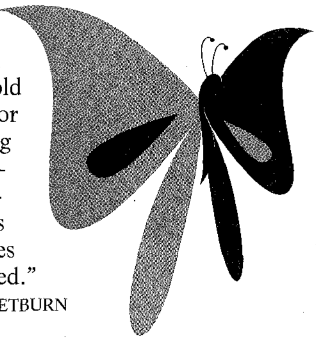
BODY TYPE

Feed Your Head

Long regarded as a necessary luxury in Japan, extravagant scalp treatments have arrived in New York salons in a big way. To cleanse and stimulate that often neglected body part, A•K•S uses Oil of Ales and eucalyptus; Georgette Klinger applies a pack containing quince seed and egg; Moty Moty has twelve treatments with Japanese oils. Salon Ishi even offers a 45-minute shiatsu shampoo that's great for stress (pictured below). You can also choose from new products, such as Glytone's Scalp Conditioning Shampoo, Darphin's aromatic "Pilo" products, and Phytotherathrie's Phytopolléine. Dermatologists scoff at the suggestion that such products might slow hair loss, but one user says: "I'm addicted to the bracing, tingling sensation on my scalp in the morning, the way I'm addicted to my first cup of coffee." BETH LANDMAN KEIL

If You Love Someone, Set These Free

Butterflies, which over the past season metamorphosed into a ubiquitous fashion motif, are now starting to make surprise appearances at weddings—live. Companies like the Butterfly Conservancy, Michael's Fluttering Wings, and Magical Beginnings are selling dormant butterflies in origami envelopes; when guests open the tiny parcels, on cue, the sunlight rouses the creatures and they flutter out into view. Peri Wolfman, of SoHo's Wolfman-Gold & Good furniture, bought 100 for her son's Bridgehampton wedding last month. "There was this beautiful, ethereal, heart-stopping moment when the wisps of butterflies rose into the sky," she says. "Doves just seemed a little heavy-handed." DEBORAH NETBURN



EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Amy Freeth (2); Danny Clinch. Illustrations by Kirsten Ulv

QUINCY JONES CLAUDE NOBS TIME WARNER

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The Festival will also mark the launch of the **Montreux JAZZ Café**, a mainstay of the Switzerland-based Festival. The Café combines cutting edge music, sensational artwork and the ambiance of a grand café with the intimacy of a small night club to create the ultimate **JAZZ** experience.

Central Park, September 3-5, 1998

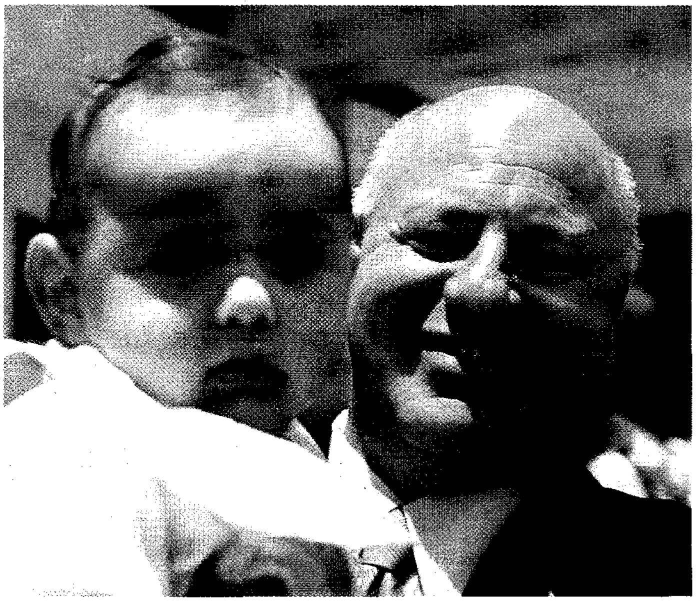
CITYSIDE JOHN LOMBARDI

The Goodfather

Gotti attorney and new father Bruce Cutler has ratcheted down his rhetoric. But can a mob lawyer change his spots (if not his suits)?

'THERE ARE NO SECOND acts in American lives," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald, but of course he wasn't thinking of the "black-collar bar," the fraternity of lawyers whose job it's been (until very recently) to defend mafiosi, or those accused of being mafiosi. Al Krieger, for example, who, while unfortunately resembling Nosferatu, is often cited as the Dean of the BCB: After years of success saving "literary" felons like Gay Talese's Joe Bonanno, Krieger saw how the wind was blowing—massive, crippling use by federal prosecutors of the Draconian RICO Act, which stints constitutional restraint and virtually guarantees convictions—and abruptly moved to Miami. There he "reintegrated" his client base, coming north only in 1992 for a moment of lèse-majesté, losing the last, unwinnable John Gotti case (the boss got life without parole). Or there is James LaRossa, who looks like the movie poster for Gore Vidal's *Caligula,* defender of Big Paul Castellano, the Gambino-family godfather whose 1985 murder precipitated Gotti into the headlines. But LaRossa has always had "other strings to my bow," as he'll remind anyone, and is now semi-retired and representing corporate wise guys. Or Frank Ragano, a human stack of mushroom pizzas who defines the term *mob lawyer* and was for years the official mouthpiece for Florida's racket boss, Santo Trafficante, New Orleans Cosa Nostra man Carlos Marcello, and Teamsters president Jimmy Hoffa; after an IRS probe, Ragano got religion and teamed with Notre Dame law professor Robert Blakey (coauthor of RICO) and Bobby Kennedy hagiographer Jack Newfield to root out evil wherever it reared its head. Finally, there is Bruce Cutler, one BCB member who has changed, too, during these tough times, but slowly, and reluctantly.

When he reappeared in the public eye after nine months of legal suspension, a $7,500 fine, and a period of house arrest during which he'd had to wear an electronic ankle bracelet (he'd broken Judge I. Leo Glasser's gag rule in the last John Gotti trial, from which he'd been disqualified for being what Glasser called a "house counsel" to the Gambinos), Cutler seemed chastened, pale, less the "*bella figura*" who'd won three bellicose, high-profile Gotti cases between 1986 and 1990. He'd sat quietly in U.S. District Court judge Barrington Parker's White Plains courtroom last March while his old Gotti co-defender, Gerry Shargel, argued for bail on a 60-count racketeering indictment against Gotti's son, John Jr. After the hearing (which Junior lost; he remains in custody while awaiting trial next January), Cutler mildly told reporters that he couldn't discuss the case without violating Rule 7, which regulates lawyers' comments on pending court matters: "You can say I'm the same Bruce, but instead of hollering to the press, I'm gonna do it strictly in the well. . . ."



Bruce Cutler with his son Michael: Has fatherhood mellowed him?

A significant change, since Cutler's effectiveness has always turned on a sort of populist, Clarence Darrow/Method-actor style, in which the idea was to shift emphasis away from the charges against his client and attack something—e.g., the prosecution, big government, big business: all the forces that have come to oppress the "common man" in the juror pool since, say, the advent of Reagan Republicanism. In the past, Cutler had gradually escalated his bravura, utilizing press conferences, cross-examinations, and summations for maximum impact during his P.R. wars with the Feds. During the second John Gotti trial (1987), for example, he'd ranted that the indictment itself was "a rancid stew" made with "bad meat and bad potatoes" that "belongs in the garbage," then slam-dunked the seven-pound document into a courtroom trash can (the image was so powerful that *Miami Vice* wrote it into a script). During Gotti's third trial (1990), Cutler's oratory won encomiums from Jimmy Breslin, not exactly a lib-symp (though, the Feds later learned, a witness had been intimidated, thus ensuring Gotti's acquittal). When it became clear that the government was determined to win the fourth Gotti trial by any means, including removing Cutler and Shargel from the defense, and had launched what amounted to a spec-ops team to help them do so (FBI agent Bruce Mouw's fifteen-man, $75 million C-16 squad), Cutler raised the rhetoric ante: He called Judge Glasser "His Majesty!," referred to the prosecutors as "McCarthyites," and characterized the government's "persecution" of Gotti as a "sick . . . demented . . . conspiracy," warning the public that it would be "John Gotti today, you tomorrow." When Glasser put the gag order in place, ostensibly to prevent the case's being tried in the press, but then, unaccountably, and before the trial started, unsealed FBI surveillance tapes (on which Gotti is heard saying self-incriminating things like "Tell him I, personally—John Gotti—will sever his motherfucking head off!"), Cutler dropped discretion like an old sock. "Glasser is like the Jews the Nazis used to lead the death-camp inmates into the gas chamber," he told a reporter. The judge held him in contempt on March 5, 1992.

By then, Cutler's opponents—chiefly former Eastern District prosecutors Andrew Maloney and John Gleeson, and the former head of Brooklyn's Organized Crime Strike Force, Ed McDonald—had labeled him "a Mafia groupie" who'd "crossed the line" and become so familiar with Gambino operations that he could have been called as a material witness himself. (He never was, but the rationale conveniently justified Glasser's "house counsel" disqualification, and Gotti lost his lawyer's emotive power in his last legal battle; Cutler definitively lost his P.R. war with the Feds.)

"I hurt myself saying what I did about Glasser," Cutler mused a few weeks ago, reddening slightly. "I've been up before him since I got my stripes back [on June 12, 1997], and I haveta say the guy's been very solicitous." He was bouncing his son Michael in his arms in the foyer of Mary Queen of Heaven Church on Avenue M in deepest Flatlands, waiting for Father Eugene Stoklie to organize the twenty-odd families gathered to have their kids christened.

Cutler was wearing a double-breasted De Lisi suit of 9-mm. gray, one of dozens he'd outgrown during his forced period of inactivity, but now weight-lifting and StairMaster sessions had brought him down to 210 pounds, and his whole Gotti-era, size-46 wardrobe—"part of my identity, really"—was available to him again.

Those who know Bruce best—attorney and buddy Eddie Hayes (Tom Wolfe's prototype for the defense lawyer character in *Bonfire of the Vanities*); attorney George Santangelo, Cutler's co-counsel in a recent narcotics case; high-school friend and Mercedes salesman Mike DiRaimondo—feel that he's mellowed and matured because of his recent troubles, which include the deaths of both his parents in 1994 and 1995; a breakup with his longtime girlfriend Shonna Valeska; and financial retrenchment that caused him to give up both his two-bedroom bachelor pad near Lincoln Center and his impressive, all-lower-Gotham-view law office ("You could see Giuliani giving the Fascist salute on St. Andrew's Plaza when he ran the Southern District!").

"But Bruce is an action guy, and we sometimes fight about what direction his populism should take now," Hayes laughed at a reception for Michael Cutler held at Taormina, a Sicilian restaurant on Mulberry Street where Gotti himself used to eat.

Management had arranged a table for twenty for Cutler and festooned it with silvery ribbons and mauve balloons, like a hot-weather New Year's Eve fête. Many of the guests were relatives of Rosetta Mazzone, Michael's mother, who had opted not to marry Cutler but had insisted on a Catholic upbringing for her son. The Gotti family had discreetly phoned in their congratulations to Bruce, and the restaurant had offered to cover the tab, but Cutler just winked and wrote a check.

"I still go to see John," he told me after proudly strutting up and down with Michael, accepting the plaudits of old waiters and young patrolmen who'd stopped in to wet their whistles ("Beat cops love me," he'd confided), "but now that [Gotti's] appeals are exhausted, I can't go as much."

The "Junior" trial, literally the last great Mafia case of the century, which the government will represent as the final flattening of the old Carlo Gambino organization, will put Cutler back into the headlines, a place he clearly needs to be; he's already survived a challenge by prosecutors to disqualify him again on the serviceable "house counsel" charge, Judge Parker ruling that the government's petitions were "without merit." "And I've gotta say," said Cutler, "I don't think any of that was Carol Sipperly's or Marjorie Miller's [the assistant U.S. Attorneys on the case] doing. It hadda come from higher up. Both women are fine lawyers, and there's no personal animosity there."

Cutler, who'd gotten some sun in the Otisville Penitentiary exercise yard conferring with his narcotics client, was looking more benignly pugnacious by the minute. He flashed his trademark smile, his teeth like great white Chiclets: "What would John Gotti say if he heard me speaking in such an 'accommodating' way?" He checked out Hayes and DiRaimondo. "John's always been a gambler. I think he'd probably tell me to bet 'em like I read 'em." ▬

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THE CULTURE BUSINESS **ETHAN SMITH**

The Vision Thing

This month marks the twenty-fifth issue of 'Visionaire'—the homespun, high-concept, $150-a-copy 'zine that's the fashion world's latest must-have accessory.

A COOK CLAMBERS INTO STEPHEN Gan's bedroom, balancing a platter of turkey burgers fresh from the hibachi in one hand as she negotiates a precarious iron ladder. A handful of Gan's colleagues—editors, production staff, interns—drift in to survey a summery buffet: Tomatoes, green salad, iced tea, fresh bread. Just a routine lunch hour in the SoHo offices of *Visionaire* magazine.

Visionaire—in case you don't own one of the 3,300 copies of the last issue—is the hippest fashion magazine in America, a quirky quarterly that occasionally shows clothes and looks nothing at all like a magazine. "We prefer *publication*," says James Kaliardos, one of Gan's two co-editors. "We use *portfolio* or *album* more than *magazine*," adds Gan. "We started it as this *thing* somewhere between an art book and a fashion magazine." This month, the thing is celebrating a self-styled anniversary—its twenty-fifth issue.

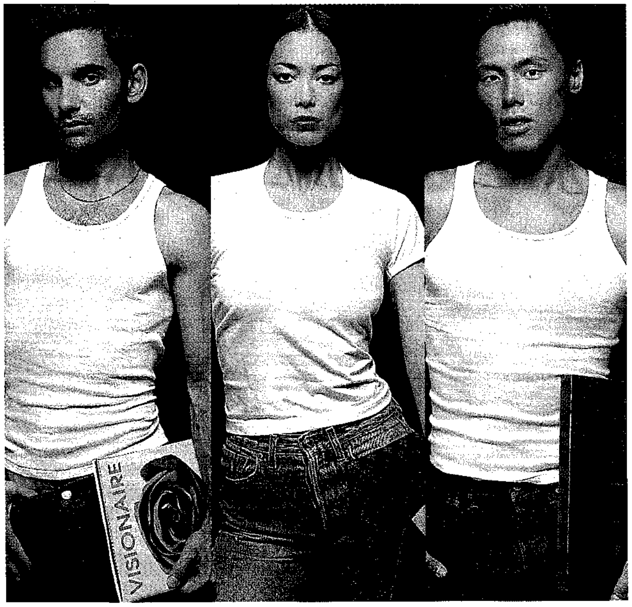
Packaged lavishly but with a homespun charm, *Visionaire* has more in common with old-fashioned vanity projects like Fleur Cowles's legendary *Flair* than with modern fashion rags. Each issue is a neo-surrealist scrapbook packed with photographs, drawings, even art projects that readers can play with. For issue 2, "Travel," the fashion designer Isabel Toledo hand-wound each of the 1,000 copies, spiderweb-style, with yards of black thread. Each copy of issue 18—the curiously titled "Fashion Special," which now fetches $5,000 ($4,850 more than its original price)—came in its own Louis Vuitton case, handmade in Paris. No. 11, "White," was the starkest and most sensually appealing of all: Working with as little ink as possible, the editors used embossing, die-cutting, Braille, and clear varnish to create "the first fashion magazine for the blind."

Gan, along with Kaliardos and Cecilia Dean, founded *Visionaire* seven years ago, using $7,000 he'd saved up to print 1,000 copies of his first issue. *Details,* where he'd been an editor-writer-photographer-designer, had just gone glossy and mainstream. "I was 25, and I'd been at *Details* for almost four years," Gan recalls. "I didn't really know what to do next. I couldn't see myself as an editor or as a writer or as a stylist or as an art director. All the jobs out there were—well, you did one thing." Furthermore, notes Kaliardos, the early-nineties fashion press was a pretty tame place for anyone creative and ambitious. "They were doing *white-shirt* stories," he gasps. "When the new [editors of] *Details* came in," he asks Gan, "didn't they ask you something like, 'How do you feel about jeans?' " Gan laughs sheepishly. At the time, Dean was about to graduate from Columbia, where she studied literature; Kaliardos had finished Parsons a few years earlier, with Gan. "Cecilia and I were both like, 'Stephen, you're so talented. There's just not a place for you. You do your own thing and we'll help.' "

THE THREE FUTURE EDITORS OF *VISIONAIRE* met as kids. Dean was a 15-year-old aspiring model living in Long Island and going to Catholic school ("She always managed to look completely glamorous, even in the stupid uniform," remembers a fellow alumna of Hempstead's Sacred Heart Academy); Gan and Kaliardos, both in their late teens, were at Parsons and just starting to get jobs as a photographer and a makeup artist, respectively. Dean's agent arranged to have Gan and Kaliardos work on one of her first test shoots—"just to do a few photos for all of our books," says Dean. This casual approach to their work has remained a key ingredient in their professional chemistry to this day. Also to this day, the three continue to work at their old day jobs: Kaliardos does makeup for fashion glossies, Gan is a contributing writer for *Harper's Bazaar*, and Dean models and teaches a seminar at Parsons.

A few other things that separate *Visionaire* from *Vogue:* It operates out of a carriage house shared by Gan and Kaliardos and runs no ads; the cover price ranges from $150 to $425; though it's available at Rizzoli, only one newsstand (the one in the lobby of the Condé Nast building, natch) has ever carried it; and, in true do-it-yourself fashion, none of the contributors are paid. "*Visionaire* is really about a personal desire to do something," says Gan. "These are some of our friends who are artists' favorite images."

Happily, Gan & Co.'s friends include Mario Testino, Bill Cunningham, Karl Lagerfeld (who shot two dozen nude portraits for a recent issue), Ruben and Isabel Toledo, Mary Ellen Mark, and dozens of other fashion luminaries. "*Visionaire*," comments David Bowie, who contributed a four-page spread to issue 25, "is probably the kind of magazine that I would produce if I had the time." Testino proclaims that the magazine has helped liberate photographers from the white-shirt stories of the world: "Photographers



Visionaries: From left, James Kaliardos, Cecilia Dean, and Stephen Gan.

Photographs by Inez van Lamsweerde and Vinoodh Matadin.

have felt a new sense of freedom in working with *Visionaire*, and that carries over to the work created for other magazines."

Despite the magazine's impeccably hip credentials, *Visionaire* isn't about trends, insists Gan: "It's about a collective way of thinking about a certain subject. It's like having a space and inviting different people to come in, and seeing what happens."

The editors of *Visionaire* are particularly adept at bringing people into spaces: Their publication parties have become star-studded fashion-world events. When they celebrated issue 21, "Deck of Cards," at '21,' a phalanx of cops had to clear 52nd Street of the hundreds of frenzied fashionistas who didn't make it in. "I think a lot of people think we *only* throw parties," says Dean. "They're like, 'When's the next party?' Well, usually when the next issue comes out."

For the new issue, "Visionary" (the party was held in Paris), says Gan, "we called our favorite contributors and said, 'Your theme is *you*. Your inspiration will be your work.' " A few of the contributions: A Fabien Baron–designed sign-language tutorial, complete with die-cut finger holes; a pair of blurry, muted landscapes by Mats Gustafson; a clip-and-fly paper airplane (christened *Fashion Jet* by its creator, Design Box's Craig McDean).

"Visionary" is a return to the magazine's roots in another respect: It's one of the only recent issues not funded by a corporate sponsor. Gucci helped finance the famous issue 24, a $425 plexiglass light box on which "readers" were to view two dozen oversize transparencies. De Beers and Prescriptives funded earlier editions. But the comparatively simple "Visionary"—25 unbound pages packaged in a large square slipcase along with an ambient "soundtrack" CD by Deee-Lite's Towa Tei—was produced using receipts from previous issues (with occasional corporate sponsorship, the magazine, its editors claim, just breaks even).

Which brings us back to the chef. Like just about everything else in the *Visionaire* business plan, this stylish amenity is less of an impossible indulgence than it would seem. "When we first started," explains Gan, "I couldn't afford to pay anyone. So I'd buy them all lunch every day. Soon, though, my accountant came to me and said, 'Stephen, your printing costs are really high. But your lunch costs are even higher!' I couldn't *not* give people lunch, though." With his mind thus made up (and the accountant duly consulted), Gan hired a part-time cook for the magazine—at a fraction of the cost of ordering in. The *Visionaire* lesson, in catering as in publishing: Do it yourself, at home. ▬

LAST THREE WEEKS

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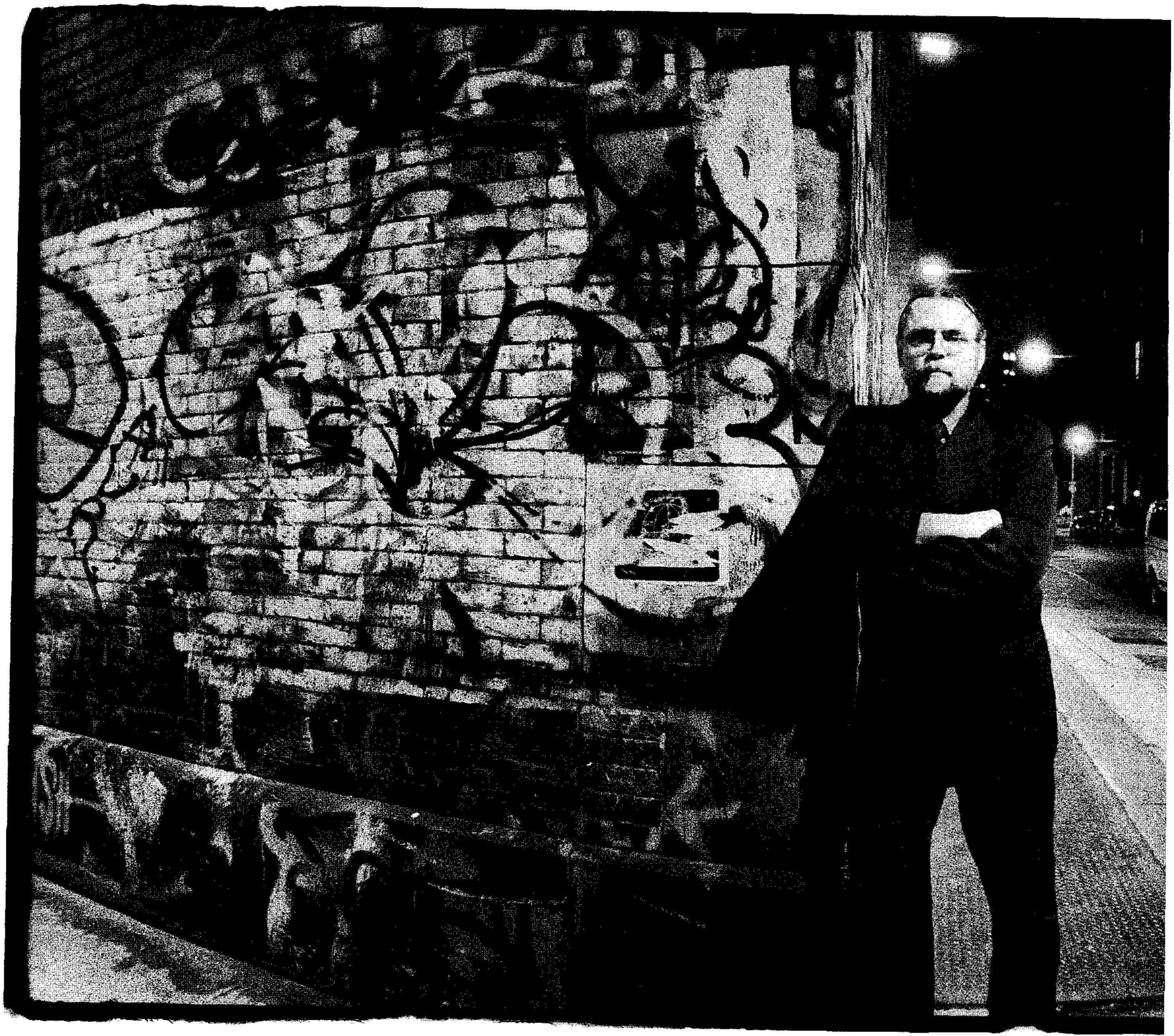
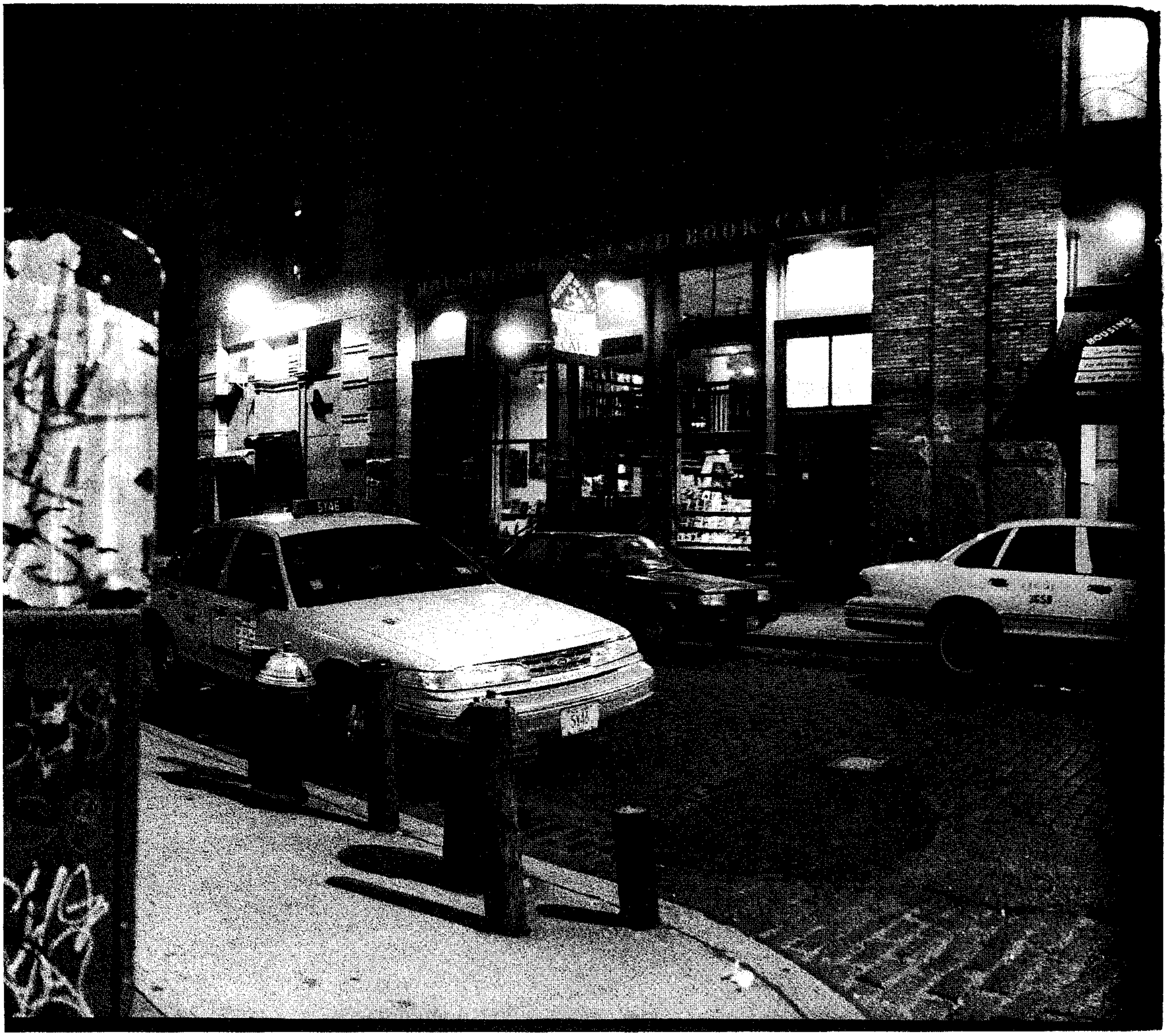


Charles King

There's nobody he won't take on in his crusade for homeless people with AID

EVEN ON THE SEVENTH DAY, CHARLES KING DOESN'T rest. As the prime mover behind Housing Works, one of the city's largest and most lauded AIDS-service organizations, he has been working furiously to save his operation from imploding. Last fall, the Giuliani administration terminated all Housing Works's city contracts, worth about $6.5 million, or a third of its budget. The nonprofit fought back, engaging the city in a drawn-out lawsuit that King blusteringly calls "a struggle to the death." But while the city will undoubtedly survive its encounter with Charles King, the outlook for Housing Works is less certain.

Though his week is packed with budget meetings, legal skirmishing, and tense sessions with nervous staff members, King still conducts a Bible class every Sunday morning with a small group of what he calls his "clients." Wearing blue jeans and sporting a graying beard and long ponytail, King seats himself on a table in the solarium of the new Housing Works residence and treatment center on 9th Street and Avenue D. Some of the group are alert and attentive; others are listless, high on cocaine or heroin. King, who has two degrees from Yale—from both the



s Holy War

'en the mayor. And that may have cost him $6.5 million. *By Douglas S. Barasch*

law school and the divinity school—seems perfectly at home here. In fact, it *is* his home.

When the $5 million building was completed last year, *House & Garden* sponsored a gala opening. At the time, Senators Al D'Amato and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, along with former Housing secretary Henry Cisneros, among others, were praising the organization for its innovative programs for the poor and sick. Housing Works not only provides shelter to homeless men and women with HIV or AIDS, it also offers drug treatment, job training, and employment. But just a few months after the gala, the City of New York accused Housing Works of mishandling government funds and ended all its contracts.

King says the cutoff has nothing to do with how the organization handles city money and everything to do with politics. He has been an incessant critic of Rudy Giuliani, and he believes Housing Works, along with its thousands of vulnerable clients, is yet another victim of the mayor's vengeful style of governing.

Still, King's theme this morning is reconciliation, and he kicks off the meeting with a few moments of silent prayer. Like schoolchildren, the group has a hard time settling down. But in his sooth-

Photographed by Michael Ackerman

ing preacher's cadence—the 43-year-old Texan is an ordained Baptist minister—King asks them to open their minds and listen for God's voice. Today's Bible passage is the reunion of Jacob and Esau in Genesis, Chapter 33. "This is a story of two brothers, one of whom has ripped off the other big-time," King explains. "Now Jacob's come back to face the music. And Jacob—a manipulator and a conniver—does not trust Esau."

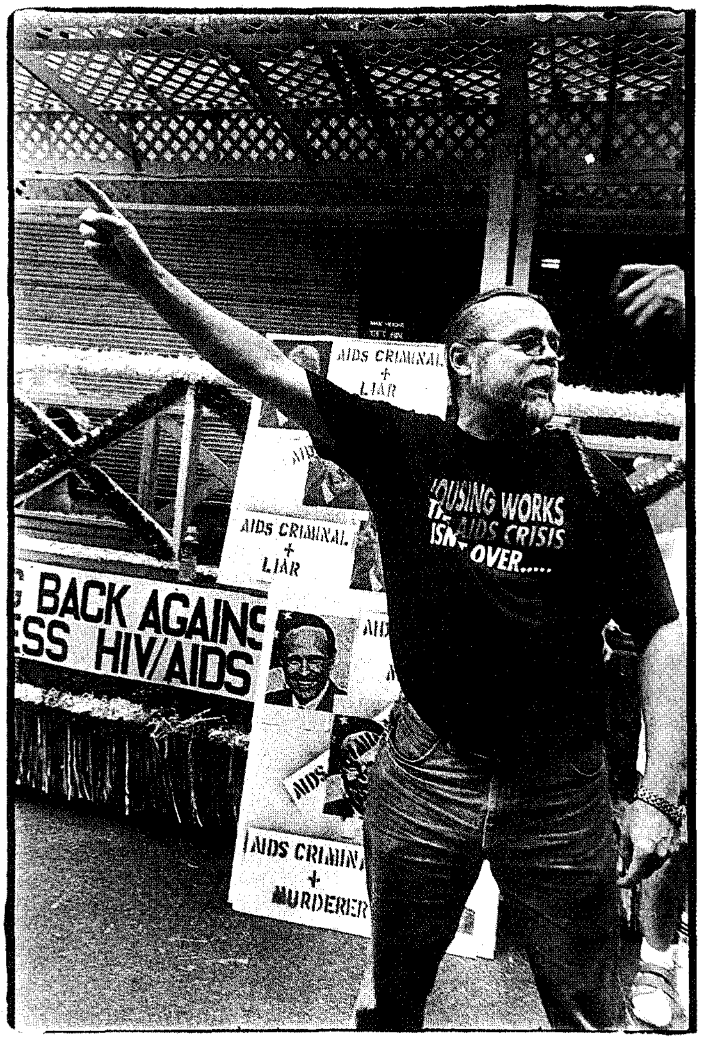
Juan, who has full-blown AIDS, suggests that "Jacob has always been a schemer, so he thinks someone else is trying to do the same thing to him." Another client agrees. "He's always trying to get over on everybody," he says.

King has a preacher's conviction that the Old Testament can speak directly to the suffering in this room—just as the Scriptures have fortified him in his own often troubled life. "Esau turns out to be a pretty gracious guy," he points out, "and Jacob has a hard time accepting that." He invites a bit more discussion, then sums it up this way: "It seems to me," he tells the group, "that this is a story about forgiveness."

HAVING GROWN UP IN SOUTH Texas, as the gay son of a right-wing fundamentalist preacher, King has had to travel his own long road toward forgiveness and self-acceptance. Housing Works, which he co-founded, is the culmination of that journey. The $20 million organization encompasses three day-treatment facilities, two residential buildings, five nonprofit businesses—including three thrift shops and a used-book store with a café—and provides subsidized apartments, drug counseling, clean syringes, health care, legal advocacy, and classes to thousands of clients. The organization cares for "the lowest of the underclass," King says. Eighty percent of the clients are drug-addicted, 40 percent are mentally ill, and a substantial number have criminal records.

"Housing Works takes in the most troubled segment of the homeless population," notes Mary Brosnahan, executive director of the Coalition for the Homeless, "a group most other social-service agencies are unwilling or unable to deal with. There's no question that Housing Works is the leading pioneer in this arena."

Consistent with King's radical vision of a "healing community," the clients help run Housing Works. Of its 300 employees, more than 80 are formerly homeless, and a third of the seats on the organization's board of directors are held by current clients who still receive services. "Housing Works is all about building community—building a family—for people who don't have these things," explains King, whose own family disowned him.



King, above, prepares the Housing Works float for the Gay Pride Parade. Opposite, Jennifer Steele teaches a job-training class at Housing Works's Crosby Street building.

"We provide a place where they belong, where they matter."

Over the years, Housing Works has been touted as one of the most innovative AIDS organizations in the country. Celebrities like Tina Brown, Christy Turlington, and Donna Karan, along with private foundations and corporate donors like GE, Condé Nast, and Nautica, have helped raise millions of dollars. The East 9th Street residence–day clinic is considered a "project of national significance" by the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. Housing Works's entrepreneurial ventures, which include its thrift-shop boutique on West 17th Street (this month's *W* magazine calls it the hottest thrift store, "the place where the city's fashionistas drop off last year's Prada and Comme des Garçons"), are being studied by a group of foundations, led by the Rockefeller Foundation, as models for other nonprofits.

But this summer, after months of issuing late payrolls, defaulting on loans, and making ever-deeper cuts in its operating budget, Housing Works came close to bankruptcy. Last October, the Human Resources Administration, whose Division of AIDS Services and Income Support funneled millions of dollars to Housing Works every year, ended its funding. Even as several hundred Housing Works supporters held a demonstration outside HRA's offices to protest the cuts, the city issued a press release stating that its "Inspector General and independent auditors have discovered a history of financial improprieties at Housing Works that date back to 1992, including fraudulent endorsement of checks made out to landlords."

The last charge refers to an incident that occurred five years ago, in which a Housing Works employee, who has since died of AIDS, embezzled $100,000. Only $5,000 belonged to the city, and it was returned. But the mayor's office claimed, based on an audit of fiscal year 1996, that the organization's bookkeeping was suspect and that Housing Works owes the city $1 million.

After Housing Works contested the original audit, the city reduced that figure by half, but King maintains that *all* the money is fully accounted for. He admits that Housing Works's finances and bookkeeping were sloppy at a time when it was experiencing rapid growth and expansion into new areas of service; he also points out that Goldstein Golub Kessler & Company, one of New York's largest accounting firms, audited its books for the same fiscal year, and gave Housing Works a clean bill of health.

"The message has been very clear that if you are overly assertive or aggressive in your advocacy efforts, the city will strip you of your contracts," says the head of another prominent social-services agency who spoke anonymously for fear of retaliation. "It takes one's breath away to see the speed and vigor with which the city has moved against this group. It's chilling." (Despite repeated requests, no one connected with the city would consent to be interviewed for this story.)

Last November, Housing Works responded by filing a lawsuit claiming that the contracts were terminated for political reasons and that the city had violated its free-speech rights. Housing Works subsequently won a key injunction in State Supreme Court that would have restored its contracts until final settlement of the suit in a trial that was originally scheduled for last May. But the city managed to stay the injunction and postpone the trial. As the court battle drags on, Housing Works has sunk deeper into debt, forcing it to scale back services to its homeless clients.

LIKE ACT UP, ITS IDEOLOGICAL PARENT, Housing Works has been relentless, often strident, in its political advocacy on behalf of the homeless and the sick. King himself has been arrested for civil disobedience more than 50 times, and along with a motley (often large) band of protesters, he has regularly, publicly, and aggressively targeted city, state, and federal officials in a constant barrage of lobbying and demonstrations. As part of its regular political operations, Housing Works also faxes a weekly AIDS political-action newsletter to thousands of policy-makers and organizations around the country.

"From the beginning, we were committed to biting the hand that feeds us," explains Virginia Shubert, a co-founder of Housing Works. Making good on that promise, Housing Works protesters have chained themselves to desks at Mayor Giuliani's campaign headquarters and blocked traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge during rush hour. They disrupted President Clinton's birthday celebration at Radio City Music Hall, unfurling neon-painted banners while twirling noisemakers and chanting. They have interrupted the mayor's town meetings, have taken over city offices, and through their in-house legal department (with pro bono assistance from outside law firms) constantly sue the city.

> *"The message has been very clear. If you are overly assertive or aggressive in your advocacy efforts, the city will* strip you *of your contracts. It's chilling."*

King insists the Giuliani administration has pushed Housing Works to the brink of financial ruin not because of any fiscal improprieties but "in retaliation for our advocacy." State Supreme Court justice Emily Jane Goodman, who is presiding over Housing Works's lawsuit against the mayor's office, seems inclined to agree. In the pretrial injunction she issued against the city, she stated that the "hostility of city decisionmakers" seemed to be a "motivating and retaliatory, vindictive factor in the City's actions." (The city's attorneys claim that Judge Goodman is biased and have recently asked her to recuse herself.)

Housing Works's fate, for better or worse, is bound up with King's personality. It wouldn't exist without him, but supporters worry that his defiant style may permanently damage the organization. Friends and associates describe him as "messianic," "selfless," and "fire-and-brimstone down to his bones." A former Housing Works board member says, "He's like the Mother Teresa of New York, the religious figure who makes everyone else feel like they're in sin." His missionary zeal even alienates potential allies, like leaders at GMHC, whom King often bashes as "accommodationists."

Wherever he goes, King makes trouble. He always has.

KING WAS RAISED IN RIO HONDO, TEXAS, A small town of about 1,400 people 30 miles from the Mexican border. "I am a source of shame to my father," King says, still noticeably pained by the rejection. The last letter King ever received from his father included a pamphlet entitled, "The Truth about the Homosexuals . . . 20th Century Sodomites!" Like his parents, none of King's ten brothers and sisters have communicated with him since 1985.

"Just as I'm good now at antagonizing the mayor," he says, smiling, "I was good then at antagonizing my father. I'm the kind of person who gets under your skin." His father often responded by beating him, and as a 7-year-old, King was forced to eat his meals in a separate room and play alone for an entire month as punishment for refusing to assert that he would kill Communists should they ever overrun Rio Hondo. "I'm a defiant son of a bitch," he says now with a laugh. Yet for much of his adult life, King, following in his father's footsteps, was

deeply involved in Baptist ministry—though on his own terms.

While attending Sam Houston State University in Huntsville, King took charge of the bus ministry at the First Baptist Church, a well-to-do, all-white congregation. The program consisted of ferrying congregants' children to picnics and other genteel outings. "We began taking the bus into the barrios around the Huntsville prison," King says. "Within a year's time, we went from averaging 8 kids on our bus to over 100 kids. Then we added two more buses."

Eventually, he was transporting 150 black and Hispanic children to the church's Sunday school every week, something that caught the attention of the local Ku Klux Klan. A church schism ensued, leading to the resignation of the minister who had recruited King in the first place.

"That's when I heard the call," King says. He got a minister's license from the Southern Baptist Convention—a preliminary step toward ordination—and became the third generation in his family to take up preaching. "But what I saw as my calling," he hastens to add, "had more to do with ministering to those the church shut out."

After finishing college, King left Huntsville in 1977 to become a minister at the First Baptist Church in San Antonio, hanging out late at night on street corners ministering to hustlers, prostitutes, and runaways. "He liked to push the envelope," says Ron Willis, the minister who hired King at First Baptist. When he established a support group at the church for gay male prostitutes, King was asked to resign.

After running a shelter for abused children in Roundrock, Texas, for three years, King applied and was accepted to Yale Divinity School in 1981. His reputation as a campus activist brought him to the attention of the Reverend Curtis Cofield, senior pastor of Immanuel Church, New Haven's largest black congregation. While still a student, King was recruited by Cofield to join his staff, and he ultimately became the first (and only) white man to be ordained by the Connecticut Missionary Baptist Convention in its 100-year history. King regarded Cofield "as my second father," and their close relationship made King's resignation from the church, at the dawn of the AIDS epidemic in 1985, especially painful.

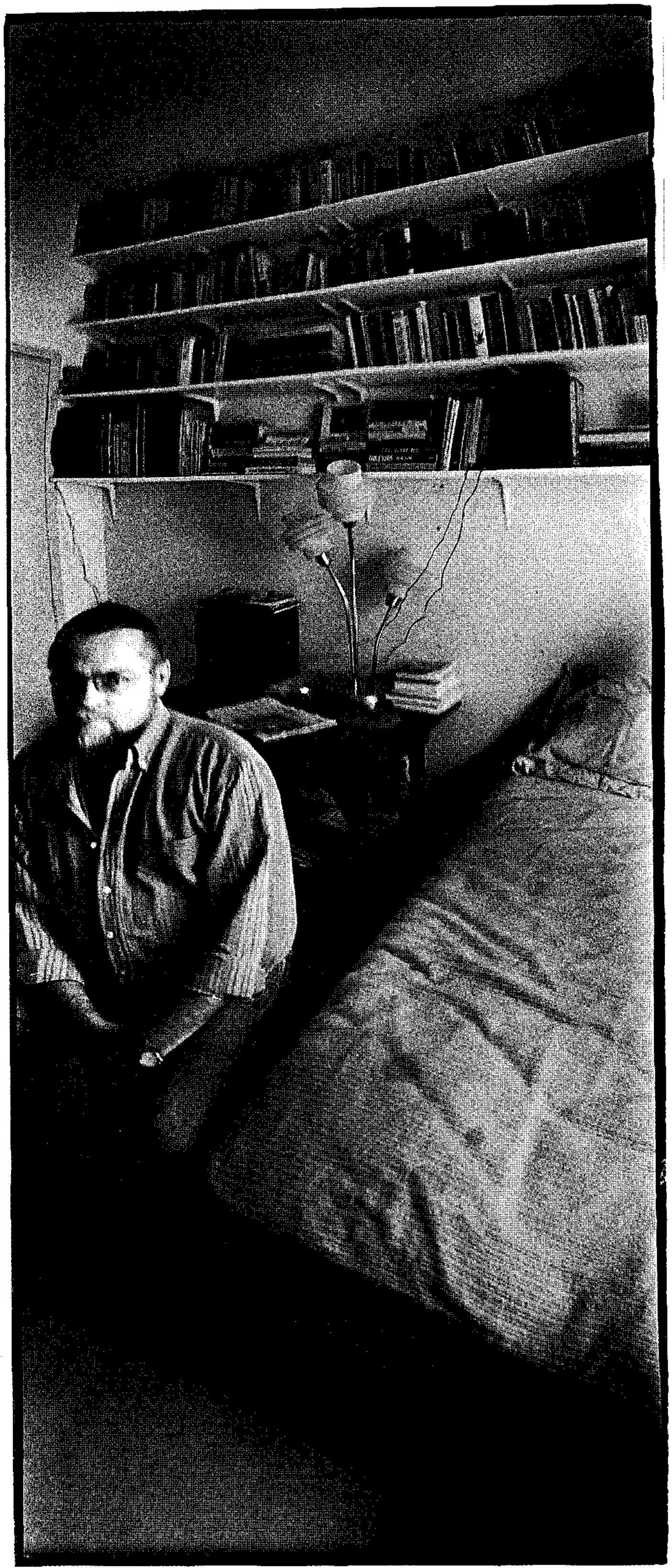
AIDS first showed up at the doorstep of the church in the form of a prostitute who worked on a street corner near Immanuel. When she died, King helped bury her. Not long afterward, King, who kept his own sexuality well-closeted, found himself alone in the hospital room of the church's minister of music, who was dying of AIDS.

"I asked him if I could pray with him," King remembers. "His response was that it wouldn't do him any good: God was punishing him because he was a homosexual. I told him that couldn't be true, because if God was punishing him then I'd be in a bed, too."

The two men cried, then prayed together. King got in his car, drove to Immanuel, and walked into Cofield's office. "I told him I hated to do this to him—but I was going to come out," King recalls. "There were people in my parish dying who believed that God was punishing them. By not being out, I was complicit in that."

Though Cofield said he would stand by him, King knew that his staying on as a white gay minister in a black inner-city ghetto would push the church's tolerance to its limits. He resigned and gave up his calling. For the next year, he drove chartered buses; then he entered law school, ending up once more at Yale. Karen Porter, a fellow student, recalls that King, then 32, had a "Jesus Christ kind of presence, the ponytail with cowboy boots and jeans, sometimes a tweed jacket, maybe a T-shirt with some slogan on it."

After graduating in 1989, he worked as a staff attorney for Virginia Shubert, who was then head of the AIDS Project at the Coalition for the Homeless. He spent his free time volunteering for ACT UP's housing committee, where he met Keith



"Every day Housing Works keeps its doors open," says King (seen here in his room at the 9th Street residence), "we make a powerful statement to the Giuliani administration."

Cylar, now a co-executive director of Housing Works.

By 1990, it became clear to the three of them that no existing organization or government agency was equipped to deal with the thousands of homeless people with AIDS who were also burdened with long histories of drug addiction and mental illness. King, Shubert, Cylar, and several others conceived Housing Works, and over the next seven years, it grew from a $50,000 shoestring operation to become one of the largest AIDS-service organizations in the country.

KING'S HOME IS ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF HOUSING Works's residence on East 9th Street. The new brick-and-glass building is on a patchwork block of tenements and empty lots where you will occasionally come upon a junkie kneeling by a parked car, a hypodermic needle in his arm. Housing Works clients shoot up, too, but they use clean needles in the privacy of their own apartments. This controversial "harm reduction" policy isn't meant to encourage drug use, explains King, but is designed to allow clients to bring their lives under control while continuing to receive housing and supportive services.

King lives with 36 men and women—Housing Works clients whose drug addiction, physical impairment, or mental illness severely limits their ability to function in the outside community.

Everyone has a studio apartment, and King's furnishings are no different from anyone else's—except that his apartment is smaller than the rest. There's just enough room for a single bed, a night table, a bookcase, a microwave oven, and a small refrigerator. On his bedside table are A. N. Wilson's biography of Jesus (a birthday gift from Shubert) and the collected works of Friedrich Nietzsche.

As co-executive director of Housing Works, King earns a salary of $80,000, though he donates nearly a third of it back. Last year, he received a $50,000 settlement from the City of New York after a police sergeant repeatedly rammed his head into the front door of his last apartment building, sending King to the hospital, but he donated this sum to Housing Works as well, making him one of the organization's "major donors," right up there with George Soros's Open Society Institute and Phil Donahue.

> *"Just as I'm good now at antagonizing the mayor, I was good then at antagonizing my father. I'm the kind of person who gets under your skin."*

On a recent Saturday, after the weekly 10 A.M. "advocacy meeting" with clients, King walks along 9th Street, through Tompkins Square Park toward Greenwich Village, to begin his weekly inspection of Housing Works's various operations.

These Saturday tours take him—in the role of entrepreneur and business executive—to Housing Works's three thrift shops (on West 17th Street, Columbus Avenue, and East 77th Street). "We see ourselves as the Barneys of thrift shops," he explains with a smile. It helps, of course, when the hand-me-downs are discarded by the likes of Isabella Rossellini, Bette Midler, and Brooke Shields, or donated by fashion houses from Versace to Mizrahi to Chanel. The Used Books Cafe on Crosby Street operates on similar principles. The stores generate nearly $6 million in annual revenues to help fund other Housing Works programs—and they also create jobs. Housing Works clients who complete its job-training program are guaranteed full-time employment somewhere in the organization, starting at $20,000 a year, plus benefits.

THE SHOWDOWN WITH THE GIULIANI ADMINISTRATION HAS COST Housing Works dearly. This summer, the nonprofit finds itself $1.2 million in debt (including legal fees to an outside firm, Emery Celli Brinckerhoff & Abady, for its suit against the city) and struggling to maintain a basic level of services to its clients. Though the organization has recently cut enough expenses to operate on a break-even basis, "it's still touch and go," admits King. "We're dancing through a lot of minefields."

King describes the current legal battle as "a war of attrition," and he believes delay is part of the city's strategy to shut Housing Works down. The city's attorneys have successfully postponed a trial for at least several months—a trial that the city is well aware it could ultimately lose. Housing Works filed motions in response that aim to reinstate a quick trial before even more programs and services must be eliminated. An appellate panel's decision on the motion is expected any week now.

"They know they've put us in a precarious financial position," says King. "They're trying to win this on the ground by stalling." Still, he remains defiant. "Every day that Housing Works keeps its doors open," he insists, "we make a powerful statement to the Giuliani administration." Though it is gradually losing its leases on its city-subsidized apartments, Housing Works continues to serve 2,000 clients (down from 5,000); it still provides homes to nearly 1,000 people with AIDS; and every couple of months, its own legal department hauls the city into court in dogged attempts to protect the services and benefits that the city's Division of AIDS Service and Income Support is legally obligated to provide to people with AIDS. At present, it has five separate legal actions against the city.

Critics may rightfully fault King for being tone-deaf to the political realities of the day and for antagonizing an administration that despises his ACT UP–style flamboyance. But King refuses to tone down the rhetoric. "You can never underestimate how unpopular our constituency is, and that's only getting worse and worse," he says. "We're the only remaining forceful critic in the arena of AIDS policy—certainly the most outspoken."

Just two weeks ago, the New York Civil Liberties Union represented Housing Works in a test case challenging Mayor Giuliani's order that bans large gatherings on the steps of City Hall. Housing Works won a federal injunction against the city (and a story on the front page of the *Times's* Metro section). The next day, it jubilantly held a press conference and rally at City Hall that took the mayor to task for his failure to enforce Local Law 49, a city ordinance designed to safeguard and improve existing services to people with AIDS. Against a backdrop of placards that branded Giuliani an "AIDS criminal," King declared, to a crew of local newspaper reporters and TV cameras, "It's remarkable that a mayor who has made his name on law and order can so flagrantly disregard the law when it comes to providing for people who are poor or respecting the rights of people who criticize his administration."

It was a sweet victory—but Housing Works's future still remains uncertain. On a recent morning, King sits in his new office at the Crosby Street headquarters. As a cost-cutting measure, he has been relocated from the building's airy seventh floor (which has been rented out) to a windowless basement. "We built everything by being willing to put *everything* on the line," says King. "The stakes keep getting higher, but that doesn't mean the strategy should change."

Even without city funds, even if Housing Works loses its battle against the city, King is confident it can survive—pared-down, perhaps, but still vital. The retail businesses—its most reliable source of income—are doing well, and there is still strong support from private donors. "If we keep our doors open," he insists, "no matter how small we get, we win." ■

As hip to hip-hop and electronica as he is to Tori Amos, CRAIG KALLMA

MIX MASTER

BY DAVID HANDELMAN

HAT'S BLOWING UP?" ASKS CRAIG KALLMAN, SCANNING A daunting wall-to-wall array of twelve-inch singles by new hip-hop acts. Kallman, a Boy Scoutish 33-year-old raised on the Upper East Side, is quizzing the homeboy clerk at Fat Beats on lower Sixth Avenue, one of the city's dozen or so independent record shops that Kallman cruises every Saturday morning.

"We sell a lot of both of these," says the clerk, handing over singles by groups called Rankoticks and Black Attack.

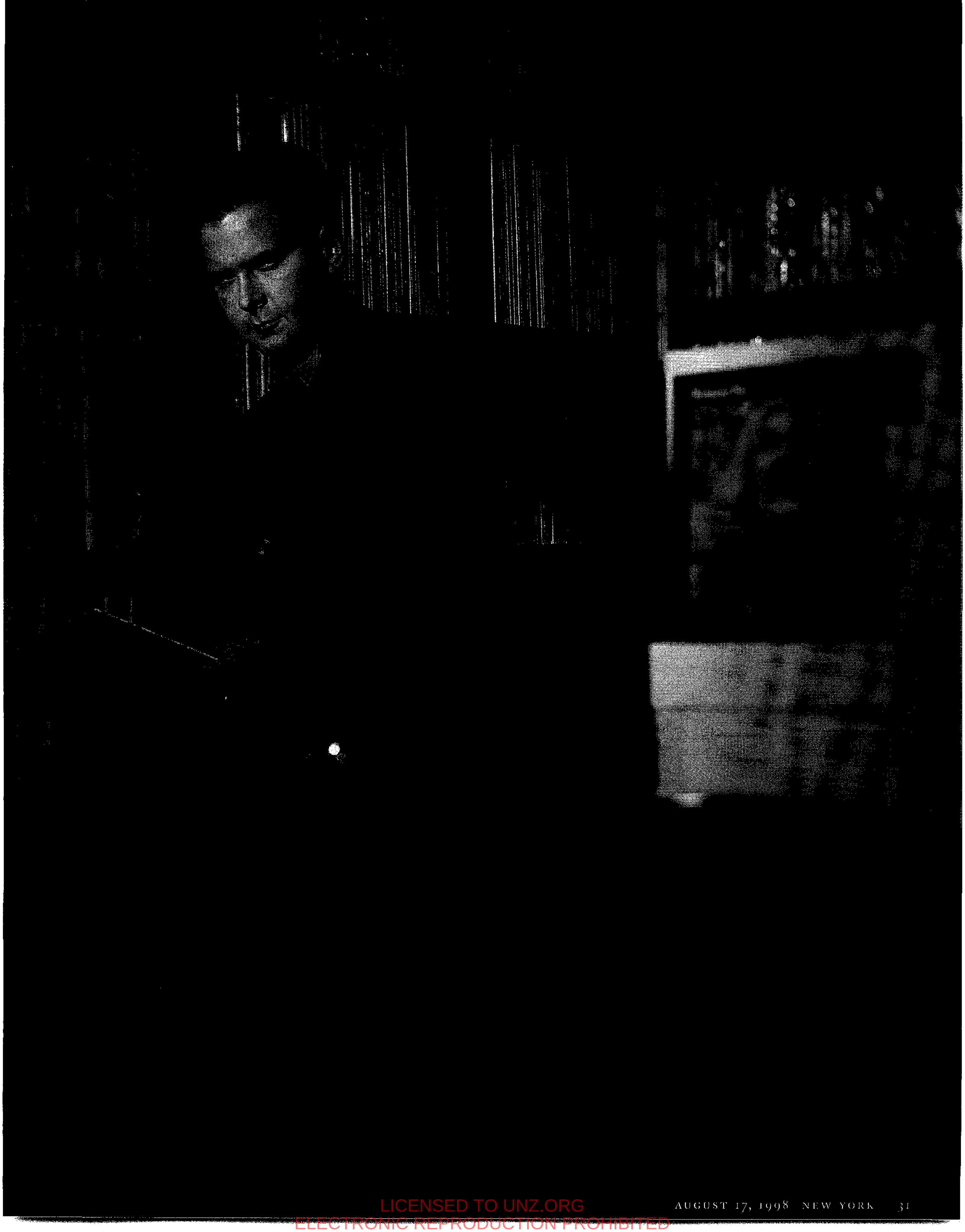
Kallman scans the labels for any useful factoids, then has the clerk plop them on the in-store turntables. He cocks his head, half listening as he continues to pluck records from bins and racks. Walking out fifteen minutes later with $200 worth of music, Kallman says, "Mostly D.J.'s shop in this store. If you're a young kid, how many of these can you afford?"

Kallman has been haunting stores like this since he was a teenager at Trinity School and a D.J. at the legendary Danceteria; a dedicated follower of everything from hip-hop to schlock pop, he owns 50,000 records.

But unlike most music wonks who malinger with record-store workers, Kallman has

PHOTOGRAPH BY AMILCAR

driving Atlantic Records all over the pop-music map in search of hits.



“The music I do is not his preference,” Tori Amos says of Kallman, “but he can

a broader purpose: He’s trolling for a hit for Atlantic Records, where he has worked for eight years. He will spend the next day in his apartment, surfing through these purchases and demo tapes culled by his staff, looking for any raw element—producer, rapper, vocalist, songwriter, remixer—to turn into commercial gold. It’s exhausting, but the payoff can be huge, as it was when he hooked up then-unknown producer Timbaland with black teen idol Aaliyah; the resulting *One in a Million* went triple-platinum.

Last year, Atlantic Records founder Ahmet Ertegun named Kallman executive vice-president, putting him in charge of the label’s A&R (artists and repertoire) department, where he oversees the signing and development of every act on the venerable 50-year-old label except the country ones. His taste—as exemplified by Atlantic’s two current top 10 albums, Brandy’s *Never Say Never* and the soundtrack from *Dr. Dolittle*—will now be steering Atlantic into the millennium.

TOP GIRLS: Kallman with Aaliyah . . .

Today he directs his Town Car east to Other Music, the alternative-music store across from Tower Records, where section titles include DAS KRAUTROCK, LA DECADANSE, and PSYCHEDELIA. Kallman pulls aside co-owner Chris Vanderloo, who passes along some recommendations: the Clears, from Memphis, “very late-eighties, New Wave–sounding”; the rootsy Nebraska band Lullaby for the Working Class; a solo album from the woman in Flying Saucer Attack; a folk-tech act from Sweden called Friend.

Kallman drops another $250 and is driven next to Sonic Groove, a narrow shop on Carmine Street devoted almost entirely to “trance music”—harder-edge industrial electronica. After the success of Prodigy, Kallman thinks the next big crossover will be a band that melds electronica with some real rock songs. He lost just such a band, Stroke, to Interscope and wants the next one badly.

He scrutinizes the racks of anonymous album covers by bands with names like Stumplank, E Flame & Mr. G., Proton Beams. “I never heard of them; they’re all kids,” Kallman marvels. “There could be one genius in the 500. It’s like the needle in the haystack.”

He approaches the close-shaved clerk behind the counter—one of the few in today’s tour whom Kallman doesn’t know—and asks, “What’s selling?”

. . . with Lil’ Kim . . .

“What category?” the clerk shoots back. “Hard techno? House?”

“What’s the next Aphex Twin, coming up from the underground?” Kallman replies. “Something that you think could sell.”

“We don’t carry anything commercial,” the clerk practically sneers. “I’ll give you a bunch of stuff to listen to.”

Kallman carries it over to a turntable and skips around different tracks, trying to find something catchy. It’s all just drones—tape loops, drum machines, lulling grooves. “Nothing!” Kallman says. “This sounds like the death of club music to me. There’s no melody, music, song, vocalist. We’re now at the point where an entire store can exist, selling records—a record store without a single song in it.”

He laughs, then frowns. “Either that, or I’m really getting out of touch.”

EVEN FOR SOMEONE AS TIRELESS as Craig Kallman—who recently worked three nights in a row until 6 A.M.—it’s pretty hard to keep up with today’s music business, which has lately begun to mirror the movie industry in ways that are unsettling. It has been rattled by corporate takeovers and management turnover, as major labels suck up smaller ones, producing blander work so sales will translate more easily overseas; more effort goes into marketing than into actual content. And like weekend movie grosses, computerized sales tabulation now instantly brands a record a success or failure.

As in Hollywood, the music business is torn between overpaid aging superstars (think Aerosmith/Schwarzenegger) and young talents it seems incapable of developing into career artists (think Alanis Morissette/Alicia Silverstone). With MTV-bred consumers hungry for new faces, the industry is blitzing stores with product—710 new CDs a week, according to the New York *Times*. Radio has fragmented into such narrow niches that it’s become harder than ever to score an across-the-board hit. The top 10 is dominated by soundtrack albums that are disposable hodgepodge samplers promoting movies more than music. It’s gotten so hard to break through the clutter, some labels have taken to buying commercial airtime to play an entire song—call it legal payola.

. . . and with Brandy.

In the decade since Kallman graduated from Brown University and started Big Beat, his own indie label, in his father’s Greenwich Village apartment, he has quietly become one of the few executives with the potential to fuse all the industry’s disparate elements—gimmicky star pairings and self-produced experimenters, Top 40 popsters and underground club remixers. He’s equally at home in the urban jam at Puff Daddy’s birthday party and at the opening night of Broadway’s schmaltzy *Scarlet Pimpernel*, whose composer, Frank Wildhorn, Kallman brought to the label. In the course of a day (or even an hour), he might focus with an intense, assured calm on personal singer-songwriters like Tori Amos, raunchy rappers like Lil’ Kim, black-teen pop heroines like Aaliyah and Brandy, adult crooners like Anita Baker,

Photographs courtesy of Atlantic Records.

to it and know when it's done well or when it's lacking—and that's a gift."

and rock bands like Collective Soul. He's as adept at negotiating deal points as at fixing a song's structural problems; moreover, barely beneath his ingratiating, chipper demeanor lies the tenacity of a pit bull.

"A lot of guys in this industry are not music men; they're marketing guys, lawyers," Amos notes. "Often you turn your music in to these guys and they say, 'I don't know.' And you say, 'Of course you don't know. This is for your daughter, who *hates your guts* right now.' Craig understands that. The fascinating thing about Craig is the music I do is not his preference, but he can listen to it and know when it's done well or when it's lacking, and that's really a gift."

Ertegun, co-chairman (with Val Azzoli) of Atlantic, concurs. "Craig is a star, one of the greatest music people I've ever worked with," he says. "It's not so much that he's a workaholic; it's that he has so much fervor for the business. I see a lot of things in him that I felt when I was young."

After Atlantic made its name in R&B in the fifties and early sixties, then in hard rock in the seventies, the label floundered, but it has lately been revivified by younger executives like Azzoli, Kallman, and Jason Flom (who signed two of its biggest-selling new acts, Matchbox 20 and Sugar Ray). This year, Atlantic had a lousy first quarter, mostly because of delayed releases. But lately Atlantic has returned to the top 10, not only with Brandy and *Dr. Dolittle*, but also with Amos's *Songs From the Choirgirl Hotel* and Robert Plant and Jimmy Page's *Walking Into Clarksdale*, while Brandy's duet with Monica, "The Boy Is Mine," is proving to be the year's biggest single.

Kallman's platinum successes at Atlantic have been all over the R&B map: the reggae band Inner Circle, the female soul duo Changing Faces, the propulsive Florida dance group Quad City DJs, rap acts Junior M.A.F.I.A. and Lil' Kim. But it remains to be seen whether any of them will prove to be career artists. His biggest achievement has been 1996's *Space Jam* soundtrack, which displayed both the fruits of his dealmaking—Kallman hounded Michael Jordan's manager in airports to get the gig, then had to placate the various labels that lent their acts—and his wide-ranging taste. Providing something for every audience, from a trash-talking summit of top rappers ("Hit 'Em High") to a soaring R. Kelly ballad ("I Believe I Can Fly") to a seventies update (Seal's "Fly Like an Eagle"), *Space Jam* has sold 7 million copies worldwide.

The record business is rife with white male Jewish New York record executives who've made names for themselves in black music, including Tommy Boy's Tom Silverman, Loud's Steven Rifkind, and Def Jam's Lyor Cohen. What sets Kallman apart is that he has a much more ambitious agenda—Broadway, alternative rock, and Top 40 pop. He's desperately trying to promote his first hard-rock acts, Big Wreck and Athaneum, and he recently signed free agent Sinéad O'Connor to the label. He also co-supervised (with Darren Higman) the distinctly non-R&B soundtrack for *The Avengers*, featuring O'Connor, Annie Lennox, and the Utah Saints.

***Choirgirl Hotel* songstress Tori Amos.**

Yet Kallman has virtually no public profile; he's not flamboyant or outspoken or a fixture on any scene. "He flies underneath the radar," says Def Jam's Cohen. A few years ago, Cohen noticed that the one person competing with him on every new deal was not Puffy Combs or Andre Harrell but Craig Kallman. "I thought, *Damn, who is this guy?*" says Cohen. He attributes Kallman's success to the fact that "he's a music dude. It resonates; it seeps out of his pores. When he hears a record, he'll know the sample, the bass line, whereas I couldn't even tell you a record I released a month ago. He's the future of the music business."

But is Kallman its savior or something more ambiguous? Cohen also compliments Kallman as someone who "will try

Craig Kallman's Hit Parade

[illegible]

ARTIST	ALBUM TITLE	# SOLD*
SPACE JAM	**Soundtrack**	**7,800,000**
AALIYAH	**One in a Million**	**3,000,000**
BRANDY	**Never Say Never**	**2,300,000**
LIL' KIM	**Hard Core**	**1,600,000**
QUAD CITY DJs	**Get On Up and Dance**	**1,500,000**
DR. DOLITTLE	**Soundtrack**	**1,400,000**
CHANGING FACES	**Changing Faces**	**1,300,000**
TIMBALAND & MAGOO	**Welcome to Our World**	**1,200,000**
INNER CIRCLE	**Bad Boys**	**1,100,000**
ANASTASIA	**Soundtrack**	**1,100,000**
JUNIOR M.A.F.I.A.	**Conspiracy**	**1,000,000**
GREAT EXPECTATIONS	**Soundtrack**	**900,000**
CHANGING FACES	**All Day All Night**	**700,000**
HIGH SCHOOL HIGH	**Soundtrack**	**700,000**
FAT JOE	**Don Cartagena**	**500,000****
GRAND TOTAL		26,100,000

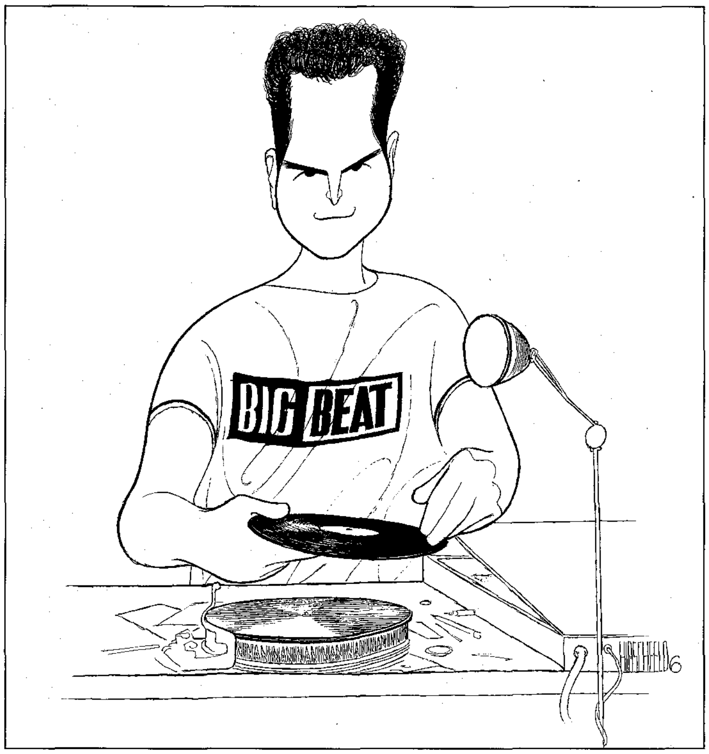
*rounded to the nearest 100,000 units **shipping for release September 1

Photograph by Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison.

"Craig has so much fervor for the business," says Atlantic's legendary foun

to figure out a way to give consumers what they want . . . Whenever he's in trouble, he surveys opinion."

This Clintonian sort of vision-through-polling can sometimes mistake sales potential for musical excellence. Not that Kallman's alone in this approach: Never before have the words *music* and *business* been so intertwined. In the past year, Azzoli cut Atlantic's artist roster in half and reduced its releases from 150 to 55, spending more on fewer acts, hoping to repeat its successes with Jewel and Hootie & the Blowfish, whose records took a while to top the charts, then lodged themselves there forever. Such patience is a dangerous luxury, however. "We're a public company," says Kallman, "and there's intense pressure to have the hits *now*, bring in the revenue *now*. The batting average has to be higher than it's ever been."



PLATTERS: Van Morrison fan Kallman actually prefers vinyl to CDs.

KALLMAN'S BLITZKRIEG approach to life is apparent to anyone who eats with him in a restaurant. Instead of ordering a single dish, he'll often ask for custom sampler plates—three appetizers, three entrées, three desserts. It's not that he's indecisive; he likes and wants them all.

The same obsessive-accumulative impulse rules Kallman's musical taste. "My only criterion is if it's good," he insists. A visit to his three-bedroom Upper East Side apartment suggests that for Kallman, many, many things qualify as "good." Two entire rooms are lined so deep with record cabinets that a person can barely squeeze between them, and cardboard boxes containing overflow have crept into the dining room, living room, and foyer, to the point where his wife, Isabel, an investment banker, won't let anyone visit and is threatening to hold a record sale.

Though Kallman's favorite artists are Van Morrison and Joan Armatrading, he's just as jazzed showing off a Jean-Jacques Perry album of Moog music, a vintage Art Ensemble of Chicago album, or *We're the Banana Splits;* he'll know the song listing, the producers, and every bit of arcana about the making of the record.

Ever the D.J., Kallman sets album after album onto his $6,000 Linn turntable (this major purveyor of CDs is one of the diehards who believe in the superiority of vinyl); soon there are albums and jackets spread all over his couch. Though ambivalent about the vogue for fashioning new hits by sampling old ones, he has a bag of records put aside for future possible sampling. "People were stealing stuff way back when," he says. "You can't knock Puffy Combs, because you'd also have to knock great artists who did their own little bits of lifting."

Kallman gets most animated when showing off his extensive collection of early flops by artists who later became superstars, including Attilla, a duo featuring Billy Joel; Gulliver, with lead singer Daryl Hall; Milkwood, the first group of the Cars' Ric Ocasek; World Class Wrecking Crew, featuring Dr. Dre in a red lamé suit; Babyface's first group, the Deal; and Steely Dan's precursor, The Original Soundtrack. Though there is hardly a memorable musical moment among them, Kallman says he often puts them on "as an exercise. You listen and go, 'Would I have known?' "

Kallman's drivenness isn't limited to business pursuits. He first spotted Isabel when she was a Columbia student moonlighting as a dancer in a video for a Big Beat band; he dogged her for a year—lying to get past the switchboard where she worked, bombarding her with books and attention—until she consented to a date.

After the band Big Wreck played a major-label showcase in Toronto, recalls the band's lead singer, Ian Thornley, "Craig was in the dressing room before we were. The other labels were waiting for us to come and mingle." Kallman's two assistants wearily recount how they come in early only to find a half-dozen messages from him. This relentlessness can be exhausting and annoying at times, but Kallman's saving grace, says Arthur Spivak, who manages Tori Amos and Collective Soul and speaks to Kallman almost daily, is that "Craig never gets carried away with himself like some people in this business. He's always self-deprecating: 'I know I'm neurotic, but that's what makes me tick.' "

Considering how much time he spends in the office, Kallman hasn't done much to give the place warmth. There are some worn suede couches and a lot of clutter—DAT tapes of unsigned acts and producers, trade publications, posters, gold records, CDs. As the day progresses, he'll suck cough drops and chew gum—his only vices—while ricocheting from phone call to meeting. He often orders two lunches so he can eat one later for dinner.

At one point during the making of Brandy's *Never Say Never,* Kallman, wearing an untucked suede shirt and slacks, met with two young R&B producers, Silky and Teron, in an attempt to sharpen an up-tempo track. "We want to make it hard and street," Kallman was saying. "Janet and Mariah's new records are just a loop of someone else—I think it's wide open for Brandy to take them out. When she starts really singing, it's hot, that's dope."

When they leave, Kallman seems a little deflated. "Most of the kids who come to my office can't play, can't write music or read a song, but they're 'producers,' " he says. "Gamble and Huff, Holland-Dozier-Holland were songwriters as well as producers. It's gotten cheaper to buy equipment, easier to sample other people's music. Fewer and fewer artists are coming to my office saying, 'Hey, I got this new song; I just played all the instruments and I wrote it at the piano.' " Kallman bemoans the trend, yet he's a pragmatist. "I'm not pooh-poohing it," he says—but then does: "Unfortunately, it's the wave of the future."

Illustration © Al Hirschfeld/Margo Feiden Galleries.

met Ertegun. "I see a lot of things in him that I felt when I was young."

In fact, it's precisely the ease with which an R&B hit can be manufactured (compared with, say, developing a rock band) that led Kallman to form the house-music label Big Beat. Kallman says he finds his rep as a black-music specialist "ironic, because I was much more into rock for many of my formative years."

HIS MUSICAL FANATICISM started when he was a child, and Kallman's father, Stanley, at the time an attorney for Cannon Films, started bringing him along to shows—Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, rock and jazz performances. (Kallman is an only child; his parents divorced when he was young, and his mother died when he was 5.) After trying nearly every musical instrument and failing miserably, Craig started collecting records. His taste was wholly conventional: The first six groups he bought were Fleetwood Mac, Bad Company, Aerosmith, Led Zeppelin, Parliament/Funkadelic, and Hot Tuna. He'd pore over the albums, wondering why some songs were weak, why radio didn't seem to pick the right singles.

By the time he'd become a teenager, he was a club kid and budding ethnomusicologist. Trinity classmate Elizabeth Saltzman, now fashion director of *Vanity Fair,* recalls, "Craig was way straighter than I was yet had this incredible knowledge. I'd find him and say, 'Do you know this song?' and hum a few notes, and he'd bring me all the remixes and import versions. He was interested in the music, not the scene."

Indeed, in marked contrast to his famously high-living mentor, Ertegun, Kallman avoids most aspects of the club life. He never did drugs, and to this day he doesn't even drink beer. He befriended club doormen, volunteered at the New Music Seminar, and haunted record stores. It was in 99 Records that, in 1981, Kallman, then 16, met D.J. Richard Vasquez from the club Berlin, who introduced him to the art of D.J.'ing. He worked his way up from playing Motown for yuppies at the Mansion on lower Second Avenue to Friday and Saturday nights at Danceteria—where, he recalls somewhat wistfully, "I went from playing Kraftwerk into Loleatta Holloway into Nitzer Ebb into Parliament/Funkadelic, and the dance floor stayed packed."

At Brown, he D.J.'d funk nights in the campus dining hall, programmed the student radio station's urban- and alternative-music shows, and worked as a college rep for Columbia Records, earning $45 a week to promote acts like LL Cool J, the Psychedelic Furs, and Bruce Springsteen. Most notorious were the annual "Mike's parties" Kallman and some friends threw, promoting them with cleverly cryptic flyers and primitive but hilarious videos that played in the student post office.

LADY PRINCE? Newcomer Nicole Renée.

When Kallman graduated in 1987, his father recalls, "I suggested he go immediately to Harvard Business School, but he said he wanted to start his own record company." To school himself in the various facets of the business, Craig took a job at *Billboard* tabulating radio charts and another promoting videos at Factory Records, home of New Order, while continuing to D.J. at night. When he was shopping in a record store one day, he heard a catchy house-music demo. He tracked down its creator, hired a singer named Tara Vhonty, borrowed a friend's equipment, and emerged with a song called "Join Hands."

To figure out what to do next, Kallman read William Krasilovsky and Sidney Shemel's standard text, *This Business of Music,* drew up a contract, pressed 1,000 copies of the single, and gave it to club-D.J. friends and radio people he'd met through *Billboard.* It started getting on KISS and BLS, record stores started calling, and soon Kallman was literally wheeling a shopping cart through the streets of Manhattan, selling door to door. "Before I knew it, I ended up selling 5,000," he says.

He quit everything but D.J.'ing, an invaluable test-marketing tool, which he says taught him "how long an introduction should be, how often to repeat the hook to get the crowd to repeat it." His second single, Kraze's funky "The Party," sold 300,000 copies worldwide. Soon, Big Beat was a $3 million–a-year business and Kallman had assembled a twelve-person staff. When he signed dance singer Tara Kemp, the major labels waged a bidding war for her. Kallman sold her contract to Irving Azoff at Giant for enough money to fund Big Beat's annual payroll.

Kemp's record ended up stiffing, and Kallman started to worry. "Vinyl was dying," he says. "You couldn't make as much profit on singles, and I didn't have the hundred grand it took to make competitive videos. I needed to hook up with a major." In 1991, when he had another indie hit, by the group Jomanda, the majors all came calling again. Kallman sold half of Big Beat, along with his services, to Atlantic's then-chief, Doug Morris. Three months later, Atlantic bought the other half, too.

Still, Kallman has yet to find and break a career artist of the caliber he admires—the Van Morrison or Joan Armatrading of the next decade. Of course, these days it's hard to imagine an artist coming in with a record as sprawling as Morrison's *Astral Weeks*—one of Kallman's all-time faves—and getting any kind of support from the label (or even being signed in the first place). Kallman is pinning his hopes for posterity—and a lot of Atlantic's money—on Nicole Renée, a budding female Prince (she writes, sings, plays, and produces) whom he bested Sony's Tommy Mottola to sign. Renée is the Ur–Kallman act: On her self-titled album, scheduled for a September 15 release, she covers a mind-bogglingly broad musical terrain—hard rock, jazz, folk, classical—while sounding very up-to-the-minute.

IT'S THE END OF A RECENT WORKDAY, and Kallman calls Azzoli into his office to play a homemade demo he got from a rep in England. Azzoli, a former manager who has graying rock-star hair and a genial air, sits in a chair, head bowed, eyes closed, as the tape rolls. A drum machine and organ give way to a woman's poppy, girl-group vocals, layered with a processed sound reminiscent of the Eurythmics.

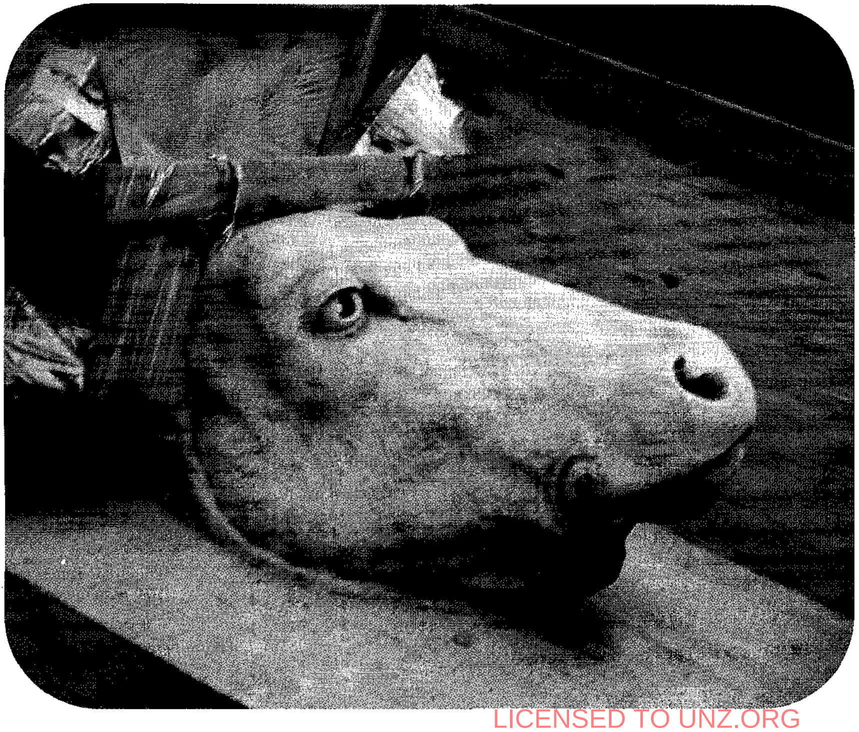
Kallman paces back and forth, grooving to the music, sucking a cough drop, but not saying anything. Before the song is half over, Azzoli can't contain himself. "It's the best!" he cries. Kallman finally cracks a grin: This is what they all live for, a hit so palpable that, as he says, "all you have to do is get out of the way." When Azzoli likes the second song even more, he demands, "So, we signed them?"

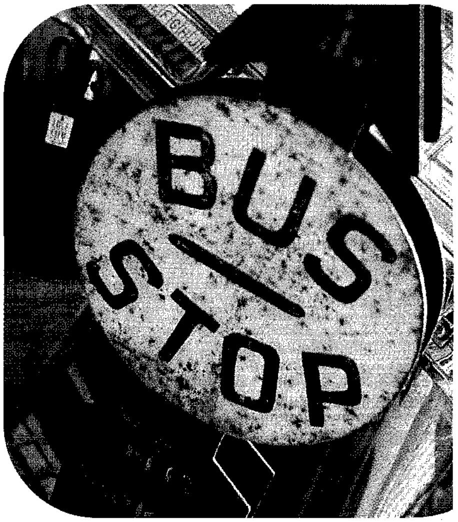
"No," Kallman says. "I just got this today." But by the end of the week, he's in London, signing the duo, Pocketsize, and now he hopes to get their album out by February. By then, of course, he'll be on to five more projects, searching for the elusive next new thing. "I don't want it to sound like anybody else," Kallman says. "I want what's *next.*" ■

Photograph by Darren Keith.

SHAGGY CHIC: At Lafayette Street's Lost City Arts.

THE SHOCK





DISCOVERY CHANNELS: From left, have a cow at the Landmarks commission's salvage yard; one-stop shopping at Lost City Arts; designer Cynthia Rowley tries on a find at Resurrection.

OF THE OLD

THEY DON'T MAKE THINGS LIKE THEY USED TO, OF COURSE. BUT LUCKILY FOR US, THIS CITY IS THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO BUY THE THINGS THEY USED TO MAKE, FROM HALTER TOPS TO HASSELBLADS. NEW YORK'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO SECONDHAND SHOPPING.

EDITED BY CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTINE LARSEN

STORESEAR

CYNTHIA ROWLEY HAS ONE RULE WHEN IT COMES to secondhand clothes: Never buy anything with a thong. Beyond that, the fashion designer considers almost anything. "I always buy handbags," she says. "And used shoes—if they're in perfect shape." The shoes, she adds hastily, she always sprays. Rowley is sharing her shopping strategy in the back seat of a car en route to NoLIta, the Lower East Side neighborhood that's become fashion's proving ground. She's also talking themes: in thrift stores (those specializing in one era are her favorites) and in fashion. "Now, I love all this Indian, kinda hippie influence," she says. "But I also like all that Courrèges stuff. And Western."

She offers her notebook, filled with sketches that have sprung from her imagination—and cracks up over a T-shirt she found in a Tokyo secondhand store and used in her last men's show. It reads: I ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST. Pleased, she says it again, savoring the seventies slogan. "It's so bad, it's good!" she explains, grinning.

Our first stop is **Resurrection** (217 Mott Street, 625-1374; and 123 East 7th Street, 228-0063). Even though it sells old jeans, T-shirts, and eighties staples like parachute pants ($36), Resurrection carries mostly designerwear (like Yves Saint Laurent and Courrèges), appears on the pages of *Vogue,* and gets combed through regularly by supermodels like Shalom Harlow. In other words, there is nothing "so bad, it's good" about it. Rowley started coming here only recently, but co-owner Katy Rodriguez greets her like an old friend. "We have a lot of twenties and thirties dresses today," she says.

REPEAT BUSINESS: Designer Cynthia Rowley visits Resurrection.

CH

Designer Cynthia Rowley scopes out the sublime (Courrèges) and the ridiculous (Frederick's of Hollywood) in the city's myriad vintage-clothing emporia. **BY PATRICIA FALVO**

SYNTHETIC ENERGY: Amid jackets at Domsey's.

Rodriguez's partner, Mark Haddawy, shows off a group of size 4 Mary Quants, each marked $450.

Rowley idles in a rack of Pucci ($165 to $400) and Givenchy ($200), and then her mouth drops: Hanging high on the wall are three smocked dresses with dropped waists ($225 to $325). "Omigod! Those are so beautiful," she says. Haddawy steps in to explain. "I got them from a lady who lived in Hungary in the 1920s," he says. "You generally don't see those here." Rowley nods, selects one, and slips into the dressing room. It fits perfectly. "It looks great on you," says Rodriguez. "Yeah, it's great," says Rowley. "It's really great," re-echoes Rodriguez.

A leather jacket hanging near the mirror snags Rowley's attention. It's butter-colored and short-waisted—à la Sade's "Smooth Operator" video—but it's hipper because it has lacing on the shoulders. Rodriguez gives the garment's history: North Beach leather, handmade, from the late sixties. It's $225. "This," Rowley says happily, "could be inspiration *and* for me!" She circles the store, deciding whether to buy. "I'm not so much into the twenties, that's the thing," she explains. To help her decide, Rodriguez offers an *Us* magazine photo of Lenny Kravitz, head-to-toe in vintage North Beach. Rowley puts the dress and jacket on hold.

A NEW SPIN: Rowley twirls at La Tienda.

Half a block south is **La Tienda** (50 Spring Street; 431-4404), a shop that's not a thrift store per se—it carries mostly Mexican-made trinkets. But there's vintage treasure, too: sequined skirts made during the fifties for American tourists. Last time she was here, Rowley bought one in ivory. "Remember me?" she asks the store owner, Kathy Lichter. Lichter puts her glasses on and stares. "I'm the one who bought your grandmother's skirt! I wear it all the time." "Oh, *hiiii!*" she says, perking up. Lichter should be happy to see her: Rowley told her friends at *InStyle* about the place and got it a mention in print. Since then, Lichter has raised the prices of the hand-sequined booty from $85 to about $150, still not a bad deal. "At first, I priced them too low," she explains. "I know!" says Rowley, spinning in a royal-blue one. "That's why I bought it and ran out of here!" There's only so many sequined skirts a girl can own, though, and she puts this one back. She does, however, buy a mini-crêche.

Rowley is not excited about the prospect of **Domsey's** (431 Kent Avenue, Brooklyn; 718-384-6000), the huge used-clothing warehouse just over the Williamsburg Bridge. I know because when I mentioned it on the phone, her happy voice grew concerned. "Isn't that the place where everything's in *bins*?" she asked. It's also the place where, two years ago, badly paid workers were reportedly fired when trying to organize. But Rowley's a retail trouper, and the Labor Department stepped in and fixed things, so she agrees to give it a look. "It's much nicer than I remember," she says, walking through the men's department. Indeed, all of Domsey's clothes are neatly sorted, tagged, and clean. Rowley strides to a wall of windbreakers, where she's taken with a plaid one ($7), noting that she's currently high on "sexy, preppy madras." She's finished with the men's department in seven minutes. "You can kind of tell immediately if there's anything really cool," she says. For example, short-sleeve shirts are cool, but Domsey's selection—though extensive—isn't. "You go in and wonder: Are you going to make a good catch? It's a sixth sense."

She's happier in the women's department. After chuckling at two pastel prom dresses ("very Miu Miu") and a red Frederick's of Hollywood corset ("Eeeww!"), she hits the leather. "No way is this $7!," she says, holding up a long cowhide skirt with New

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Kids are those rare people who actually *need* a whole new wardrobe every season. The clothes, though, needn't be new.

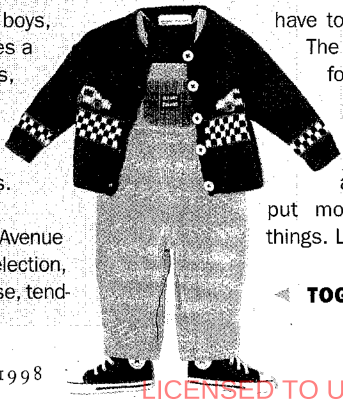
FOR MIDDLE-INCOME PARENTS, THE COST OF raising a child conceived in the past year from birth to age 22 is projected at almost $1 million, says *U.S. News & World Report*. Not that anyone's counting, of course. Children are a magical and precious lot. But it's easy to grasp why hand-me-downs are a time-honored tradition and how consignment and thrift shops dealing in kids' apparel prove a handy resource for practical parents.

"People either walk up the stairs and say, 'I can't handle this,' or dig right in," says owner Joan Blake of **Second Act** (1046 Madison Avenue, at 80th Street, second floor; 988-2440). For 36 years, her shop has been packed with the quickly outgrown essentials you'd find at Gap Kids (blazers, party dresses, sweaters, slickers, snowsuits, boots) as well as more uncommon, beautifully made items from Jacadi or Bon Point—all, as they say, "gently worn." Carrying sizes infant to 12 for girls and up to 20 for boys, Second Act also frequently houses a full selection of in-line skates, hockey equipment, and ballet and tap shoes, and there's an ever-in-demand rack of tutus and fairy-princess costumes. Children's books too.

Second Cousin (142 Seventh Avenue South; 929-8048) has a small selection, but it's all high-quality merchandise, tending somewhat toward girls' fashion. A nearly new winter jacket is $15; it probably sold for four or five times that amount last winter. Hand-knit sweaters for $10. A wool blazer for $20. A crushed-velvet Betsey Johnson dress is $25, with simpler cotton jumpers running as low as $6. Once-worn party dresses range from $30 to $100.

Because of stringent acceptance specifications for consigned merchandise, **Children's Resale** (303 East 81st Street; 734-8897) has outstanding stuff. It's quite organized, bargains abound, and there are monthly specials and biannual clearance sales. Sizes range from infant to 16 for boys and girls, and the store even has a "couture rack" with items from Catimini, Monica Noël, and Petite Bateau for $15 and $25. A terry-cloth beach jacket from Barneys is $20. Sam Jordon, a regular customer, is enthusiastic: "The quality and prices are the best! A lot of clothes still have the original tags. You have to really look, but they're there." The shop also keeps a "wish list" for more elemental requests—a crib, a stroller, a pair of crocheted booties—to ease the strain on new parents' time and bankroll, allowing them to put money toward more important things. Like college.

BRETT KELLY



TOG CATCHERS: At Second Act.

Photograph: bottom, Steve Wisbauer.

GOODWILL HUNTING

Shopping for a good cause—and surprisingly good, cheap clothes, furniture, and other miscellaneous castoffs—at the city's thrift shops.

A $25 CHANEL SUIT? COCO WOULD CRINGE. "WE ALSO have Chanel shorts sets and Jones New York and Donna Karan suits for 25 bucks or less," says Mary Cochran, Goodwill's vice-president of contributed goods, about **Goodwill Stuyvesant Square** (1704 Second Avenue, near 88th Street; 831-1830), a label lover's haven with Calvin this and Lauren that at prices that skim the single digits.

Fresh stock pours in almost daily, much of it Upper East Side drop-offs—hence the fine frocks. "Starting September 1, we'll be full of furs," Cochran says. "Priced from $100 to $3,000." (Anything over $1,000 comes with an appraisal.) And if your new find has an unseen flaw, return it within five days, receipt and tags attached, for a store credit. "We want you to be a happy customer," Cochran says. You will be. Because on any given day, you could have a $9.99 Bill Blass blazer, a $3.99 Vittadini sweater, and a Geena Davis sighting.

Forget your standard shopping scene, where dazed men sit, slumped, while their wives frolic through the racks. This is a co-ed sport, where he or she with the most discriminating taste—and quickest reflexes—wins. On two floors, roughly 10,000 square feet, near-new designer duds are neatly sorted: shirt row, slacks row, suit row. Nestled between two flammable Fred Sanford suits is an unscathed $24.99 Barneys glen plaid so perfect you'd frisk it for tags. Or assemble a prep-school-ready outfit for all of $20: a Paul Stuart charcoal wool blazer ($6.99), Perry Ellis khakis ($7.99), a white Brooks Brothers oxford ($2.99), and a $1.99 red Dior tie—sans soup stains. Shoppers of all stripes are advised to come on a sunny day. When it rains, the city will be swarming with recovering retail rats.

"I DON'T EVEN RETAIL-SHOP ANYMORE," SAYS A TWENTYISH GAL lugging a Louis XVI–style antique settee, white with burgundy velvet, up Tenth Avenue, snatched during her weekly jaunt at . . . the **Salvation Army**? (536 West 46th Street; 757-2311.) Price: $80. Clutching her furniture find, she begs me not to write about the store: "Now my bargain hunting's ruined."

To antiques aficionados on a budget, it's the antidote to pricey dealers. Strike it right, and acquire a decent baroque bureau ($119.99), a charming roll-top desk ($189.99), or twin marble-top end tables with gilded bases ($299.99 for the pair). In a sea of orphaned couches—velvets, leathers, cottons—a blue-and-white pin-striped Sealy sofa bed and a matching love seat are tagged at $259.99 for both. Rove through a clutch of tables and chairs, all near $50, and rugs, like a twelve-by-sixteen yellow floral needlepoint ($219.99), one sixth the cost of its sister hawked at a recent estate auction. Prices plummet 25 percent after 30 days for furniture, 50 percent for clothing; regular specials are negotiable.

An otherwise squeamish rack-shopper, I comb, giddy, through a maze of $4.99 DKNY blouses and $34.99 Armani suits, and snatch a $10 Tahari—overstock, fresh from a retailer, with tags attached.

▲ **THE VIRTUES OF THRIFT:** At the city's best Goodwill.

Amid timeless items—a pearly wedding gown lurks in one corner, Gulden's-colored retrowear in another—are comfy 501s ($6.99) and evening dresses ($14.99). About 3,600 items arrive daily, and selected goods drop in price by 50 percent every week. Here, you could even get away without checking for spots and rips—store manager Willie Tevenal assures me that if it's torn, "we wouldn't even put it on the floor."

The 46th Street store is the largest Salvation Army site in town (4,500 square feet), above the organization's warehouse, and the only one that takes furniture drop-offs, so it gets first dibs. Some pieces may need a little TLC—a missing cushion replaced, a jagged edge fixed. With wear and tear, however, comes authenticity—which is why movie sets (*Carlito's Way; She's the One*) are often furnished here.

After Derrick Kardos scoured his local thrifts to replace a recently deceased desk chair, he arrived here a bruised skeptic. "All [the local stores] had were pantsuits, flip-flops, and an old Atari game," he says. Eyeing a black leather *Charlie's Angels*-esque throne ($34.99), he smiles. "It's exactly what I envisioned," he says. "Really cushy." And how does it look at home in his 3rd Street pad, furnished with red shag rug, velvet couch, and disco ball? "I lounge in it constantly. It looks like a drag queen walked in here and exploded. People think I'm subletting from Cher. When my friends come over, they envy me because I look like a king." Salvation indeed.

Jo B. Hoffman

TAILS FROM THE CRYPT: From Resurrection.

Yorker–in–Santa Fe tassels. "I mean," she says, "it's scary, but it's also kind of cool." Rowley tries on the find right in the aisle (no small feat here, since Domsey's is strict about using the dressing rooms). "This is a case of 'it's so bad, it's good.' You don't know it yet, but you'll see." Then she checks the label. "Issey Miyake," she says proudly. Rowley passes on an $8 fringed suede coat ("too Calamity Jane") and zeroes in on a leather V-neck pullover. "I know somebody who will so love this. My assistant!" she says. She picks out this item for him with more certainty than she's shown all day. I'm a little doubtful, but she's the designer, and anyway, her assistant, she tells me, has even worn a skirt to work. "Omigod, he's gonna love this," she continues. "I'm going to save it till after the men's shows as a thank-you." Rowley's one concern, though, is her sudden taste for animal hide. "I don't know why Western is looking so good to me."

Rags-A-Go Go (73–75 East 7th Street; 254-4771) is known for track pants (all $15) and other sportswear, but the old T-shirts are what sends Rowley: "I like those old bands—Foreigner, Boston—but those are hard to find." Niki, the salesperson, nods knowingly. "They sell so fast," she adds. Niki and Rowley find common ground in the subject of Japan, where Rowley owns stores and where Niki used to dance with Trisha Brown. They laugh about Rowley's I ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST T-shirt. "Oh, the Japanese," says Niki. "They come here, and they buy-buy-buy-buy-buy. And they're so *groovy*!" Rowley checks out the halter tops by the window (all $8) and holds one up to herself. It's blue canvas with rope ties and colorful block printing. "This is *so* Japanese," she says. On the way out, Rowley caresses a pair of cowboy boots. "See!" she cries. "I'm telling you, it's like, Western!"

We move down the block to **The Village Scandal** (19 East 7th Street; 460-9358). Rowley thinks this one's a winner. "It's so exciting to approach a place for the first time," she explains. It's a cramped store about twelve feet wide, but it has a better selection than many stores twice its size. "They've got a good range of stuff from a lot of eras," Rowley says. Greg Oh, the exuberant salesman, greets us from the back. "Welcome to the cabaret!" he booms, then resumes singing to Sinatra's "It Was a Very Good Year." "I would come here just to hang out with this guy," she whispers. She gives a few items the once-over: a Tom Wolfe–ish white suit ($49), a men's khaki blazer ($15), and a decidedly Western tooled-leather handbag ("I just remembered," she confesses, a spooked look on her face. "I bought one a week ago at a garage sale"). Greg Oh holds up a black column gown with flapper fringe. "Flippa! Flippa!" he chirps, cryptically. He twirls it: "It's a beauty, hah?" Rowley buys a black-and-white-print halter gown by Fritzi of California ($35). "So," says Rowley, "what's the 'in' thing now?" Greggo's eyes get big. "Oh, the Yves Saint Laurent gypsy thing, with the peasant sleeves," he says. "Lacroix! Lacroix's very big now!" He doesn't mention Westernwear. We leave, and he sing-songs after us: "Lots of love!"

"I met so many nice people today," Rowley says as she heads back to midtown. "The dancer girl, our new friend the Broadway actor." She walks into her Seventh Avenue headquarters, swinging her Domsey's bags. "Sometimes those people are inspiring, too." ■

RINGMASTERS

Diamonds are forever, even if their owners aren't, which makes for a very healthy resale market. A 24-karat guide to the jewels in the town.

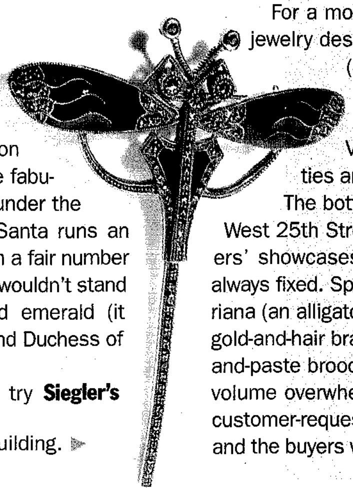
IF YOUR BANK ACCOUNT IS BRIMMING, join the ranks who have worn **Fred Leighton's** jewelry to the Oscars (773 Madison Avenue, at 66th Street; 288-1872). "It's the fabulous side of secondhand—what you want under the Christmas tree," says one manager. Maybe if Santa runs an index fund: Prices here can top $100,000, though a fair number dip as low as $1,000. Kate Winslet's *Titanic* rock wouldn't stand out here alongside the world's largest carved emerald (it belonged to Lady Sackville-West, Vita's mother) and Duchess of Windsor jewels from the recent auction.

At the other end of the budget spectrum, try **Siegler's Garage Sale** (106 West 13th Street; 352-3090). Most of this shop's costume jewelry comes from oddball collectors—one source bought touristy baubles from all over the world, another was a club diva. Perfect for the playing-dress-up-from-Grandma's-trunk look—and not many items cross the $10 barrier.

For a more intimate shopping experience, the hip downtown jewelry designer Andrea Renee recommends **Antique Addiction** (436 West Broadway; 925-6342). Culled from flea markets, estate auctions, and pickers, Antique Addiction's stock includes forties clip-on earrings, Victorian engagement rings, and rings from the thirties and forties.

The bottom two floors of the **Chelsea Antiques Building** (110 West 25th Street; 929-0909) are crammed with 200 to 250 dealers' showcases, run by the building's management; prices aren't always fixed. Specialties include old Tiffany and Chanel pieces; Victoriana (an alligator-claw watch fob for $58, a mourning pin for $195, a gold-and-hair bracelet for $160), Deco items (like a German sterling-and-paste brooch for $85), and vintage Miriam Haskell. If the sheer volume overwhelms you, the staff will help you navigate. There's a customer-request service too—leave a description of what you want, and the buyers will watch for it and call.

ONDINE COHANE



CATCH THE BUG: At the Chelsea Antiques Building. ▶

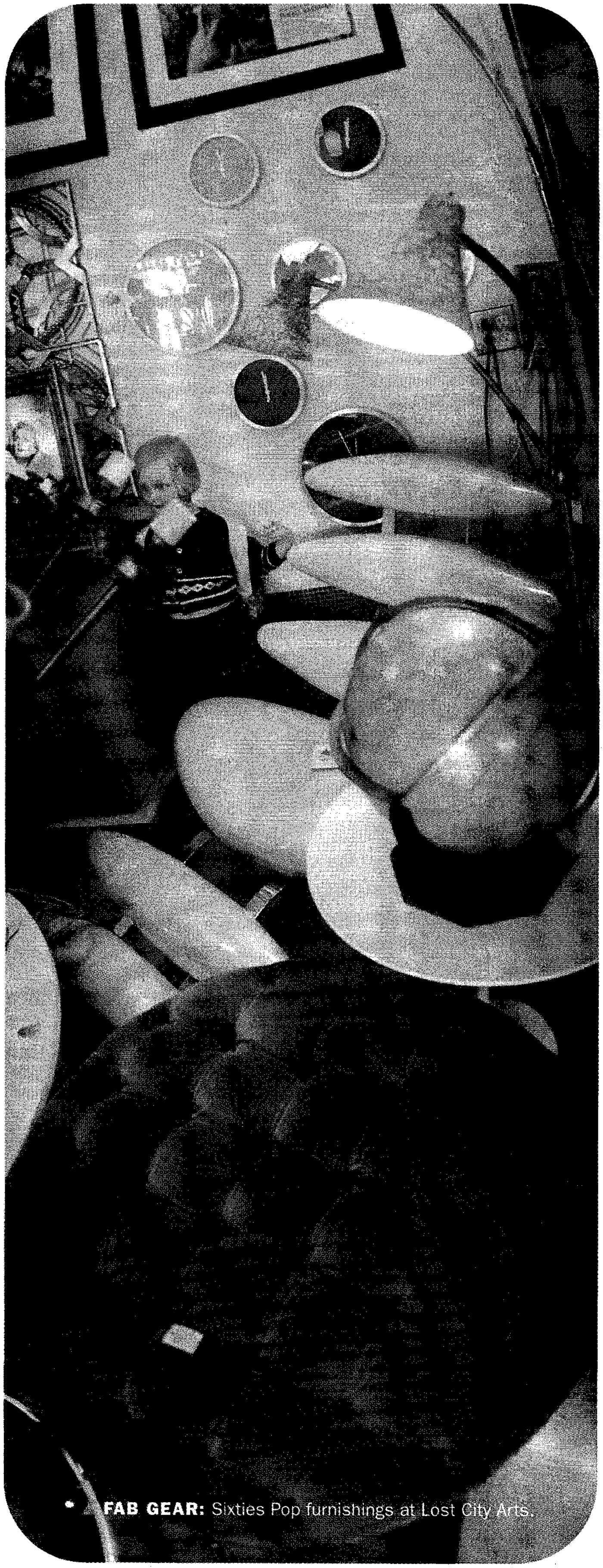
Photograph: bottom, Steve Wisbauer.

HOMEWORK

IKEA may offer one-stop shopping, but it can get monotonous. New York's four furniture districts offer infinite, fascinating variety—and they're not in Jersey.

BY RENE CHUN

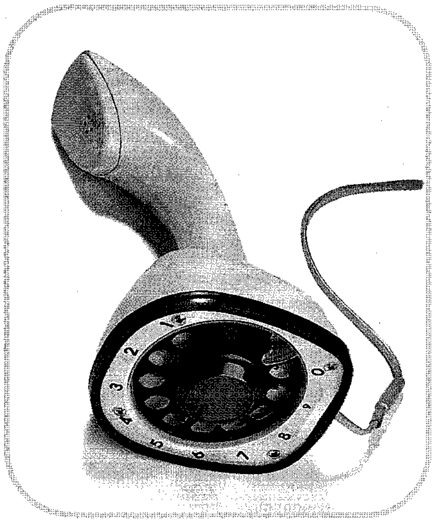
AS ONE OF THE INTENSELY busy individuals who make this dervish of a city whirl, you demand instant gratification. One-stop shopping has its charms, but you also insist on wide-ranging selection—and not just any old club chair will pass muster in your den. Just as there is a theater district, a flower district, and a fur district, there is a vintage-furniture district—actually, four of them. These key strips were meant to be mined, and it won't be long before you're an old hand at secondhand. • Finding a bargain at the 26th Street flea market is like flagging a cab down on New Year's Eve—it's not impossible, but the odds are stacked against you. Dealers wielding flashlights arrive at 4:30 A.M. and pick the lots clean. In an average weekend, 10,000 people compete for every stray piece of Venini glass the price-gouging vendors still have on hand. By the time the après-brunch crowd strolls in, all that's left are the crumbs. • Fortunately, there's more to the **Chelsea antiques district** than the 26th Street flea



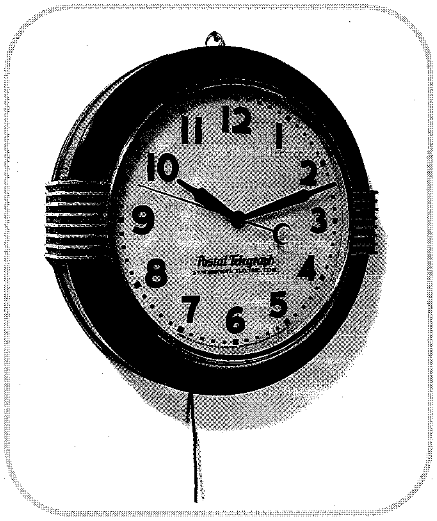
• **FAB GEAR:** Sixties Pop furnishings at Lost City Arts.

market. There are far fewer people milling about these underexposed venues, and price tags don't preclude haggling. "If something is on the floor too long, I'll sell it for what I paid for it," confesses one Chelsea dealer. "This isn't a museum."

Many who wander into the **Chelsea Antiques Building** (110 West 25th Street; 929-0909) never get past the ground floor. Completely understandable: The prices in the first-floor consignment gallery are pretty inflexible, the inventory uninspired. It's only fair to assume the other twelve floors follow suit. Or is it? A vintage Hermès scarf is just $145 on the fourth floor at **JLB Ltd.** In the market for a sixties James Bond–ish Ericophone, rewired with a modern plug? **Waves,** on the tenth floor, charges $125. A leather-bound volume of *Punch* from **Julian's Books,** on the ninth floor ($40), will look impressive on any Anglophile's shelf. Aside from the vast selection (more than 300 dealers), this is civilized shopping: coat and bag check, air-conditioning, ATM, and a doorman. Take the elevator to the top and amble down the stairwell as if you were taking in an exhibit at the Guggenheim.



DIAL F FOR FUNKY: A sixties Ericophone at Waves. ▶



SECONDHAND SECOND HAND: At Waves. ▶

Lucille Buckalter at **Lucille's Emporium** (127 West 26th Street; 691-1041) has been selling vintage merch in Manhattan for 32 years to pack rats like Andy Warhol, Yoko Ono, and Paul Simon. Buckalter's latest store, which specializes in vintage clothing, pulls fashion designers and Upper East Side couture vultures alike. Adolfo suits start at $175; a Gaultier jacket can be had for $50. For shoe fetishists, there are Gucci pumps ($25) and croc spikes ($50) alongside furniture, lighting fixtures, books, linens, luggage, jewelry, and paintings.

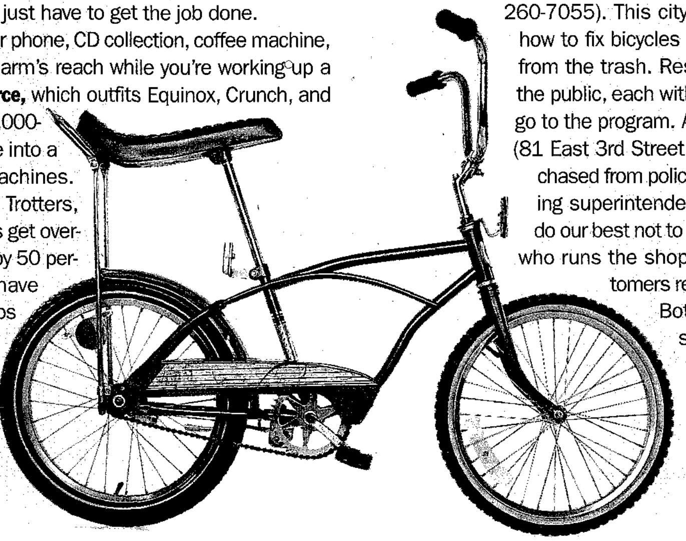
After months of struggling, the band of misfits who set up

PEDALERS' WARES

Why go out for exercise when a home gym (or a ride in the park) can cost you less than a year's membership? The only catch: You'll have to wash your own towels.

WHEN IT COMES TO SHOPPING FOR USED SPORTING goods, it's a small playing field. For some, letting go of their unused clubs—or skis, or Rollerblades, or bowling ball—is to admit defeat, to acknowledge a skill they'll never master. Or maybe the tennis racquet that served you well for the past decade wasn't made of the "superlight titanium" so voguish now. It's hardly worthwhile trying to flog it. And everyone knows that with use, equipment like ice skates tends to morph into a veritable extension of the owner's body (or at least smell that way), so who'd buy it? Two exceptions to the rule: home gyms and bikes. They don't have to be brand-new; they just have to get the job done.

A home gym means having your phone, CD collection, coffee machine, TV remote, and 2-year-old within arm's reach while you're working up a burn. Four times a year, **Gym Source,** which outfits Equinox, Crunch, and New York Sports Club, turns its 45,000-square-foot Secaucus warehouse into a salesroom for used exercise machines. Industrial-strength StairMasters, Trotters, Lifecycles, and other contraptions get overhauled, then deeply discounted, by 50 percent or more. Most machines have been either retired from health clubs or returned after stints as floor models or demos. Recent bargains include a Tunturi bike for $49 (originally $500), a Schwinn Spinner for $375 (originally $749), a Lifecycle for $750 (originally $2,500), a Pacifica multipurpose home gym for $300 (originally $1,195), and a Diamond Back exercise bike for $900 (originally $2,300). The next sale is sometime in September; call 888-496-7687 for information.



SPOKES PEOPLE: From the Recycle a Bicycle Shop. ▶

A $6,000 Merlin racer may handle the park loop beautifully—and looks great hanging against exposed brick—but it won't last five minutes outside the local video store. For a simple, errand-running, crosstown-commuting utility bike, go to Transportation Alternatives' **Recycle a Bicycle Shop** at the Charas El Bohio Community Center (605 East 9th Street; 260-7055). This citywide program teaches local kids how to fix bicycles that have been donated or pulled from the trash. Resuscitated bikes are then sold to the public, each with a 30-day warranty, and proceeds go to the program. Also worth checking out is **The Hub** (81 East 3rd Street; 388-1077), where bikes are purchased from police auctions, trash-pickers, and building superintendents, fixed up, and then sold. "We do our best not to buy stolen bikes," says David Perry, who runs the shop and doesn't want potential customers recognizing their purloined Peugeots. Both shops tend to stock old three-speed cruisers with an occasional ten-speed or mountain bike thrown in, but with prices ranging from $50 to $175, you won't have to invest in a Rottweiler to guard your purchase. MICHAEL STEELE

Photographs by Steve Wisbauer.

shop in **the parking lot at Seventh Avenue and 26th Street** (Saturdays and Sundays on the northwest corner; most stalls up and running by 9 A.M.) are finally gaining some recognition. Lafayette Street boutique owners have been spotted shuffling through the booths. So have the assistants of 26th Street dealers, who will buy things here for peanuts and flip them on their own turf at caviar prices. This is still an appalling morass of junk, but amid the flotsam are some decent pieces for prices at least 50 percent cheaper than those of the market's more established neighbor. Booth rentals cost only $20, so the savings are passed on to the consumer. Spotted on a recent Sunday were a classic Henry Dreyfuss–designed Bell telephone (with metal dial; $8), a pristine Heywood-Wakefield chest of drawers ($200), Frank Sinatra's *Songs for Swingin' Lovers!* LP ($1), and a signed limited-edition hardcover "Robert Rauschenberg at the MOMA" catalogue ($30). According to dealer Nicholas Okonkwo, his beloved flea market is destined for obscurity no longer. Celebrities have already arrived on the scene: "Joe Franklin is one of our best customers," Okonkwo brags.

Dealers from all over the country blow into town for one- or two-week runs at **The Showplace** (40 West 25th Street; 633-6063), a three-floor mall of kiosks. And heavy turnover ensures an ever-changing inventory. Prices can range from $4 for a piece of costume jewelry to $20,000 for an eighteenth-century oil painting. Prefer buying from someone who isn't a transient, just in case that vintage Rolex blows a mainspring? The Showplace is host to 75 regular dealers, like Erika and Ann Klein, whose **Deco to Disco** (727-8460) on the second floor focuses, the owners say, on "furniture that works in Manhattan"—smaller pieces that fit through narrow stairwells and freight elevators. A really fab wall unit, with built-in hi-fi, radio-and-shortwave receiver, bar, and glowing electric fireplace—it even makes crackling-log noises—is $2,250. (You provide the Esquivel records.) A perfectly proportioned forties glass-door cabinet is $850. Celebrity visitors include Jennifer Jason Leigh, who picked up a sharp Danish Modern desk.

YOU'D HAVE TO BE BATTY TO trawl for secondhand furniture in the South Bronx. Especially on **Bruckner Boulevard,** the mean street known mainly for its drug dealers and zombie squeegee men. Near where Sherman McCoy ended up after taking a wrong exit on the Triborough Bridge, right? Truth be told, over the past six years, this boulevard of broken crack vials has been gentrified beyond recognition. The pockmarked asphalt has been paved over with cobblestones. Flower boxes, new streetlamps, banners flapping in the breeze à la SoHo (the merchants' association here likes to call it SoBro)—if Sherman McCoy found himself on Bruckner Boulevard today, chances are he'd park the Benz and buy himself a latte.

A bona fide furniture district has taken root here, with no fewer than a dozen stores, most of them specializing in the kind of sturdy, no-nonsense mahogany and oak traditional stuff hidden away in elegant Harlem brownstones for decades. The clientele ranges from Puerto Rican locals to Madison Avenue dealers to Bryant Gumbel. Known among insiders simply as "Bruckner," this enclave is actually composed of two tiny intersecting strips: Bruckner Boulevard and Alexander Avenue, both of which can be canvassed in less than an hour. Prices are at least 40 percent lower than at the 26th Street flea market, and if you're lucky, you may even get Gumbel's autograph.

Dalkey native Ron Clarke sold used furniture at the Grand Street flea market before relocating to the boulevard four years ago. Clarke's bread and butter at **All-Boro Estate Liquidation** (two locations: 45 and 59 Bruckner Boulevard; 800-861-6193) are the $1,700 mahogany dining-room sets that he often ships back home to Dublin and the U.K. because of high European demand. Don't be put off by all the *faux* Chippendale; some of Manhattan's top modern-furniture dealers make it a point to cruise Clarke's

A SECOND SHOT

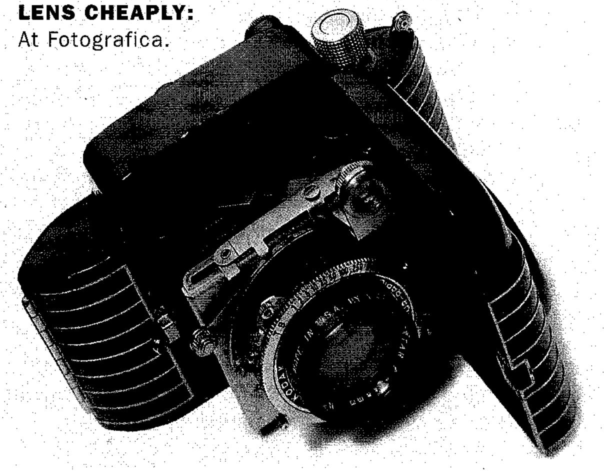
For the auto-fixated, finding a camera is a snap. But if you're an f-stop fanatic, a great deal can change your whole view.

"THERE IS NO REASON TO BUY A NEW CAMERA," RANTS Don Alman, a fine-art photographer of twenty years who has worked for ten major local camera retailers and owns hundreds of cameras. "When you buy used equipment, you save a hell of a lot of money—as much as half of what you would originally pay." And Alman always has room for one more. When he's shopping, he eschews the better-known emporia like B&H Photo, Adorama, and Olden, which take out two-page ads in the *Times* and pile stock from floor to ceiling. "Those guys won't even let you touch the camera until you buy it," says Alman. Instead, he heads for **Fotografica** (27 West 20th Street; 929-6080). In a tiny third-floor suite, proprietor Ed Wassel stands proudly over his beautiful assortment of cameras. Wassel thrills to the hunt, combing photo shows for nifty items to buy or trade. "Request what you want, and he'll get it for you," says Alman. "He has gadgets you can't find anywhere else." Inventory ranges from banal Pentax K-1000s to a sexy prewar Leica ($600) or a 1941 Art Deco Kodak Bantam ($350).

One of the most popular purveyors is **Ken Hansen** (509 Madison Avenue, near 53rd Street; 317-0923)—the man and the camera store, both of which have a reputation for setting the standard. You may not find the lowest price here, because Hansen's well known, but you're virtually guaranteed to walk away happy. You may even make an interesting purchase, like a sixties Leica M2 in black enamel for $3,000 or a fifties Hasselblad 1000F for $2,000.

Professional Photo Supply (141 West 20th Street; 924-1200) is a mom-and-pop shop crammed with filters, developer, paper, and a display case of used cameras. The selection is small but diverse: A 35-mm. Canon EOS 850 (body) is $150, and a 120 Medium format Mamiya RZ67 costs $895 (new, it's $1,799). Owner José Ayala and his daughter Lysette will set up the novice without pushing useless extras. And they'll let customers monkey with the equipment, as you should—making sure everything that clicks, turns, or whirs does what it's meant to.

AMY FEITELBERG



▼ **THROUGH A LENS CHEAPLY:** At Fotografica.

HAVE A SEAT: On Atlantic Avenue at Time Trader Antiques.

two stores every week. Lafayette Street dealers still talk about the rare Eames bookshelf prototypes Rick Gallagher from Lafayette Street's 280 Modern picked up from Clarke for a song. Insider tip: Clarke has an uncanny talent for locating Stickley. "Richard Gere thought he had a one-of-a-kind Stickley desk until another one surfaced in my shop," says Clarke, with no small amount of pride. "Of course, Gere paid a fortune at auction for his."

Though Denise and Enrique Cruz do dabble in antique furniture, they're really known for their expert upholstery service. In fact, **Custom Design Studio** (47 Bruckner Boulevard; 718-993-8370) may be the best-kept secret in the trade, with prices one third of those charged by exclusive Manhattan shops. Clients such as Lin-Weinberg Gallery and the Pace Collection all send their battered furniture up here. Reupholstered secondhand pieces are a bargain, too, like the velvet Deco chaise for $3,000 that typically goes for $15,000 downtown.

Located on the ground floor of a warehouse now being converted into artist lofts, **Tigris & Euphrates** (79 Alexander Avenue; 718-292-3800) specializes, improbably, in Art Deco and wrought iron. An impeccable eleven-piece Deco dining-room set is a steal at $1,800. Likewise, the price of a wrought-iron table with six matching chairs ($400) would just about cover the tax for the same item at Zona. Attention, Sylvia Miles: On Sundays beginning in September, there is a jazz trio and complimentary brunch.

BEST KNOWN NOW FOR ALL THE Middle Eastern restaurants and Islamic bookstores that have erupted there, **Atlantic Avenue** was once the largest wholesale-furniture district in the city. In the sixties, there were at least 65 secondhand-furniture shops extending from Flatbush all the way to the river. Today, the number of stores has been halved. But the one-mile stretch still offers more than enough stuff to keep the most flea-bitten hounds occupied for the better part of a day. Eames dames shouldn't come here looking for groovy modern furniture: Atlantic Avenue is all about Victorian, mid-Victorian Chippendale repro, Empire, and

GETTING INTO HOCK

Playing the pawns is a difficult game—but you can win if you know what you're doing.

ST. NICHOLAS, THE PATRON SAINT OF PAWNBROKERS, ONCE rescued three young women from prostitution by giving each a bag of gold for a dowry. The traditional sign for a pawnshop has three gold balls—one for each bag of gold—and pawnshops are still associated with prostitution, if only through geographic proximity.

If you know what you're looking for, pawnshops are best for seeking out jewelry, musical instruments, electronics, and cameras. One pawnbroker explained why the shops specialize in those items: "It's very difficult to know a lot about antiques, so we don't deal in those. Jewelry is very easy to analyze, and the prices for cameras and things are in the papers every day." They're a dying breed, but two of the last traditional pawnshops can still be found on Eighth Avenue, wedged among the porn houses near the Port Authority. Tom Waits would get a kick out of this branch of **Gem Pawnbrokers** (608 Eighth Avenue, near 40th Street; 730-1124). Here's where you might think about pawning your mother's silver before drinking yourself into a stupor and enlisting at the Army pavilion on Times Square. Scattered items of dubious quality sit on one side of the store: battered cameras with filthy optics, off-brand guitars to match your sombrero. Assorted bongos are priced between $27.95 and $159.95 the pair, and a nice hexagonal accordion is $239.95. The store fixtures themselves are for sale. Not a good sign.

But the setting isn't entirely bankrupt of opportunity. Gem does cheap jewelry best: A Baume & Mercier watch in stainless steel and gold, approximately $2,500 new, is on sale for $1,200. Negotiable.

▼ **GOLDEN GLOBES AWARD:** Century Pawnbrokers.

Photograph: top, Grace Huang.

"Anything in a pawnshop is negotiable," says the affable man behind the counter. "Except me."

Gold jewelry is sold by the pennyweight (a unit of weight equal to 1.55 grams and abbreviated as "dwt"). At Gem, fourteen-karat gold is sold at $14.99 per dwt, a good price. A chunky fourteen-karat bracelet, fourteen pennyweight, is priced at $355, negotiable. (Good thing it's negotiable: At $14.99 per dwt, the price works out to $209.86.) Do the math before you buy. A solid-gold Indian-head ring—hideous—is $189. But melted down, it's a bargain.

Century Pawnbrokers (725 Eighth Avenue, near 46th Street; 245-7977) is a quality institution. You can tell by the bars on the windows. There's stuff in here you'd *want* to protect from Eighth Avenue. You will find nice jewelry at this place, if you can stomach the possibility that you may well be wearing someone's wedding ring, pawned before her descent into the Life. Century gets real musical instruments—Gibsons and Fenders, Selmer saxophones—but you can expect to pay market prices, and then some. A 1971 Martin D12-28 twelve-string guitar is stickered at $1,995. But as it's not a particularly coveted Martin, from an undistinguished year, it's worth about half that.

The bargain, again, is jewelry. As the man behind the counter explains, "Styles change, yeah, but the metals are millions of years old." Asked to point out the best bargain in the store, he offers an unbelievably gaudy diamond ring for $9,995. He peers through a jeweler's loupe and confirms that the piece holds more than ten carats' worth of gem-quality stones. He pulls out a Tourneau catalogue, and we compare watch prices. He has a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, the bezel set with 44 diamonds, which Tourneau offers new for $24,950. His price: $10,995 (negotiable).

The Century is a family business, operated by men who are clearly experts. A man walks in with a guitar he would like to sell. It is the shape of a Fender Stratocaster but is strangely stenciled with the words LES PAUL (a model offered by Fender's arch-rival Gibson). He is politely shown the door. Pawnshops don't buy used goods anyway—they're licensed only to accept them in hock and issue loans against them.

Pawnshops also pop up in semi-respectable neighborhoods, like **Lincoln Square** (724 Amsterdam Avenue, near 96th Street; 865-8860). Okay, so this block, with its thrift store, check-cashing establishment, and tavern called the Dive Bar, isn't the most appetizing. And Lincoln Square's surly staff presides over the most appalling selection of religious icons this side of Lourdes. Still, the price per dwt is acceptable—$20—a bargain if you buy gold by the square foot. Electronic gear here is equally unimpressive; there's a whole wall full of overpriced major-brand VCRs ($89.95 to $110).

The funky old ladies' watches are worth browsing—there was a nice retro Longines for $95 and a Bulova for $15. But if you're really in the market for a watch, head to **48th Street Pawnbrokers** (32 West 48th Street; 354-7705). It's a tiny little mom-and-son shop at the entrance to a jewelry arcade; there's barely room for five customers to stand at the wraparound counter. Linda and Barry Tillman are nice people, and they have great watches. I've always wanted a pocket watch, and they specialize in them. An open-faced silver Hamilton from 1906 is $100; if you want to get it working, it will cost another $100. A gold Hamilton that actually tells the time is $500. (Remember: negotiable.)

And don't restrict the search to places with three gold balls in front. Look up *pawnshop* in the Yellow Pages and you see a number of places that are not, strictly speaking, pawnshops; the real thing requires a special license. Often these mock pawnshops specialize more narrowly. One oddball is the **Thrift and New Shoppe** (602 Ninth Avenue, at 43rd Street; 265-3087). For the price of something generic from Pottery Barn—perhaps 30 bucks—you can walk out with an original Stangl vase. Thrift and New has an astonishing array of vintage American pottery, and the prices are silly: A McCoy vase runs between $29 and $45; a Red Wing vase, between $25 and $50. Why? Low overhead. The store is cheerfully decrepit, and the manager couldn't care less: "If you get hit by a paint chip, you get a discount," he said.

My favorite of the ersatz pawnshops is **The Bargain Stop** (195 Seventh Avenue, at 22nd Street; 463-9740). Audio equipment is dirt cheap, including retro gems: wonderful old tube amps (both stereo and guitar) and machines for spinning vinyl. I found a nice Thorens turntable for $225; I'd seen the same for double in an audio shop. McIntosh tube gear is a fortune these days in the more legit stores; Bargain Stop had a tuner-preamp for $425, which is a steal. Cameras are a good buy: A Canon A-1 in decent shape with a 50-mm. lens is $275, not bad for an old professional workhorse. And guitars of the three-G phylum (Gibson, Gretsch, and Guild) are well represented, including vintage arch-tops. I found a Guild F45 acoustic/electric guitar stickered at $750; I've seen the same instrument in worse condition for $850. The price for which they're willing to part with these instruments is another story: Be aggressive.

Yes, be aggressive. And know what you're buying. One upmarket antique dealer put it poignantly: "They'll take advantage of anyone at any time; unless you know what you're doing, you're gonna get beat." Douglas Cooper

MORE
THELONIOUS MONK

THEY'VEGOTTHEBEATS

Need a Kerouac first edition? A hard-to-find record by the great Art Blakey? Just about anything else that's ever been recorded or written? An ink-and-vinyl guide.

THE BEST RECORD SHOPPING I EVER FOUND IN NEW YORK was at this crazy thrift store in Brooklyn," says Mike Simpson. "The basement was filled four feet deep with records; you walked right across the stacks, picked an area, and started digging. I walked out with 200 records." As half of L.A.'s Dust Brothers production team, Simpson has made a career of crafting sample-dense sonic smorgasbords for the Beastie Boys, Beck, and others—in the process turning listeners on to long-forgotten David Bromberg riffs and Dick Hyman's dorkily funky sixties synth work. Hence his abiding interest in vinyl excavations. And what became of the bounteous Brooklyn shop? "I was there four years ago, and I can't remember the name or even where it was. I don't even know if it's there anymore."

Those seeking less Schliemannesque shopping adventures would do well to take a day trip to City Island's **Mooncurser Records** (229 City Island Avenue; 718-885-0302). For 30 years, Roger Roberge has cultivated yards of beautifully organized record-shelving with choice rock and roll, jazz, country, folk, disco, and classical—everything, the bearded proprietor says, but rap. At 77, Roberge still goes out to hear live music every night and keeps the store open seven days a week. That is, unless he's on one of his biannual shopping excursions, scouring the barns and yard sales of his native Maine for more vinyl. "Still my idea of a vacation," he says contentedly.

Speaking of vacations, **Colony Records'** Times Square location means it caters mainly to tourists (1619 Broadway, at 49th Street; 265-2050), but it has or can get just about any disc your heart desires—at the most outrageously inflated prices this side of the Manhattan real-estate market.

Walking into the **Jazz Record Center** (236 West 26th Street, eighth floor; 675-4480) for the first time is one of those moments collectors fantasize about: Thousands and thousands of perfectly arranged LPs and CDs—*and there's no one there but you!* Such desolation makes you worry about the place's long-term prospects, but go ahead and relish it for now.

For aficionados of show tunes, cabaret, and vintage stand-up comedy, nothing beats **Footlight Records** (113 East 12th Street; 533-1572). Broadway-cast recordings of all eras, posters—you name it.

A few blocks up, **Academy Records & CDs** (12 West 18th Street; 242-3000) is the last word in budget classical music. The stock is always in a mild state of disarray, but perseverance yields just about whatever you want. The limited selection of jazz, rock, and pop CDs isn't bad, either.

For sixties and seventies rock, psychedelia, and out-there soundtracks, the West Village's **Rockit Scientist** (43 Carmine Street; 242-0066) wins a Nobel. Again, the prices can get a little high, but where else are you going to find the Electric Prunes' live-in-Stockholm album or Lalo Schifrin's Latin-flavored score to the Guevara biopic *Che*? Better-than-average jazz section, too.

WITH ITS OVERBEARING BOOKCASES, AISLES AS CLAUSTROPHOBIC AS Venetian side streets, and sweaty, souklike ambience, the **Strand Book Store** (828 Broadway, at 12th Street; 473-1452) is clearly the Colossus of used-book emporia. But why stop—or even start—there? There are

▲ **BOP SHOP:** The Jazz Record Center.

dozens of alternatives, some more organized than the Strand, some less, but most pickier about what they carry. And all of them (unlike the big S) are air-conditioned.

When Stephen Crowley opened the **Alabaster Bookshop** (122 Fourth Avenue, at 12th Street; 982-3550) two years ago, around the corner from the Strand, he had history on his side—Fourth Avenue was once the home of dozens of secondhand-book stores, and though Alabaster is the only one here now, the Strand provides steady customer runoff. Alabaster's stock of English and American literature is selective—meaning there isn't a lot of stuff you've never heard of taking up space.

Fourth Avenue may not be what it once was, but West 18th Street is what Fourth Avenue used to be. The venerable **Academy** (10 West 18th Street; 242-4848), next door to the record department listed above, is a small-scale Strand, with utilitarian steel shelving, rickety display tables, and low prices on literature, coffee-table books, and remainders. Across the street, **Skyline** (13 West 18th Street; 759-5463) is slightly more quirky, with fragrant raw-pine bookcases, warm lighting, and a fine selection of Beat lit, books on the arts, literature, and biographies. (Skyline is also an unusually resourceful locator of out-of-print titles.)

The Upper West Side's **Gryphon Booksellers** (2246 Broadway, near 81st Street; 362-0706) is as much a neighborhood institution as Zabar's across the street. Sometimes it's next to impossible to find whatever you actually came looking for here, since books are shelved two and three deep and stacked in piles on the floor—but you're guaranteed to turn up something good in the process of looking. (First editions are somewhat overpriced, however.)

Finally, no list of bookmongers would be complete without a nod to **Gotham Book Mart** (41 West 47th Street; 719-4448). Gotham has a quaint atmosphere, excellent stock, good prices, an intelligent and well-read staff, and a decent array of first editions. Exactly what a used-book store should be.

ETHAN SMITH

country—in the words of one SoHo dealer, "old grandma furniture." "You never know what you'll find on Atlantic," says Max Drazon, co-owner of Tepper Gallery, a Manhattan auction house. "There's everything from junk to museum-quality pieces." Monday through Friday is popular with the trade, but many shops have erratic hours; they're best to explore on the crowded weekends, when all are open.

Doc's Antiques (483 Atlantic Avenue; 718-858-6903) gives a clinic on stripping and refinishing furniture right on the sidewalk outside the store. "My philosophy is buy cheap, sell cheap," says Doc Eccleston matter-of-factly. "Hell, everybody's looking for a bargain. Martha Stewart's interior decorator was in yesterday looking to buy a pine armoire." Other items in Doc's inventory include a massive gargoyle plucked from its perch on an extinct Manhattan skyscraper ($225) and a courtroom bench salvaged from Centre Street ($350; another was on sale just down the street for $950).

Time Trader Antiques (368 Atlantic Avenue; 718-852-3301) is in a converted 1917 synagogue, now a shrine for furniture: Info-stickers taped to each piece give the casual browser a crash course in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century workmanship. The third floor—stocked floor-to-ceiling with every conceivable chair—is the kind of majestic setting Avedon or Penn might have used for a *Harper's Bazaar* shoot.

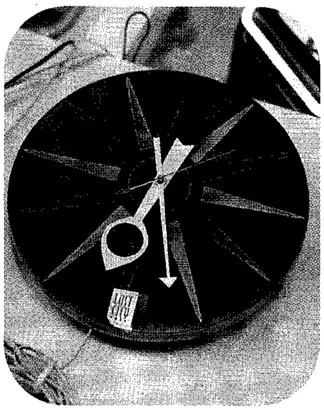
After you've seen enough antiques to last you a lifetime, head to **The Salvation Army Thrift Store's** second floor (436 Atlantic Avenue; 718-834-1562) and try out a La-Z-Boy recliner ($89.99). Best buys: a Cassina repro Le Corbusier chaise longue in pony skin ($300) and four biomorphic stacking ashtrays ($1.99).

ISN'T IT EVERY FIN-DE-SIÈCLE playboy's fantasy to slither into a platform bed with a drop-dead-gorgeous model (Gucci thongs optional), surrounded by a tasteful collection of mid-twentieth-century modern furniture? Nowhere is there a greater concentration of vintage modern furniture to be found than on **Lafayette Street.**

Don't come to **Guéridon** (359 Lafayette Street; 677-7740) looking for the usual platoon of icons. "I refuse to carry the same old things dealers have

◀ **OVA STUFFED CHAIR:** Jacobsen's "Egg," at Lost City Arts.

Photograph: bottom, Steve Wisbauer.



▲ **TIME AND AGAIN:** Sixties clock at Lost City Arts.

been hawking on this street for the last ten years," Guéridon co-owner Alfonso Muñoz says adamantly. Muñoz's roster of unsung designers includes Mathieu Matégot (set of four perforated-metal chairs, $5,000); Ico Parisi (bucket-seat chairs, $5,600 the pair); Pierre Guariche (desk, $6,800); and Roger Capron (coffee table, $2,100).

What separates **City Barn Antiques** (269 Lafayette Street; 941-5757) from the thousands of other little outlets hawking Heywood-Wakefield? Buy a Wakefield piece here, and you are getting something that looks as close to a factory-correct finish as is possible; many who wander in mistake the wares for NOS (new old stock). Whether you choose the yellow-cast "wheat" stain or the darker pink-amber "champagne," rest assured that this is the way designers Russel Wright and Gilbert Rhode intended the furniture to look more than half a century ago.

Purveyor of wacky artifacts like the topiary props from *Edward Scissorhands* (purchased by Warner Leroy for Tavern on the Green), **Lost City Arts** (275 Lafayette Street; 941-8025) has in recent years forsaken kitsch for conventional home furnishings. The shop has acquired a whole new customer base, ranging from Jean Paul Gaultier to a roll of *Wallpaper** magazine editors. When Scandinavian became the rage this fall, James Elkind set out a clutch of Jacobsen "Egg" chairs ($2,500). Best recent find: giant seven-foot "Sputnik" brass ceiling fixtures, salvaged from the Catskills' Hotel Nevele ballroom ($2,400 each). ■

PLAYITAGAIN

These shops are alive with the sounds of excellent used musical instruments, from Les Paul to Stradivarius. Come in and jam.

"I WENT TO STATEN ISLAND, SHARON, TO buy myself a mandolin." So sings Joni Mitchell in "Song for Sharon," a cut from her 1976 album *Hejira*. Apparently, Mitchell, who wrote these lines on the Staten Island Ferry during her return trip from **Mandolin Brothers** (629 Forest Avenue, Staten Island; 718-981-8585), was sufficiently moved by the store's mind-blowing inventory of new and used high-end fretted acoustic instruments to immortalize it in song. Guitarists far and wide call this out-of-the-way establishment (a ten-to-fifteen-minute bus ride from the ferry terminal on the S48) the best place in the world for consignment shopping. One might expect serious touch-it-and-die attitude from the sales staff, what with $25,000 prewar Martin D-28s on the walls, but customers are encouraged to play anything and ask a million questions.

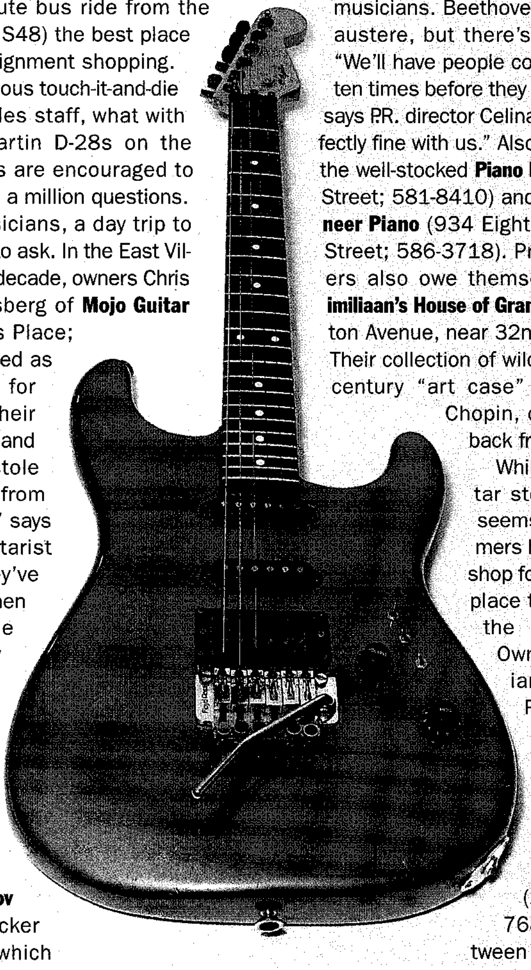
But for some musicians, a day trip to Staten Island is a lot to ask. In the East Village, for more than a decade, owners Chris Cush and Arline Lasberg of **Mojo Guitar Shop** (102 St. Marks Place; 260-7751) have served as a surrogate family for rockers earning their diplomas at Coney Island High. "I practically stole my first Les Paul from Chris when I was 12," says D Generation guitarist Danny Sage. "They've always been there when I needed them." The inventory of this tiny shop may have seen more brawls than the Garden, but it's still ready to gig. Those looking for a more orthodox selection would do well to check out **Matt Umanov Guitars** (273 Bleecker Street; 675-2157), which remains one of Bleecker Street's few redeeming assets, or **30th Street Guitars** (236 West 30th Street; 868-2660), a relative newcomer whose immense collection of top-shelf vintage electrics and unrivaled selection of used amplifiers never disappoints.

Right across the way from 30th Street Guitars, tucked away on the tenth floor of the "Music Building," is **Rogue Music** (251 West 30th Street; 629-5073), a chaotic business mainly frequented by hip-hop types seeking reasonably priced secondhand synthesizers, samplers, and drum machines. Recording equipment, too.

If it's Steinways, not synths, that you're after, try **Beethoven Pianos** (232 West 58th Street; 765-7300), a stable of more than 500 instruments, from $1,500 uprights to $100,000 Bösendorfer grands. All of the pianos are expertly serviced—this is where Leonard Bernstein had his beloved Steinway overhauled—and the staff is composed of accomplished (some Juilliard-trained) musicians. Beethoven's vast showroom is austere, but there's no need to be shy: "We'll have people come in and try a piano ten times before they decide if they want it," says P.R. director Celina Gray. "And that's perfectly fine with us." Also in the neighborhood: the well-stocked **Piano Piano** (158 West 55th Street; 581-8410) and the tiny, friendly **Pioneer Piano** (934 Eighth Avenue, near 55th Street; 586-3718). Prospective piano buyers also owe themselves a trip to **Maximiliaan's House of Grand Pianos** (200 Lexington Avenue, near 32nd Street; 689-2177). Their collection of wildly ornate nineteenth-century "art case" pianos could bring Chopin, or at least Liberace, back from the grave.

While used-piano and -guitar stores may abound, it seems that the city's drummers have only one place to shop for secondhand kits—a place they all speak of with the utmost reverence. Owned and run by Russian expatriate Nodar Rode, a husky man whose love of drums and drum repair is almost at odds with his soothing, yogi-like personality, **Manhattan Drum Shop** (149 West 46th Street; 768-4892) stocks between five and twenty used sets at a time. Much like Mojo's, the inventory is entirely dependent on what customers lug through the door. This strip of West 46th, chockablock with musical-instrument dealers, is also the home of **Roberto's** (146 West 46th Street; 391-1315), a woodwind store where even Gotham's most perturbed piper can find what he's looking for—Woody Allen bought a clarinet here.

TOM BEAUJOUR



▲ **SECOND STRING:** From Mojo Guitar.

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

New York as it was—Stanford White moldings, gargoyles, and all—has been disassembled and stored in the city's salvage shops. Architect Hugh Hardy rediscovers it. **BY SAM PRATT**

ARCHITECT HUGH HARDY IS STANding between Cary Grant's bathtub and a light fixture from Oscar Hammerstein's office, and, not surprisingly, his talk turns to eclecticism. "When I was in architecture school at Princeton, the worst thing you could say about someone was that they were eclectic," he muses. Casting his iron gaze over the rescued chandeliers and urinals crowding **Irreplaceable Artifacts,** the warehouse showroom that got its start in the mid-seventies (14 Second Avenue; 777-2900), Hardy—the socially adept architect whose firm, Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, revived such major sites as Bryant Park and the New Amsterdam Theatre—recalls how treasonous today's mixing and matching would have been. "Since then, we've been able to open up the design vocabulary so that you can put, say, a sawed-off column in a modernist scheme." And architectural salvage—the reintegration of ornamental details and fixtures from doomed buildings into restoration and new construction projects—might be considered the tail that wags the stone lion. • Clearly relishing the presence of a guest who can keep up with his rapid-fire architectural

▲ **HARDY SHOPPER:** The architect at Irreplaceable Artifacts.

trivia, Evan Blum, the owner of Irreplaceable Artifacts, reels off a running annotation of the statuary, mantels, iron gates, doors, sconces, pillars, and cornices we pass. It's like a walking tour of celebrity homes—only the buildings are in pieces.

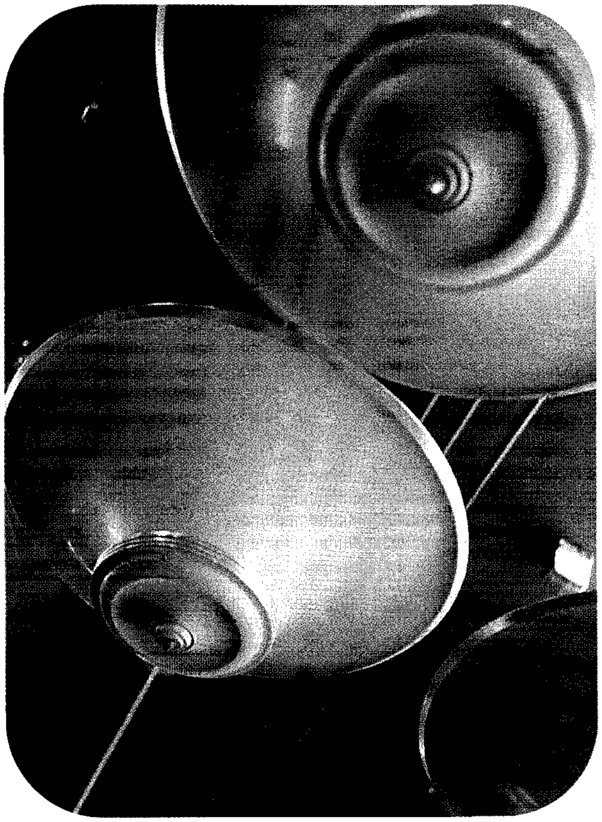
“Horn & Hardart . . . the Biltmore . . . the Clark Building . . . the Chinese Theater,” murmurs Blum, also the author, with his sister Leslie, of a handsome coffee-table guide to salvage with a how-to slant, *Irreplaceable Artifacts: Decorating the Home With Architectural Ornament* (Clarkson Potter; $35), which is in its second printing since its release last fall. Hardy nods indulgently, if somewhat wearily, until he reaches a gorgeous medallion some four feet in diameter—a neoclassical relief of a woman's head framed by two kissing snakes.

“Yes, marvelous,” he says with genuine fervor. “You can really read her at a distance.” It's the last of a series of originals saved from 250 Park Avenue; reproductions with a glaze of your choice can be had for $5,800.

Irreplaceable's real treasures are buried on the lowest of Blum's seven floors (including a roof, plus a long outdoor yard). All $125,000 of a paneled ceiling, said to be a leftover from San Simeon, hovers overhead in the gloom. An intact bar from one of Gentleman Jim Corbett's saloons centers on a horseshoe arch—the nineteenth-century heavyweight champ's lucky symbol, sort of like those TCB lightning bolts were to Elvis. Some of the bar's mirrors are still painted over, a Prohibition-era precaution to give flashlight-wielding cops less of a tip-off.

Blum points next to a massive fireplace mantel with a replica of a Donatello frieze. (“They tried their best,” says Hardy, who lives for all things Italian, including his wife, Tiziana, also an architect; the two just got back from a Spoleto vacation.) The mantel, brought over from Italy in 1925 at a cost—then—of $40,000, was salvaged from Governor Fuller's mansion in New Hampshire. The price today: $350,000.

Not everything is so old-world, however. Hardy points to a set of pyramidal Art Deco lamps on the roof, salvaged from the Schmidt's brewery in Philadelphia ($4,500 for the pair, repolished): “That's exactly the kind of thing that designers today are getting ideas from.”



LET THERE BE LIGHTS: Mid-century fixtures at Urban Archaeology.

HARDY IS NOT WITHOUT RESERVAtions about the uses and abuses of salvage. “Please, don't use a cornice as a doorstop. At least put it somewhere where people will have to look up at it. Architectural details really ought to be displayed in the same relation to the viewer as they were originally intended,” he says, fiddling now with the pulls of an onyx soda fountain. We've moved on to **Urban Archaeology**, the SoHo emporium just below the Puck Building that has been in business since 1978 (285 Lafayette Street, 431-6969; and now 143 Franklin Street, 431-4646). Produced by the Tufts Company in the 1880s, the fountain's labels list flavors from CLARET to SARSP'LLA—yours for a paltry $35,000.

The temptation to break architectural rules, Hardy adds, is sort of an urban manifestation of the country urge to “fill a wheelbarrow with dirt, plant flowers in it, and push it out on the front lawn.” He picks up what looks like an unremarkable piece of greenish, ribbed glass, powdered with dust. “Prismatic,” he says appreciatively. “They used this stuff to bend light down into basements in the era before gas lamps.” He points to a row of pedestal sinks with porcelain or glass legs. “Everyone used to want everything built in. Now they're coming back to this stuff.” That return to free-floating bathroom fixtures can be seen, for instance, in Villeroy & Boch's recent New Haven line of tubs and sinks mounted away from the wall on wooden pedestals, which recently won one of *I.D.* magazine's annual design awards.

But the renewed interest in dusty, chipped, or patinaed remnants of the past isn't just a stylistic fad; it's also a nostalgia for craftsmanship. “There was this enormous burst of sculptural creative juice in the nineteenth century,” Hardy says, “and all that stuff is just so decorative. Even in pieces cast from a mold, you get a more sensuous, handmade, individual sense from it.” Hardy hefts a rusty fragment of a cast-iron lintel. “Now, in the 1870s, this was really high-tech,” he says with a grunt. “This was once progress.”

Despite heightened public awareness and increased preservationist clout, new bugbears will invariably crop up to partially overshadow the specter of the lost Penn Station. (In recent memory, some point to the sculptures from the façade of Bonwit Teller that were demolished by Donald Trump.)

Though Blum likes to quote a preservationist who noted that the enemies of architecture are “water and stupidity,” private intervention can occasionally still overcome both. Hardy likes to tell about the day he was walking by the demolition site of 60 Wall Street, a building he'd often admired in passing. Spotting an acroterion—a large ornamental endpiece from one of the pediments—still standing amid the ruins of No. 60, he made his move: “I found a knitting-machine company that could handle moving it and got them to haul it up to my place in the Berkshires.” What did he pay to get it away from the demolition crew? A case of beer.

EXTRA SAVINGS

MORE SALVAGE YARDS AND SPECIALISTS

“AH—SO YOU'RE LOOKING FOR happy-ending stories,” says Richard Brotherton, when asked about orphaned architectural elements that have found new homes through the **Landmarks Preservation Commission's salvage warehouse** (337 Berry Street, between South 4th and South 5th Streets; 487-6782). Roughly one Friday a month (but mostly by appointment), Brotherton opens the warehouse, which operates on the same commercial basis as Irreplaceable Artifacts or Urban Archaeology, only at a more glacial pace.

“It's like shopping at Loehmann's here,” jokes executive director Ronda Wist, standing next to one of four Babe the Blue Ox–size cement steer's heads, salvaged from the New York Butcher's and Dressed Meat Company Building at 39th Street and Eleventh Avenue. “You have to keep coming back. Sometimes

PORCELAIN GODS: Fixtures at Irreplaceable Artifacts.

we're packed with stuff; sometimes it's empty."

As for those happy-ending stories, the warehouse has had several of late. Beyer Blinder Belle is slowly integrating cherubs, tiles, and other elements of the lost Helen Hayes Theatre into Common Ground's Times Square Hotel. And the elaborate, nautical-themed tile murals by Frederick Dana Marsh from the old Marine Grill in the McAlpin building on Herald Square will be incorporated into the redone Broadway-Nassau subway station. Though it's first-come-first served at the yard, "whenever possible, we like to reincorporate salvaged details into city projects," says commission chairman Jennifer Raap.

Countless other city businesses focus on narrower niches of the salvage market. **Remains,** a second-story shop (19 West 24th Street; 675-8051) run by 27-year-old Columbia grad David Calligeros, specializes in mantels, high-end lighting, and bathroom fixtures. A huge copper Prairie-style chandelier with milk-white glass from the teens or twenties will set you back $12,500. Browsers shouldn't stay away, though—Calligeros also does a good trade in small items like $25 doorknobs and $10 tiles.

A block west of Remains, the Manhattan location of **Olde Good Things** (124 West 24th Street, 989-8401; and 400 Atlantic Avenue; 718-935-9742) is in an un-air-conditioned basement but has the advantage of staying open until midnight on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Devotees of the Chelsea flea market may remember the Olde Good Things staff from three years ago, when their open-air success allowed them to move indoors. (They're all members of the controversial Church of Bible Understanding.) While rich in door handles and other small hardware, OGT also has a good deal of stained glass, and pricier items like a tall hand-pounded iron church gate from Scranton, Pennsylvania, with an upside-down-eagle motif ($8,500).

In an even darker burrow at 36 West 17th Street, **Barry Supply Company** (242-5200) houses a mother lode of discontinued hardware for windows, doors, and closets, including sweep latches, awning roto-operators, shower-door rollers, and the like, stock that Barry Wein's family has been laying down for nearly 85 years. Though it's mostly new, not secondhand, it serves much the same purpose as salvage. Bring in some broken crank for a window made decades ago, and Barry will root around in the back for a while and most likely return with a match.

Cleverly located on the well-traveled route between Urban Archaeology and Irreplaceable Artifacts is **Manhattan Castles and Props** (76 East Houston Street; 505-8699). It's that yard full of old sinks and subway signs that invariably turns your head as you walk on Houston Street. Stock here tends to straddle the border between salvage and antiques. Six-foot-long signs from Esso, Texaco, and Tidal gas stations are $850 apiece. A pair of cast-iron statues of Bacchus, from a mansion on Long Island, are $10,000 each.

Farther off that beaten path, and billed as the largest salvage warehouse in the city, **The Demolition Depot** (214 East 125th Street; 860-1138) plans to open its 30,000 square feet to the public around Labor Day. It's in Harlem's Empowerment Zone, amid all the rebuilding of 125th Street, and will focus on slightly lower-end items than the more established Irreplaceable Artifacts (both businesses are run by the same people). Call ahead to secure an advance appointment before the grand opening. ■

SALVAGE SECRETS

Top architects and home designers talk about living with the past.

A COMMON PITFALL OF DESIGNING WITH OLD ARCHItectural details is that chance that your home itself may begin to resemble a salvage warehouse. Some noted architects and designers discuss the problem of *how much, how often?*

● **Sam White,** *partner, Buttrick White & Burtis; great-grandson of Stanford White; author,* Houses of McKim, Mead & White *(Rizzoli, $70):* "I use salvage in homeopathic doses only," says White. "Though if someone could use an entire ballroom from the William Collins Whitney house, I know an antiques dealer in Virginia who has one. . . . You have to realize that you're never going to save a nickel with salvage, because it's difficult as anything to fit them into a newer scheme. . . . Things like brass hardware, crystal knobs, and pendant lights are the little things which can give a house a certain credibility, and work almost as a garnish to the architecture. But I think salvage works best when the craftsmanship of feature pieces"—say, an unusual gate or mantel—"that once sat in the background is moved to the foreground."

● **Carey Maloney and Hermes Mallea,** *partners and co-owners, M(Group) (clients include Edward and Norah Burden, Matthew Bronfman, and the Ziff family):* "For God's sake, take your contractor with you when you go to the salvage warehouse," says Maloney. "People buy claw-footed tubs all the time, forgetting that they may have to move all sorts of plumbing and drains to fit them in." Mallea adds: "One of the trickiest things has to do with the finishes of salvaged items. They're usually pretty distressed, calling much too much attention themselves in a finished, new interior." Though you may see "a lot of shelter magazines piling layer upon layer of old shutters and column capitals into the same space" lately, exercise some restraint.

● **James W. Rhodes,** *partner in charge of historic preservation, Beyer Blinder Belle, restorers of Ellis Island and Grand Central Terminal:* Rhodes feels that while the most common uses of salvage ("doorknobs and mantels, and sometimes large plaster pieces—you know, cupids with trumpets") are often the most successful in residential settings, "there's still more room for larger pieces" in commercial projects. "The problem is that it's so difficult and expensive to take these things down carefully and store them when you don't know yet what you might use it for. The best bets are familiar pieces, which are especially valuable if people remember them from their old locations."

● **Hugh Hardy,** *partner, Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer:* "One has to be careful not to trivialize fragments of real architecture. People sometimes apply salvaged elements like they were sticking gumdrops into the icing of a cake. If you don't do it with some sympathy and understanding, you trivialize what you claim to be celebrating." And then there are the perils of pedantry: "It's easy to take a curatorial point of view too far. No one wants to go over to someone's house for dinner to be lectured all night about the history of each of their possessions." S.P.

BEST BETS

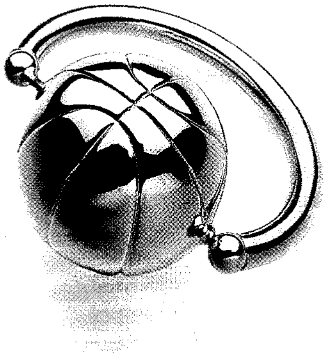
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Baby Blues

These maternity Levi's were born of desperation. When Lynn Kenny (co-owner of a vintage-jeans store) was pregnant, she longed for a pair of cool jeans, but all she could find were the nerdy maternity kind. So she cut off the top of a pair of vintage 505s and added an expandable cotton-Lycra pouch. Kenny loved the look and the fit (and the buzz they generated among her pregnant buddies), and she *knew* there was a need. Voilà! Jaggar Jeans (a new company) and eternally grateful moms-to-be ($49).

CLASSIC BODIES ACTIVEWEAR/*1390 Third Avenue, at 79th Street/772-0883*



Mike for Tikes

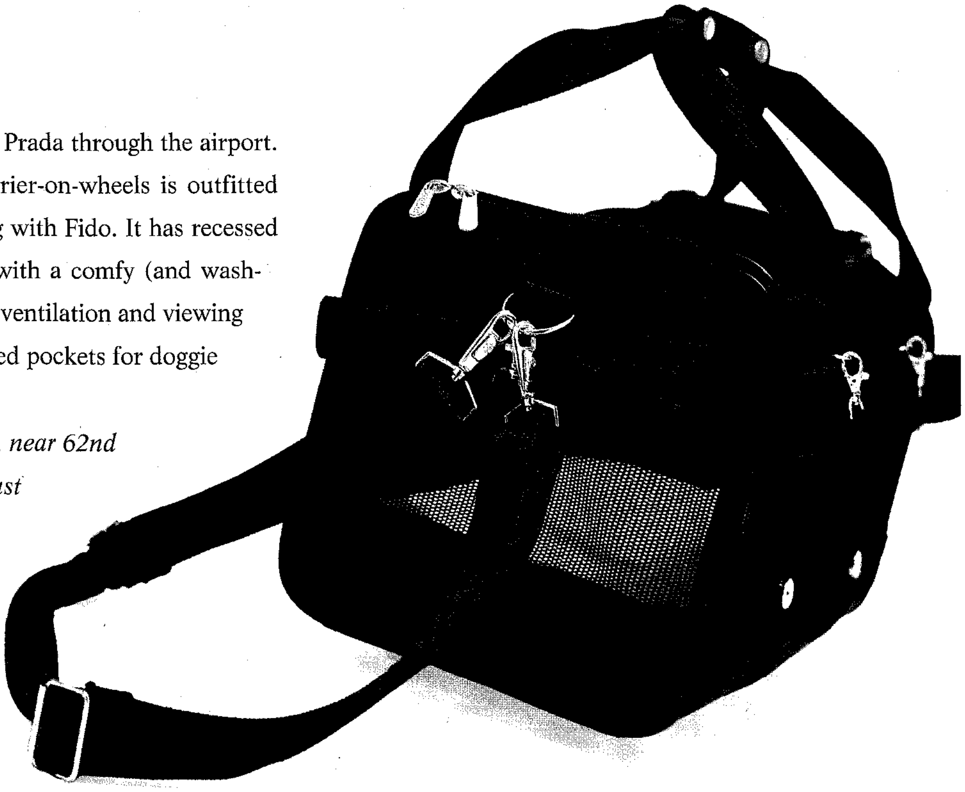
Though the malling of Grand Central is still under way, hoops superstar Michael Jordan has already opened a steakhouse and a boutique on the Main Concourse balcony. The restaurant serves his favorite dishes; the boutique offers the usual steakhouse stuff (knives, cutting boards, aprons) along with classier items (jackets, backpacks, cuff links, pens). Most everything is emblazoned with the number 23, his signature, or a bull. This sterling-silver rattle, on the other hand, is a tad more discreet, and may instill a love for the game along with teething relief ($125).

MICHAEL JORDAN'S THE STEAK HOUSE NYC, THE STORE/*23 Vanderbilt Avenue/655-2300*

See Spot Roll

Now you can roll your pug as well as your Prada through the airport. And Gayle Martz's quilted-nylon dog-carrier-on-wheels is outfitted with all the essentials for hassle-free flying with Fido. It has recessed easy-glide wheels, a slide-out travel tray with a comfy (and washable) *faux*-lambskin liner, mesh panels for ventilation and viewing the sights, an inside leash ring, and zippered pockets for doggie treats and other necessaries ($120).

AMERICAN KENNELS/*798 Lexington Avenue, near 62nd Street/838-8460* CALLING ALL PETS/*301 East 76th Street/734-7051*



Watching the Soaps

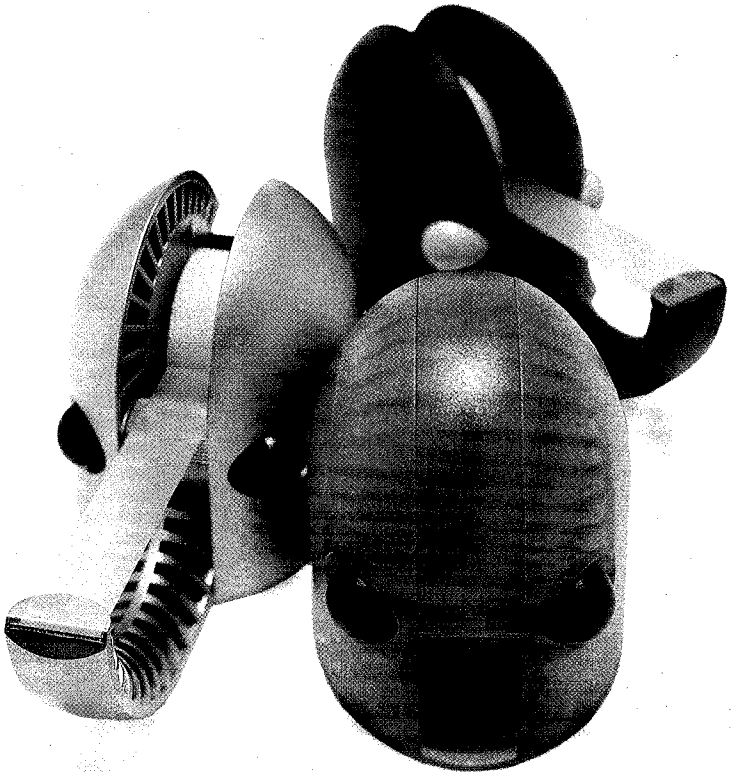
Soap (the kind you can pick up and hold) is in danger of disappearing, supplanted by the liquid stuff in ugly plastic dispensers that get hidden away when company comes. But now Floris of London (purveyor of scented concoctions fit for the queen) has imported chrome-plated and frosted-glass dispensers so elegant they can proudly be displayed next to your Czech & Speake faucet ($130 and $140).

FLORIS OF LONDON/*703 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street/935-9100*

Tape Invader

Julian Brown named his award-winning desk accessory Hannibal, after the Carthaginian general. Closed, it looks like a warrior's helmet; open, it's an elephant's trunk dispensing tape (a nod to the pachyderms that crossed the Alps with Hannibal in his remarkable military feat). Brown, an English-born, Austrian-trained designer of homewares, is best known for his reworkings—often animalizing—of everyday objects. His hefty molded-resin-and-metal tape dispensers—which have an old-fashioned nonskid base—are decidedly hipper than traditional versions (around $65).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Second floor/Orange and black only*
CENTURY AT A DIFFERENT LIGHT/*151 West 19th Street/989-4850*



ONDINE COHANE

First Glass

Sparkle plenty: *Tableware at Tuscan Square, Andrea Renee's delicate crystal flower rings, and artisans' bowls* **you wouldn't dare fill with cereal.**

AS ITS NAME IMPLIES, PINO LUONGO'S Tuscan Square carries everything that an Italophile could desire from that region. At the restaurant-and-boutique's warehouse sale, men's and women's clothing and accessories, dinnerware, kitchen and home linens, and the like will be 50 to 70 percent off: for example, large earthenware platter, was $80, now $24; glasses, were $24–$28, now $12–$14; men's polo shirt, was $88, now $44; silk scarf, was $118, now $59; pillows, were $60, now $30; Opalina plates (see photo), were $22–$28, now $11–$14. In addition, with any purchase of $50 or more you receive 25 percent off lunch or dinner at Le Madri (168 West 18th Street) for the duration of the sale. *Tuscan Square Warehouse, 127 Seventh Ave., at 18th St., second floor (462-1000); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 9–9, Sun. noon–5; 8/16–9/7.*

Golden Eggs

PARAMOUNT CAVIAR—THE PURVEYOR TO Le Bernardin, '21', Windows on the World, and 27 Standard, among other top-flight restaurants—is offering its fishy delights to the public at wholesale prices. For example, seven-ounce Beluga Malossol "giant grain," retail $259, here $196; four-ounce Russian Sevruga Malossol, retail $58, here $48; fourteen-ounce Russian Osetra Malossol, retail $290, here $238. Shipping costs are additional. *Call Paramount Caviar at 1-800-99-CAVIAR for next-day delivery; A.E., M.C., V.; 8/10–8/21.*

New Kids on the Block

NICK ARROJO AND RODNEY CUTler, hairstylists previously with such companies as Wella International, Vidal Sassoon and Bumble & Bumble, have decided to strike out on their own. To celebrate their salon's opening in the Galleria, they're having a sale: haircut, was $95, now $80.75; single process, was $80, now $68; highlights, were $215, now $182.75. *Arrojo Cutler, 115 E. 57th St. (308-3838); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat. 9–6; 8/10–9/10 (mention the* New York *Magazine special).*

Kinney System

AT MEGHAN KINNEY'S NINTH STREET STORE, one always runs a good chance of finding a piece of clothing that becomes a true staple. At her summer sale, dry goods are seriously discounted: cotton chintz V-neck dresses, were $140, now $60; stretch-cotton long A-line skirt, was $100, now $60; summer dresses, were $100, now $50; matte crêpe jersey cowl-neck dress, was $150, now $110; cotton-chintz strap dresses, were $150, now $75. *Meghan Kinney, 312 E. 9th St. (260-6329); M.C., V.; Tues.–Sun. 1–8; 8/15–8/30.*

Green Season

AS SUMMER FLOWERS HIT THEIR FULL bloom, the folks at the Horticultural Society of New York are having a yard sale. Reproduction black cast-iron urns, were $75–$150, now $45–$90; classic scrolled pot trellis, was $19, now $13.30; Snow & Neally long-handled tools, were $16.50–$25, now $11.55–$15; strawberry jars, were $16.50–$25, now $11.55–$17.50; white glazed Portugese cachepots, were $19–$30, now $13.30–$21. All seeds will be 50 percent off, and watering cans will be 30 percent off. *Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. (757-0915); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–6; through 8/28.*

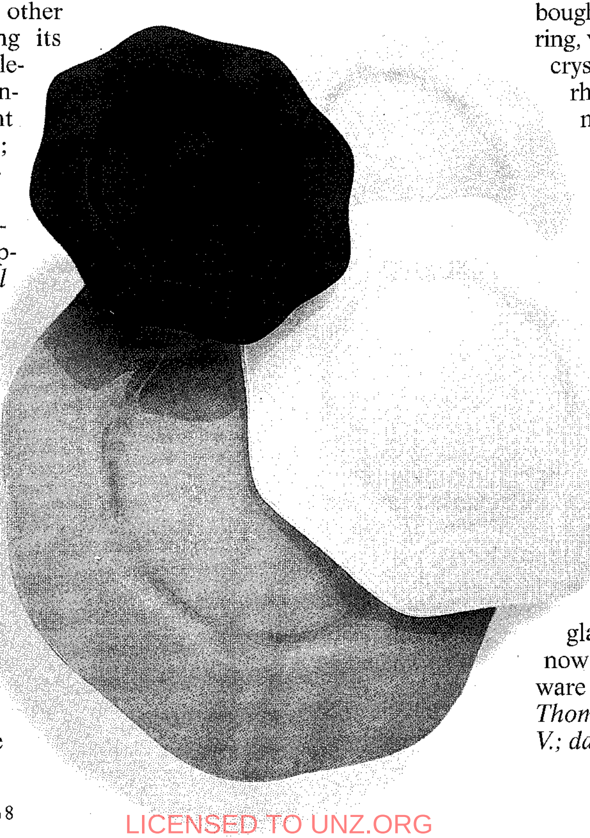
DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Paste Ease

ONE OF OUR FAVORITE DOWNTOWN COStume-jewelry designers, Andrea Renee, is having a summer sale. For example, sterling-silver necklace—Sean Lennon just bought one—was $78, now $39; flower ring, was $22, now $11; rhinestone-chain crystal choker, was $38, now $19; rhinestone bobby pins, were $12–$25, now $6–$12.50; butterfly necklace, was $58, now $29. *Andrea Renee, 119 Sullivan St., (343-2059); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sun. 12–7; 8/12–8/16.*

Take Some Art Glasses

THE ART GLASS GALLERY—the studio in SoHo full of fine hand-blown objects—is having a two-week sale. For example, Charles Lotton Art Nouveau–style table lamp, was $4,200, now $3,600; standing lamp from Clearman Studios, was $1,200, now $1,000; bowls and vases, were $275, now $230; glass jewelry necklaces, were $175, now $150. Similar reductions on barware and ash trays. *Art Glass Gallery, 98 Thompson St. (965-1160); A.E., M.C., V.; daily noon–7; 8/15–8/31.* ■



Photograph by Michael Kraus.

DAVID DENBY

Long Shot

Nothing else in 'Snake Eyes' matches the exquisite thrill of Brian De Palma's opening sequence, a sustained prologue reminiscent of Altman and Welles.

Dicey situation: Crooked cop Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage) in De Palma's *Snake Eyes.*

RIGHT AT THE BEGINNING OF BRIAN DE Palma's new thriller, **Snake Eyes,** Rick Santoro (Nicolas Cage), a joyously crooked cop, enters the Atlantic City Arena all jazzed up and ready to roll. It's fight night, the heavyweight title is at stake, and as Rick strides in, his wife and mistress call him on his cell phone, his friends greet him with flattery and bribes, and he's thrilled to be alive and feeling so gloriously dirty. Corruption runs in his veins; he's a rat at home in the sewer. Rick rushes through the arena to his seat, ringside, where he greets an old friend, Commander Kevin Dunne (Gary Sinise), a rather severe-looking Navy officer assigned to protect the secretary of Defense, who is also attending the fight. The bout begins, Dunne gets up to check someone out, the heavyweight champ is knocked down, and the secretary, no longer protected, takes a bullet in the throat from the rifle of a hidden shooter on the other side of the arena.

All of this is conveyed in a single, enormously long-lasting shot, which De Palma and his great cameraman, Stephen H. Burum, have brought off with a Steady Cam and a group of actors attuned to continuous work in real time. The camera picks up pieces of conversation, moves to look at something else, returns to where it was, picks up the next piece of conversation, and so on. The shot itself is a kind of representation of the exhilaration and the connectedness that Rick feels. There's nothing languorous or wandering about it: Everyone talks a mile a minute, the crowd is screaming, and De Palma creates, and records, the ambience of a big, violent, semi-coherent event. As we watch, amazed, we know that De Palma is trying to top the famous opening shots of Orson Welles's *Touch of Evil* and Robert Altman's *The Player,* that he's piling on difficulties and complications so as to show off his virtuosity. The sequence runs along on sheer nerve and momentum, and as long as it lasts, it seems to offer everything that the cinema can offer in the way of simultaneity and excitement. But this astonishing opening sets up a peculiar problem. Nothing else that De Palma does in the movie can come anywhere close to it. When the shot runs out, the movie also seems to run out—that is, it devolves into a fairly familiar and depressingly unconvincing thriller about an assassination conspiracy and a corrupt man who has the chance to act, for once in his life, with honor. Without the continuous running shot connecting everything to everything, the clichés become obvious, and then overpowering. We remember past movies featuring assassinations, like *The Parallax View,* which was also centered in an arena, and we notice echoes of earlier De Palma movies (*Blow Out, Body Double,* and *Mission: Impossible*) in which evidence of a crime was revealed by one recording device or another. Here the device is video cameras stationed all over the arena and in an adjoining casino and hotel. A certain weariness settles into our response: The dense layering of imagery, we may suspect, now functions less as a commentary on our media-saturated society than as a convenient way for filmmakers to avoid the hard work of plot construction and character development.

Screenwriter David Koepp, who has worked with De Palma in the past, and also with Spielberg (on the *Jurassic Park* movies), isn't discovering anything; he's just making commercial movies—that is, providing story elements and characters that have no independent life or interest or plausibility but offer a workable frame for a director's manipulations. And what Koepp provides turns out to be too straight for De Palma's fluid technique and narrative circularity. When De Palma worked with sillier or more fantastic material in *Carrie* and *Dressed to Kill,* he was freer to play, and his own emotions and ambivalences burst through the excesses. *Snake Eyes* doesn't display any emotion apart from a passion for the moving camera, and in one scene, De Palma hits rock bottom. Cage is beaten to a pulp and then staggers to his feet and tries to rescue a virtuous young woman. Sinise follows with gun drawn, and the sequence goes on forever, with repeated close-ups of Cage's mashed and bloody face. I can't think of another movie that starts so brilliantly and ends so miserably as this one. ■

David Denby's 1997–98 reviews are available on the Web at **newyorkmag.com.**

Photograph by Attila Dory/Paramount Pictures.

PETER G. DAVIS

Idomeneo Theory

In 1984, Gerard Schwarz and Mostly Mozart botched Richard Strauss's reworking of Mozart's problem opera. This time around, they got it right.

AFTER THE SKIMPY MUSICAL OFFERINGS OF LINCOLN Center's Festival 98, the thirty-second edition of **Mostly Mozart** arrives like champagne in the desert. Over the past several years, this popular summer series has been constantly reexamined, tweaked, condescended to by snoozing music critics, and even threatened with extinction. But it keeps coming back, in most important particulars looking very much as it always has: a friendly mix of standard repertory and arcana with the accent on Mozart, all performed by high-profile musicians.

And audiences seem to like it that way. Gerard Schwarz has been the festival's music director since 1982, and over the years he has quietly been finding ways to make the programming innovative, even festive, without upsetting anyone's expectations. Looking back to the disorderly early days of Mostly Mozart, one sees he has largely succeeded at this delicate dance, exploring new repertory but keeping the favorites in sight, locating fresh talent, and presenting it all in a context that manages to be both welcoming and instructive. Imagine—the opportunity to hear all 68 Haydn string quartets this summer and next, performed in sensible doses at the festival's new hour-long prelude concerts.

Although no special issue was made of it, the first week's concerts with orchestra were clearly meant to highlight Richard Strauss's adoring but uneasy relationship with Mozart. The two composers shared the opening-night program, which led off with three of Strauss's orchestral songs and excerpts from the incidental music to *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.* Next came Mozart's first great piano concerto (No. 9, K. 271, played by André Watts) and final symphonic masterpiece (the *Jupiter*), along with Angelika Kirchschlager to sing arias from his first significant opera (*La Finta Giardiniera*) and final stage work (*La Clemenza di Tito*)—Mozartian riches that rather swamped Strauss's more modest contributions, but the point was made. As he grew older, Strauss became ever more the classicist, and his music increasingly began to draw on the formal precision, proportioned lyrical grace, and instrumental clarity he found in Mozart's scores, characteristics he applied from the perspective of an early-twentieth-century sensibility.

This love affair was consummated, in a manner of speaking, in 1930 when Strauss took it upon himself to "recompose" Mozart's early and, in those days, virtually unknown opera *Idomeneo,* a score Strauss dearly loved but felt needed drastic revision before contemporary audiences would accept it. Schwarz is the only conductor I know of who has ever had the enterprise—nay, the nerve—to bring it back for our inspection. The result is a fascinating, if jolting, example of what happens when the musical tastes and aesthetics of one generation are imposed on those of another, in this case an attempt to turn a formal eighteenth-century opera seria into a steamy post-Wagnerian music drama. Like most historical curiosities, this updated *Idomeneo* was fated to be eventually scorned and set aside, especially now that the original has come back into fashion. Still, any score by such an important composer, even one that plays quirky variations on themes by Mozart, is worth hearing.

One would like to think that Strauss himself modestly considered his work an interim measure, a drastic overhaul to be discarded as soon as audiences were ready to take their Mozart straight. Somehow, though, I doubt it. Strauss seems to have been having too much fun with this rescue mission, pruning arias, touching up the orchestration, shuffling scenes around, composing new music, and in general hoping to make Mozart's problem opera more palatable. Act One contains only minor tinkering compared with Act Two, where the revisionist really warms to his task. By the time we reach the last *(continued on page 60)*

Abduction from the Mozartiana: Gerard Schwarz conducts Mostly Mozart's *Idomeneo.*

Photograph by Steve J. Sherman.

RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Babbo, It's You

You should never expect perfection right out of the gate. But Mario Batali's latest restaurant breaks all the rules: Newborn Babbo is shockingly mature for its age.

FORGET THE *TITANIC.* BOARDING ANY SHAKEDOWN cruise is as treacherous as eating razor clams right out of the Mediterranean. So how come throngs gleefully barrel into just-opened restaurants expecting to be greeted and coddled as if they had a boat slip on Dawson's Creek? No matter how effusive the hype, a restaurant's first two months routinely play like a student variety show after two rehearsals. At the beginning of Cafeteria's third week, the hostess left us in the care of a waiter who proudly said that he hadn't tasted any dishes on the menu but they sure looked good. On a scorching June night during Bottino's first month, with the air-conditioning kaput (it works fine now), the waiter dripped and giggled that he couldn't remember which two things they were out of. He did eventually—twenty minutes after we'd ordered them. And at Oona, where the menu is still in flux, the waitress raved on about the pastry chef's most recent inspiration—caramelized pear with a Gorgonzola mousse, in mint oil and a Sauternes granita. We took the bait, and it turned out to be something Monica's mom might bring over to Linda Tripp's for a pot-luck dinner. Even worse.

With so many other estimable and experienced joints available, why does anyone subject himself to such guinea-pigness? The reason is that we all dream of being the first to eat at a place like **Babbo,** open just six weeks, located in the aristocratic two-tiered space on Waverly Place that formerly housed the renowned but readily forgotten Coach House. Like Michael Johnson at the track, Babbo has leapt over all the requisite hurdles, triumphing with astonishing grace in record time.

The Coach House's incredibly steep, brass-railed staircase is still dead-center, but it now unites two serenely uncomplicated rooms suffused in gratifyingly honeyed light. The genuinely obliging staff—who have not only tasted everything but are so well-versed about each selection that they could probably pick up a sauté pan in a pinch—glide up, down, and around both floors with the unfaltering rhythm of Lawrence Welk's Champagne dancers. Restaurants rare as this radiate their own infectious energy. From the moment you open the door, Babbo smells like a winner.

Much of the credit for this bewitching pungency goes to chef Mario Batali, who has crafted a daringly original and startlingly airy Italian menu. At Pó, his bustling, vest-pocket café on Cornelia Street, Batali built a reputation on zealously rustic Italian cooking: dense barley risottos, an earthy beef ragout on saffron tagliatelle.

But nothing he has served before—in fact, little you have eaten before—will prepare you for the menu at Babbo. What ultimately makes it so dizzily fulfilling is that the unexpected ingredients (smoked sable as Italian food?) never succumb to cuteness but rather expand the boundaries of a cuisine and of our desires. Delicately folded goat-cheese tortelloni, almost floating above the fork, are enveloped in a wondrous coating of dried orange and rarely used wild-fennel pollen. The pollen is barely there, it's hardly more than the aroma of licorice, but it's all that is needed.

The sable, *tateleh,* is wonderful, its musky brashness savvily accompanied by a salad of grapefruit and orange in a saffron vinaigrette. Gleaming anchovies, slender and elegant, are escorted by soft summer beans. Little pasta "love letters," romanced by a bright paste of sweet peas and mint, are carried off by a seductively spicy lamb sausage. The briny sharpness of braised artichokes with mizuna leaves squares off against soothing goat cheese and roasted peppers, resolving into a delicious truce. The bread is awfully good, and you'll need extra to soak up the corn-and-basil broth that enhances steamed cockles. Buoyant gnocchi are brought down to earth by porcini mushrooms and a translucent but keenly flavored prosciutto. An even more velvety prosciutto comes close to lascivious as it slides across your tongue; the accompanying sweet-fig-oil fettunta will delectably if unfortunately bring you back to your senses. But a taste of cubanelle, a poblano chili stuffed with cheese, caponata, and peppers, will help you take leave all over again.

Light in August: Dinner is served beneath the skylight in the upstairs room at Babbo.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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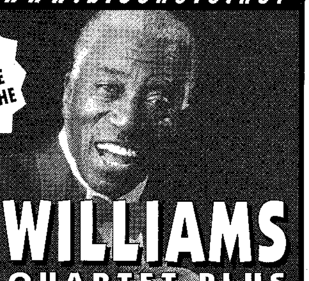
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MYTHOS
Authentic Greek Cuisine

Batali even makes the often shunned desirable. Testa, jeweled by pickled shallots and mustard seed, is warmed on a plate until it coats the well in a vivid paper-thin terrazzo. Don't tell anyone it's head cheese, and watch it get sopped up quicker than the remains of the pappardelle Bolognese—and that's no mean feat, because the meat sauce is superb. As for lamb's tongue, play dumb one more time and you may discover that ignorance, when mixed in a rosemary vinaigrette with pancetta and horseradish, can be bliss. However, like Patty Duke when paired with her identical English "cousin," Batali's linguine and clams will make you lose your mind. Made with pancetta and hot chilies, his broth is a blast in every way. Before the end of this year, expect to see as many knock-offs of this dish as there were of the slip dress.

Oh, yeah, there are entrées too. A superb rib-eye dry-rubbed with black- and red-pepper flakes, sugar, and thyme. A better branzino than you'll find anywhere in Milan. Thick, dense, bone-gnawing lamb chops, fragrant with lemon balm, braced by the bite of rapini. Calamari sautéed in a vibrant, peppery "Sicilian Lifeguard" tomato sauce. Huge, sloppily succulent grilled vermilion soft-shell crabs on a bed of scarlet runners. And simply irresistible grilled guinea hen with charred sweet corn. Only a barbecued squab and a mustard-crusted tuna failed to sustain the rapturous high. In most other fledgling restaurants, they'd probably be standouts.

Every dessert, however, will make you stupid with happiness. A bright lemon-ricotta cake with glistening garnetlike blackberries. A super pairing of pistachio and chocolate in a semifreddo. If you want to eat chocolate-hazelnut cake by yourself, you'll have to have it delivered to the bathroom and lock the door. If you miss Mom's cherry pie, the crackling cherry crostata will make you want to call her. But the saffron panna cotta is the essence of Babbo. A glistening, opalescent orb, it seems so ethereal—until it suddenly explodes on the tongue.

That Babbo has been able to combine the elements of surprise, comfort, delight, and equilibrium throughout its operation in the time it takes other restaurants to decide how to fold their napkins will only encourage those who keep feverishly racing toward the next best thing to step up the pace. If they're smart, however, they'll realize they've already crossed the finish line. This is as good as it gets.

Babbo, 110 Waverly Place (777-0303). Dinner only, Tuesday through Saturday 5:30 to 11:30 P.M., Sunday 5 to 11 P.M. All major credit cards. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Davis *continued from page 58*

act, Mozart has disappeared almost entirely, and the brand-new quartet that closes the opera is nothing less than vintage late Strauss, a gorgeous piece reminiscent of the final trio from *Der Rosenkavalier* or the last scene of *Arabella.* Mostly Mozart here definitely becomes Strictly Strauss.

Schwarz first unveiled this intriguing hybrid at the 1984 festival, a performance compromised by last-minute cast changes and insufficient preparation. The conductor has now rectified that misstep by taking a second crack at the score, and the result is a triumph for all concerned. As a musician with extensive practical experience performing both Mozart and Strauss, Schwarz is just as expert at projecting the former's finely graded classical elegance as he is with savoring the latter's lush tonal generosity, blending the two styles in masterly fashion. The women seized the vocal honors, Angelika Kirchschlager as a bravura Idamante, Olga Makarina as a meltingly lyrical Ilia, and Christine Brewer as a dramatically powerful and note-perfect Ismene (as Elettra is renamed in this version). Tenor Anthony Dean Griffey has the heroic muscle, sweet tone, and vocal agility to make him an ideal Idomeneo (although he badly needs a German-language coach), and the brief lower-voiced contributions were ably supplied by James Courtney (High Priest) and Mark Oswald (Arbace/A Voice). A great night for Mostly Mozart—a pity no one thought to record the performance.

AN ALL-SCHUMANN LIEDER RECITAL BY GERman baritone Matthias Goerne marked another high point of Mostly Mozart's opening week. Like the controversial Ian Bostridge, a British tenor who sang a similar program at the Frick Museum last spring and totally freaked out an offended *Times* critic, Goerne takes an individual approach to his work, combining a tense interior interpretive style with an in-your-face delivery that irritates some but mesmerizes others. His mannerisms include a wavering body, frequent deep knee bends, singing on tiptoe, and hands that travel all over the place. None of this bothered me, since Goerne uses his physicality as a natural expressive device so that his entire body becomes an integral part of the song. Besides, the voice itself is a gorgeous instrument, creamy smooth in every part of its range, and his control of dynamics, from whispered pianissimo to anguished forte, is just short of staggering. A bit more variety of vocal color would have been welcome, but let's not quibble. Superb young singers of German lieder are amazingly plentiful these days—and here is yet another. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–98 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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Age of Innocents

A girlish Catherine Deneuve starred with her late sister in 1967's sweet musical *The Young Girls of Rochefort* (page 64)

movies

The Best Man...Catherine Deneuve...War Zone

Opening
Mrs. Peel, We're Needed

Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman are the legendary low-key secret agents John Steed and Emma Peel in 'The Avengers'—the surreal movie version of the very popular British television show. This time, they're fighting a dastardly Sean Connery in his bid to control London's weather—and the world. Starts Friday, August 14.

Photograph by David Appleby/Warner Brothers.

New Films

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Billy Bob Thornton is the executive head of NASA who has to save the world. Here's what he says: The asteroid is coming our way and we have eighteen days in which to try to blow it up or deflect it. The only person who can do this is "the world's best deep-core driller," who sounds like the hero of a porno movie and turns out to be Bruce Willis. Ben Affleck is the young hotshot who happens to be in love with Willis's daughter (a mopey, dopey Liv Tyler). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sourman Steve Buscemi). The crew wisecrack their way through saving the world, as if they were teens trying to put up a pup tent on the first day of camp. The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Avengers—Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman are the famously low-key superagents John Steed and Emma Peel in this film version of the sixties television show. Also starring Sean Connery. (about 1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Opens 8/14.*

BASEketball—Three slackers make up their own game and see it turned into a corporate-sponsored professional sport and national obsession. Starring Trey Parker, Matt Stone, Yasmine Bleeth, Jenny McCarthy, Robert Vaughn, and Ernest Borgnine. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Best Man—A small-town Italian girl suffers through an arranged wedding by falling for the groom's best man instead. Starring Inès Sastre and Diego Abantantuono. Directed by Pupi Avati. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Opens 8/14 at Quad Cinemas and Eastside Playhouse.*

The Beyond—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss—A gay photographer obsessed with old movies falls in love with his model. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; 62nd and Broadway.*

Boys in Love 2—Seven shorts celebrating gay life, including the animated *Dirty Baby Does Fire Island.* (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Buffalo '66—Watching this film is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station. Which is not to say that Vincent Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. He plays Billy Brown, a young loser who leaves prison and kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara produce successful vicious caricatures, but in the family scenes, Gallo begins to play with trick staging and trick editing, and the movie comes grinding to a halt. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Chambermaid on the Titanic—A French factory worker wins a ticket to witness the launch of the doomed ship and comes back with a tall tale about a passionate night spent with a maid. Starring Romane Bohringer, Olivier Martinez, and Aitana Sánchez Gijón. Directed by Bigas Luna. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Opens 8/14 at Sutton and Quad Cinemas.*

Disturbing Behavior—*The new kid in town discovers* a mysterious method for transforming rebellious teens into solid citizens. Starring James Marsden, Nick Stahl, and Katie Holmes. Directed by David Nuttertars. (1 hr. 45 mins; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; State; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Astoria; Continental; Fresh Meadows; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Dr. Dolittle—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.*

East Palace, West Palace—Beijing police raid two public rest rooms frequented by gay men and find a defiant newcomer among the usual crowd. Director Zhang Yuan filmed in secret near Tiananmen Square. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Ever After—Drew Barrymore stars as the plucky cinder girl in this girl-power version of the classic fairy tale. Also starring Anjelica Huston. (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Beekman; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Festival—Murray Lerner's long-unseen cinéma-vérité classic of the Newport Folk Festival, 1963–1966. With Joan Baez, Donovan, Judy

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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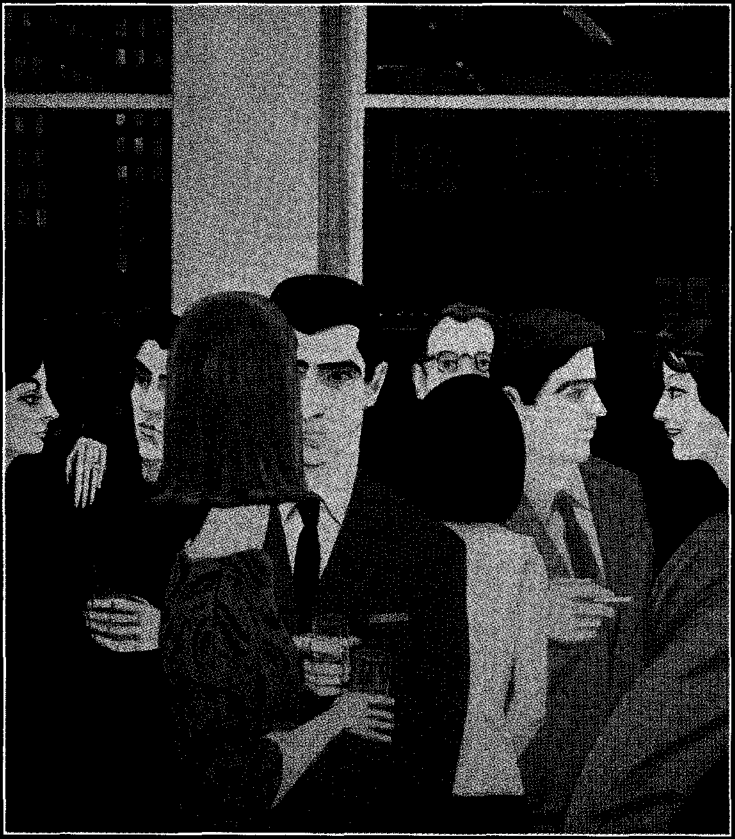

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Collins, Peter Paul & Mary, and Bob Dylan. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

First Love, Last Rites—Jesse Peretz's creation about a young New Yorker hanging out in the Louisiana bayou with a loopy southern girl. Starring Giovanni Ribisi and Natasha Gregson Wagner. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

Full Tilt Boogie—A documentary of the ten-week film shoot of *From Dusk Till Dawn.* (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Gadjo Dilo—A Parisian boy travels to Romania to find his deceased father's favorite Gypsy singer and decides to remain in the exotic community. Starring Romain Duris and Isidor Serban. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Governess—Minnie Driver is a Jewish woman who poses as a Christian to get a governess job. With Tom Wilkinson, Harriet Walter, Florence Hoath, Bruce Myers, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Written and directed by Sandra Goldbacher. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Paris Theatre.*

Halloween H20—Michael Myers returns after twenty years to terrorize Jamie Lee Curtis. Starring Adam Arkin, LL Cool J., Janet Leigh, and Michelle Williams. Directed by Steve Miner. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Henry Fool—A depraved writer moves in with a New Jersey garbageman and encourages his host to write, too. Starring Thomas Jay Ryan, James Urbaniak, and Parker Posey. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer 2—In this follow-up to the 1990 cult classic by John McNaughton, Henry is a janitor who learns how to turn a profit from his grisly habit as well as fall in love. Starring Neil Giutoli, Rich Komenich, Kate Walsh, and Carri Levinson. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Opens 8/14 at Angelika Film Center.*

Killer Condom—A condom terrorizes a city. Directed by Martin Walz. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humorous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Lady From Shanghai—The *noir* classic starring Rita Hayworth as the damsel-in-distress and Orson Welles as the unsuspecting Irishman who saves her. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Lethal Weapon 4—Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village Theater VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinemas; Nova; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Kenmore; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Bay Terrace; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; North Shore Towers; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Gemini; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Mafia!—A parody of the traditional organized-crime film that revolves around the bumbling Cortino family. Starring Jay Mohr, Christina Applegate, Olympia Dukakis, and Lloyd Bridges. Directed by Jim Abrahams. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Cinema City; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Mask of Zorro—Anthony Hopkins and Antonio Banderas work with professional skill in a ludicrous vehicle—a retro-style comedy-adventure with lots of explosions and fires and gold-toothed Mexicans. Zorro is less an aristocrat with a double life than an amalgam of Jackie Chan, Batman, and Obi-wan Kenobi. He lives in a huge black cave and employs martial-arts techniques to discipline his mind. The best thing in the movie is the swordplay. There's lots of it, in different places and styles, and even Catherine Zeta-Jones—a young and beautiful actress of the heaving-bosom school—gets into the act. (Denby; 8/3/98) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–3; Lincoln Square; Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Negotiator—Samuel L. Jackson is a Chicago police negotiator who takes prisoners when he's being framed for murder. Also starring Kevin Spacey. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Nights of Cabiria**—This remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies. One is amazed by how close he keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Giulietta Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. If you think of the movie

Revival

Pas de deux

"I don't believe people change," says Catherine Deneuve. "You are the little girl you always were." Deneuve, now 54, props her sunglasses atop her thick hair to reveal soft, drawing eyes—sparkling as they did when she first bewitched the world in Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964), and then again in *The Young Girls of Rochefort,* Demy's frolicsome 1967 follow-up that will be rereleased at Film Forum on August 14. Last week, seated at the bar at Asia de Cuba, she lit an extra-slim cigarette, dropped a sweetener into her coffee, stirred, and talked about her experiences with Demy, who played a pivotal role in launching her career. "Opportunities pass through your life and either you see them or you don't," she says with melodic inflection. "Jacques Demy's films were very important to me. It wasn't until working with him that I knew I wanted to be an actress." Though *Young Girls* was not as acclaimed in the U.S. as *Umbrellas,* the film was a dream realized for Demy, who set out to pay cheery tribute to the American film musical and collected an ensemble cast that included Françoise Dorléac, George Chakiris, Danielle Darrieux, and Gene Kelly in one of his last song-and-dance performances. For Deneuve, *Young Girls* is a more complicated and bittersweet treasure—the film marked her final days with her older sister and co-star Dorléac, who was killed in a car accident shortly after its completion. "We were very close," she says, "and shooting that film brought us even closer, back to a place and a way we had been when we were much younger. When I saw the film again finally, Françoise is so cheerful, and not just to see her but to hear her voice—it is such a nice souvenir." While it was difficult for Deneuve to watch the film, she remains enchanted by its sunny, whimsical conclusion: "Life can give you some terrible knocks, and there's not a happy ending every time. But I do believe in them. I am very optimistic. I am still very romantic about life."

BRETT KELLY

Photographs by H. Jeanbrau/Miramax Zoe Release.

as both a Christian fable and a sorrowing defense of illusion, everything in it makes sense. The movie becomes a panorama of betrayal—by art, by the church, by men. Only a silent man with a sack, walking about the outskirts of Rome and handing gifts to the broken-down old whores living in caves—a secular saint—redeems this wasteland. The film, we think, should be a tragedy. But Fellini renounces tragedy; he insists that life without illusion is *not* possible. He offers a Christian optimism that draws nothing from doctrine or clergy and everything from love. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema too, but some things are not possible. (Denby; 7/20/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Opposite of Sex**—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we meet the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci). Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 59th Street East; Regency.*

★**Out of Sight**—Extraordinarily entertaining. George Clooney plays Jack Foley, a bank robber with the temperament of a con artist. Jack's buddy (Ving Rhames) picks him up when he breaks out of the pen; when they are confronted by a beautiful federal marshal, Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), they throw her in the trunk of the car, and Jack, hiding, climbs in with her. Something in Jack's soothing manner and touch works for Karen: She falls in love with the man she is supposed to apprehend. Steven Soderbergh has done something truly original: He has proved that a comedy-thriller can take place as much in the ideas people have about one another as in what they do. The story of Karen and Jack and their friends plays itself out with satisfying twists and turns, and when violence comes, it is far more shocking than in most movies. When these people fire their guns, the bullets really hurt. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Lincoln Square.*

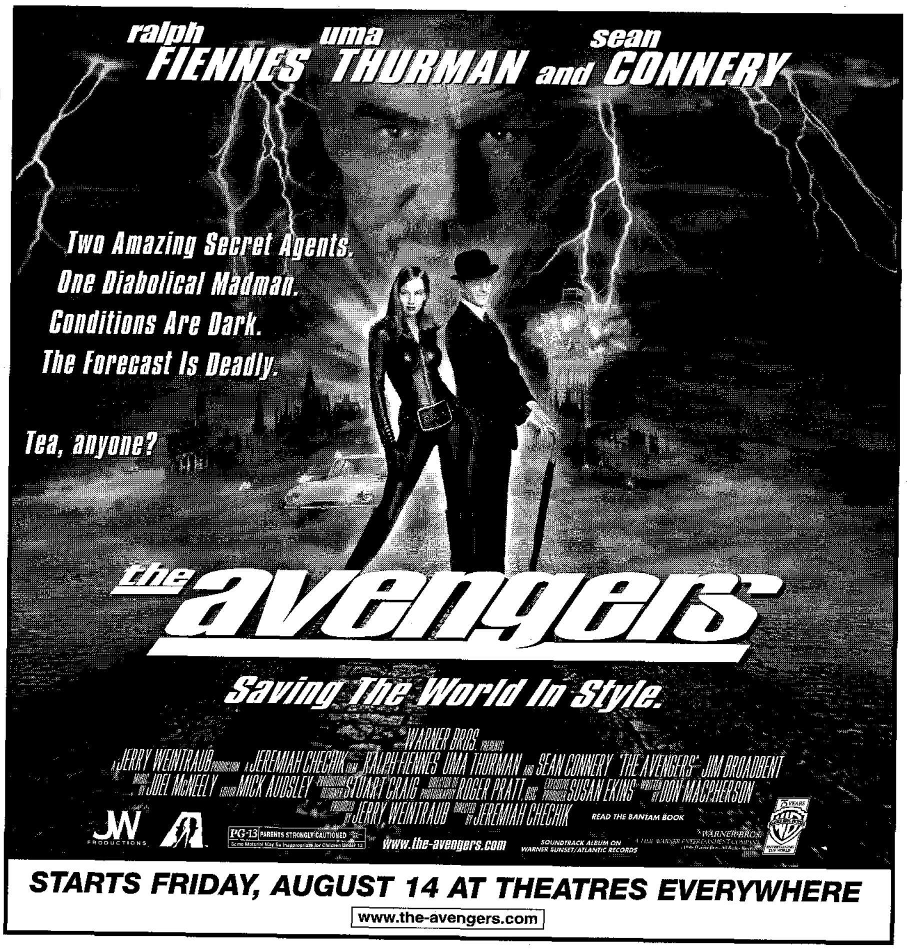
The Parent Trap—The remake of the 1961 Disney classic. Starring Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson, and Lindsay Lohan. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

π—A mathematician tries to decode the numerical pattern in the stock market. Starring Sean Gullette. Directed and written by Darren Aronofsky. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center.*

A Price Above Rubies—Renee Zellweger is an Orthodox woman who gets a job in the jewelry business and begins to question the religious community she's living in. Also starring Julianna Margulies and Christopher Eccleston. Directed by Boaz Yakin. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

Regeneration—Four WWI veterans try to find sanity in a military hospital filled with shell-shocked men and brutal doctors. Starring Jonathan Pryce, James Wilby, Stuart Bunce, Jonny Lee Miller, and John Neville. Directed by Gillies Mackinnon. (1 hr. 53 mins.; NR) *Opens 8/14 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Return to Paradise—Two years after Vince Vaughn returns from a hash-filled jaunt across Malaysia, he learns the buddy he left behind is still there, held



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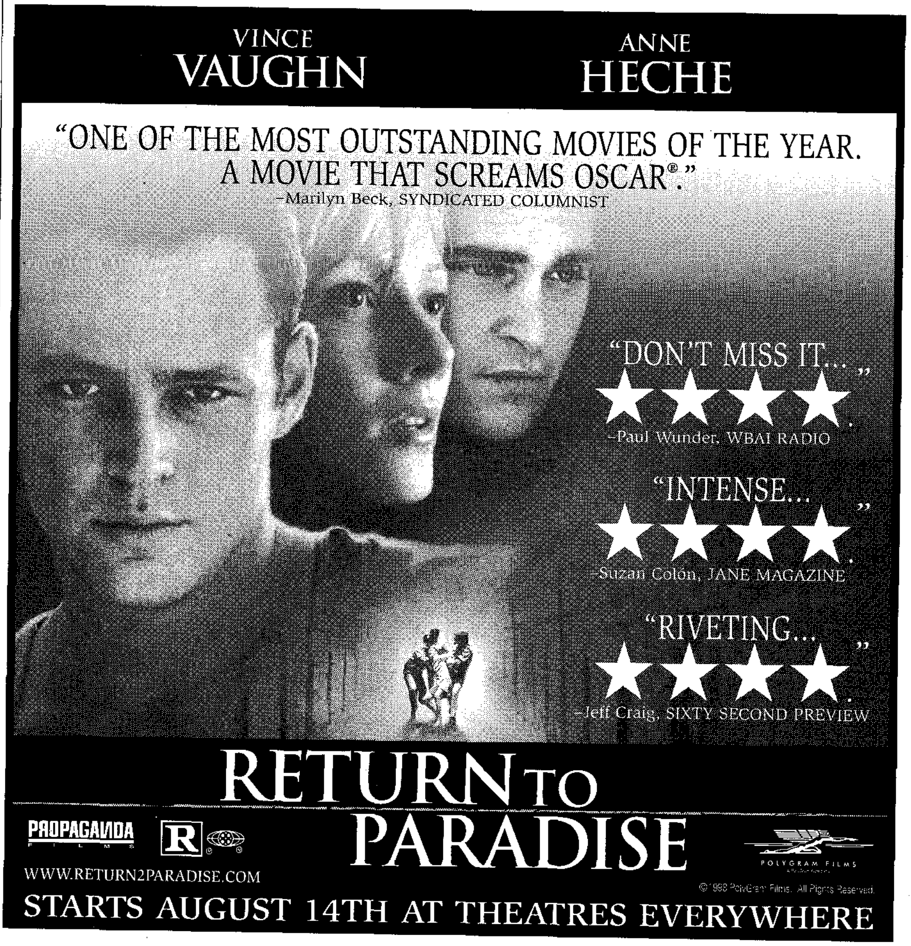

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–Suzan Colón, JANE MAGAZINE

"RIVETING..." ★★★★
–Jeff Craig, SIXTY SECOND PREVIEW

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on drug charges and sentenced to die unless he returns to accept responsibility. Also starring Anne Heche, Joaquin Phoenix, David Conrad, and Jada Pinkett Smith. Directed by Joseph Ruben. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Opens 8/14.*

Safe Men—Three bumbling guys are mistaken for safecrackers at a bar mitzvah and the high jinks begin. Starring Sam Rockwell, Steve Zahn, Harvey Fierstein, and Michael Lerner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

The Saltmen of Tibet—A glimpse at the 2,000-year-old tradition of a small band of nomadic herdsmen who make an annual pilgrimage to the Himalayan lakes to gather the raw salt that is their livelihood. Written and directed by Ulrike Koch. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. Director Steven Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second, we are above the water, and the noise of bullets and mortar fire has a cutting metallic shriek that approaches agony. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Ziegfeld; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Seventh Heaven—When an unsatisfied woman enters hypnotherapy and finds a cure for what ails her, her husband begins to feel threatened. Starring Sandrine Kiberlain and Vincent Lindon. Directed by Benoît Jacquot. In French with subtitles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Slums of Beverly Hills—A young girl grows up poor in a family of men in Beverly Hills. Starring Natasha Lyonne, Alan Arkin, Marisa Tomei, Carl Reiner, Kevin Corrigan, Rita Moreno, and Jessica Walter. Written and directed by Tamara Jenkins. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Opens 8/14.*

Small Soldiers—A small town is overrun by its children's feuding action figure toys. Starring Phil Hartman, Jay Mohr, Kirsten Dunst, Ann Magnuson, Denis Leary, and Frank Langella. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City.*

Smoke Signals—A comic Sundance favorite about a young Native American boy who reluctantly brings his goofy friend along when he travels from his Coeur d'Alene reservation to Arizona to pick up his father's ashes. Written by Sherman Alexie and directed by Chris Eyre. Starring Adam Beach and Evan Adams. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham.*

Snake Eyes—See Denby, page 57. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; State; 72nd St. East; UA East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The Spanish Prisoner**—Campbell Scott plays a young inventor, Joe Ross, a self-made man uneasy among the rich and powerful yet secretly eager to join their ranks. What it is that Joe Ross has invented we never find out—"the process," it is called, some sort of technological masterpiece that will earn untold millions for Joe's company. A shadowy international businessman (Steve Martin) shows up and flatters Joe, and the trap has been set. As Joe gets more and more isolated, director David Mamet takes us deeper into fear than he ever has in the past, and that's an achievement. Hitchcock is the model here, but to become Hitchcock's equivalent, Mamet has to learn to trust the camera more than he does; he has to stop trying to control everything with language. (Denby; 4/13/98) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

There's Something About Mary—The trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. Ted (Ben Stiller) is still thinking about his prom date, Mary (Cameron Diaz), twelve years after graduation. So Ted sends a sleazy investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to spy on Mary. And of course Healy falls in love with her, too. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is onto him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy. While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at an old woman's withered breasts, then you stand accused of a craven obeisance to political correctness. The insensitivity gets one down after a while. (Denby; 8/3/98) (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Thief—A war widow and her little boy begin a relationship with a strange man, with profound consequences. Starring Vladimir Mashkov, Ekaterina Rednikova, and Misha Philipchuk. Directed by Pavel Chukhrai. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Cinemart.*

Unmade Beds—A documentary about the romantic (and not so romantic) pursuits of four single New Yorkers. Directed by Nicholas Barker. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

War Zone—Maggie Hadleigh-West's in-their-face documentary of the street abuse endured by urban women. (1 hr. 16 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Western—Two men, one Spanish and one Russian, form an uneasy friendship and drive the west coast of France. Starring Sergi Lopez, Sacha Bourdo, and Elisabeth Vitali. Winner of the 1997 Grand Jury Prize at Cannes. (2 hrs. 1 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Young Girls of Rochefort—Catherine Deneuve and her sister Danielle Darrieux star as small town girls (twin sisters, actually) who dream of making it big in music. With Gene Kelly, Grover Dale, George Chakiris, and Jacques Perrin. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond; Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss; Buffalo '66; Full Tilt Boogie; The Opposite of Sex; Safe Men; Smoke Signals; π.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Out of Sight; Snake Eyes.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Boys in Love 2; Killer Condom; Kurt and Courtney.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Festival; The Lady From Shangai; The Saltmen of Tibet; War Zone; The Young Girls of Rochefort.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *East Palace, West Palace; First Love, Last Rites; Nights of Cabiria; Seventh Heaven; Western.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal)

Documentary

Fighting Words

Finally, every woman who's endured such unpleasantries as "Mmmm . . . I want some of *that*" on her way to the deli or dry cleaner has someone fighting for her right to walk public streets in peace. In *War Zone*, a tireless Maggie Hadleigh-West corners 50 mouthy creeps and asks them to explain—to the camera—why they do it. The answers, of course, are infuriating. Opens Wednesday, August 12, at Film Forum.

Photograph by Fernando Villena.

Opening
Wedding-Bell Blues

Stunning Castilian model Inès Sastre proves to be an equally stunning actress in 'The Best Man,' the tale of a very reluctant Italian bride who shrugs off her groom for his humble attendant. Starts Friday, August 14.

(334-2100) *Unmade Beds.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Halloween H20; Henry Fool; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; The Spanish Prisoner; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Saving Private Ryan.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss; Ever After; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; Mafia!; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Lethal Weapon 4; Halloween H20; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Halloween H20.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Buffalo '66; Mafia!; Mulan; The Parent Trap.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Lethal Weapon 4.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *BASEketball; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke Signals.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *First Love, Last Rites.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Mafia!*

Embassy 2-3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon; Mulan.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *The Parent Trap.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Governess.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Lethal Weapon 4; Disturbing Behavior; The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Armageddon; Gone With the Wind.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *City of Angels; Deep Impact; High Art; The Last Days of Disco; Titanic; The X-Files.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Saving Private Ryan.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Snake Eyes.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; The Parent Trap.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Ever After.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Halloween H20; Safe Men; There's Something About Mary; The Truman Show.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Snake Eyes.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Buffalo '66; Gadjo Dilo; Nights of Cabiria; The Spanish Prisoner; The Thief; Western.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Madeline; Mafia!; Mulan; Out of Sight; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.* IMAX: *Across the Sea of Time; Mark Twain's America; Everest.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Lethal Weapon 4; Saving Private Ryan.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *BASEketball; Ever After; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lethal Weapon 4; Halloween H20; The Negotiator.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Halloween H20; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Halloween H20; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Mulan; A Perfect Murder; Six Days, Seven Nights.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Lethal Weapon 4; Disturbing Behavior; Halloween H20; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Ever After; Halloween H20; Snake Eyes.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *BASEketball; Halloween H20; Mafia!; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Boulevard and Eldert Lane, Brooklyn (277-0303) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Mulan; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Lethal Weapon 4; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; There's Something About Mary.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Halloween H20; Madeline; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *BASEketball; Ever After; Halloween H20; Snake Eyes.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Ever After; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; There's Something About Mary.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Be-*

Photograph from October Films.

havior; The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; Saving Private Ryan; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Armageddon; Halloween H20; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Small Soldiers; The Negotiator.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Armageddon; Ever After; Snake Eyes; The Parent Trap; The Thief.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; There's Something About Mary.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Armageddon; Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Dr. Dolittle; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Ever After; Halloween H20; Snake Eyes; The Parent Trap.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Mask of Zorro; The Negotiator.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Ever After; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Armageddon; Halloween H20; Snake Eyes.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Halloween H20; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; The Parent Trap.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Closed for renovations.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Ever After; Halloween H20; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Lethal Weapon 4; Polish Wedding; A Price Above Rubies.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Halloween H20; Snake Eyes.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *BASEketball; Ever After; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Snake Eyes.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Saving Private Ryan.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Armageddon; Dr. Dolittle; Halloween H20; Madeline; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Small Soldiers; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Lethal Weapon 4; BASEketball; Halloween H20; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; There's Something About Mary.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Lethal Weapon 4; Armageddon; BASEketball; Disturbing Behavior; Dr. Dolittle; Ever After; Halloween H20; Mafia!; The Mask of Zorro; Saving Private Ryan; Snake Eyes; The Negotiator; The Parent Trap; There's Something About Mary.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

A Different Light—8/16: *Summer and Smoke* (1961); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"A Spielberg Summer." 8/15: *Empire of the Sun* (1987) and *Gremlins II: The New Batch* (1990). 8/16: *Hook* (1991) and *Always* (1989). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Contemporary Film Noirs." 8/12: *Morocco* (1998) and *4 O'clock* (1998). "Michelangelo Antonioni." 8/14–8/15: *Blow Up* (1966). 8/15: *Red Desert* (1964). 8/16 and 8/19: *Chung Kuo China* (1972). 8/16 and 8/21: *Zabriskie Point* (1969). 8/21–8/22: *The Passenger* (1975). "Essential Cinema: Harry Smith." 8/15: *No. 12: Heaven and Earth Magic* (1959–61). "Essential Cinema: Dziga Vertov." 8/20: *Three Songs About Lenin* (1934). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

Asian American Film Festival—Through 8/23. At Brooklyn Heights Cinema (70 Henry St.) and Sunnyside New Center Cinema (42-17 Queens Blvd.). Call 355-6160 or 925-6014 for more info.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 8/15: *Maria Candelaria* (1943). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 8/17: *Stage Door* (1937). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Celebrate Brooklyn—8/13: *City Lights* (1931). With the BQE Project. 8 P.M., Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West. $3 suggested contribution. Call 718-855-7882 for more info.

Donnell Media Center—"Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 8/13: *Daybreak Express* (1953), *The Candy Machine* (1972), and *Just Another Girl on the IRT* (1992); 2:30 P.M. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Portraits of Two Cult Directors." Through 8/11: *Krzysztof Kieslowski: I'm So-So* (1995) and *Tranceformer: A Portrait of Lars Von Trier* (1997). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/20: "Celebrating Philippine Cinema." 8/11: *Ask the Moon* (1988). 8/11–8/12: *This Is What We Were Before, How Are You Now?* (1976). 8/12: *Pleasure* (1979) and *Blessings of the Land* (1959). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"The Pleasures of Love, Then and Now." 8/18: *Pot-Bouille* (1957) and *Amor pedestre* (1914). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View from the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 8/11 and 8/16: *Goldeneye* (1995) and *License to Kill* (1989). 8/13 and 8/15: *Laws of Gravity* (1992) and *Looking for Richard* (1996). 8/14 and 8/17: *It Should Happen to You* (1953) and *Born Yesterday* (1950). 8/14 and 8/18: *The Long Day Closes* (1992). 8/18: *Amateur* (1994). "Investigating the Real: Selections from the 44th Robert Flaherty Film Seminar." 8/14– 8/16. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

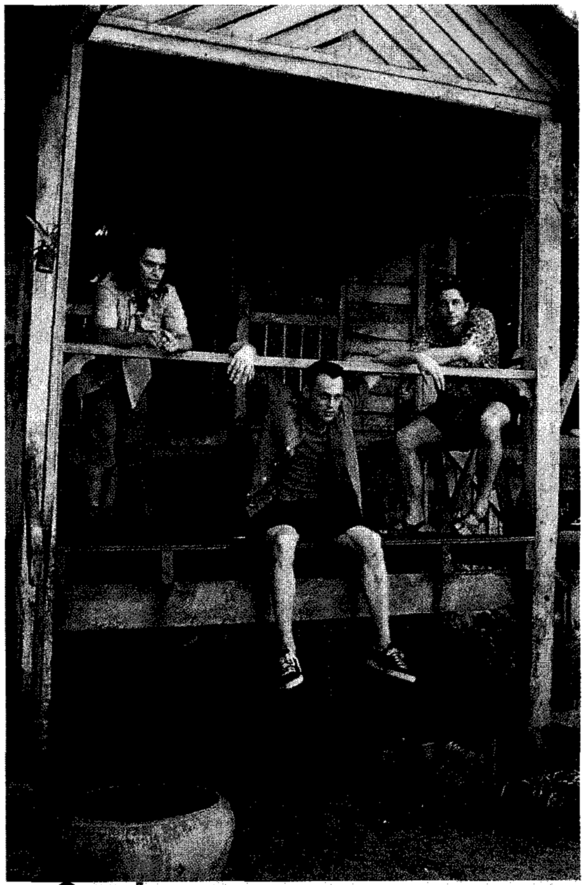
Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of August: *Queen of the Stardust Ballroom* (1975). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

New York University—8/17–8/21: "Jazz Film Series." 8/17: *The Universal Mind of Bill Evans* (1966), *Sonny Rollins: Live at Laren* (1973), *Mingus* (1968), and *Last Date: Eric Dolphy* (1991). 8/18: *After Hours: Coleman Hawkins & Roy Eldridge*, *The Spitball Story* (1997), and *A Great Day in Harlem* (1994). 8/19–8/21: *Wild Man Blues* (1997) and *Let's Get Lost* (1989). Loeb Student Center, 566 LaGuardia Place (at W. 4th St.); $7.

Riverflicks—Through 8/14. 8/13: *Lifeboat* (1944), 8:30 P.M.; Pier 54 at 13th St. 8/14: at 8:30 P.M., at Pier 25 at N. Moore St. Call 533-7275 for more info. Free.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Indies: 10 Great Films of the 80s and 90s": 8/14–8/15: *Wild at Heart* (1990). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 8/15–8/18: *The Funeral* (1986). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.



Opening

The Grand Tour Gone Bad

In 'Return to Paradise,' Vince Vaughn (flanked by Joaquin Phoenix and David Conrad, above) is a Brooklyn limo driver with only hazy memories of the pretty women and cheap hash he enjoyed during his post-college Malaysian vacation. But it all comes back to him when he learns the buddy he left behind (and holding the dime bag) is sentenced to die for his lawlessness. Starts Friday, August 14.

Photograph by Hubert Van/Polygram Films.

theater

***Cymbeline* in the Park . . . *Side Man*'s Sidemen**

Broadway

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Opening
All About Uta

And now for something completely worthy: Uta Hagen, who actually deserves the overused moniker of *legend*, stars in *Collected Stories*, Donald Margulies's pitch-perfect drama about the evolving relationship between a renowned author and her protégé. Hagen, twice Tony'd, and Margulies, twice nominated for a Pulitzer, seem so logical a creative pair—but not to everyone, apparently. "I knew his name," says Hagen, now 79, "but not for what. Then again, he didn't know my work, either—so there you have it." Opens August 13 at the Lucille Lortel.

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kim Huber plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquette seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Tom McGowan. (Simon: 12/2/96.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

An Evening With Jerry Herman—As the title says, this is an evening with the old Broadway hand, the man responsible for the music and lyrics to *Mame*, *La Cage aux Folles*, *Hello, Dolly!* and other lesser-known shows. Lee Roy Reams and Florence Lacey accompany him. $50–$65. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 7/28/98. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story.* Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St.(239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon,

Photograph by James Leynse.

is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, $357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed, Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. $50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a *normal* relationship. In *As Good As It Gets*, she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead. Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/30. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Tony Danza stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Caren Browning plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. $30–$65. Mon.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/5. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 8/13 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Communicating Doors—Alan Ayckbourn's suspense thriller about a pair of unlikely heroines who travel through time and space to alter the course of their lives. The London critics loved it; the American cast (Mary-Louise Parker, Patricia Hodges, David McCallum) and director (Christopher Ashley) are first-rate. $25–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 8/20 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Cymbeline—It's round two of Shakespeare in Central Park—again with a huge cast, including some film recognizables (like Liev Schreiber) and some Public Theater veterans (like Herb Foster). Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. In previews for an 8/16 opening. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750).* Tickets are same-day and first-come, first-served; pick them up at the Delacorte (nearest entrance is 81st St. and CPW) starting at 1, or at *The Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.*, between 1 and 3.

Now Playing

The Beautiful Soul of Don Damian—Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre's dramatization of the stories of Juan Bosch, writer and former president of the Dominican Republic. Free. Times and locations vary; call *354-1293* for details.

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dinah Was—Before dying at age 39, Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Lillias White tells her story in this new play with music. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).*

Falsettoland—Just as *A New Brain* opens uptown, the National Asian American Theatre Company revives William Finn's eccentric musical from 1990. $30. Mon., Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 8/18. *Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (505-3003).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $45. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. Through 8/15. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

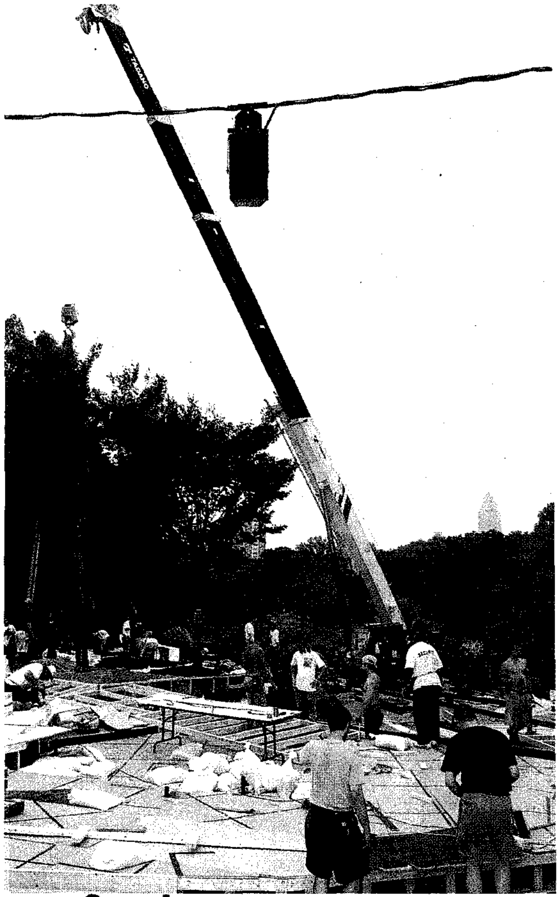
I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Onstage

A Rockin' Good Way

What a difference a dame makes! Starting this week, Lillias White, who walked off with every possible award for her performance in *The Life*, takes over as Queen of the Blues in *Dinah Was*.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.



Opening Park in the Shakespeare

In addition to a cast of Public Theater stalwarts (like Herb Foster) and film recognizables (like Liev Schreiber), the summer's second production at the Delacorte in Central Park features four two-ton zelkova shade trees and a sprawling stage of grass. 'Cymbeline' opens August 16 at the Delacorte.

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Jayson—A new musical, based on the short-lived gay cartoon of the same name. Book by Jeff Krell; music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. $28. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 8/16. *45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).*

The Last Empress—The lush demi-opera about Queen Min, Korea's turn-of-the-century equivalent of Eva Perón, returns to Lincoln Center for a limited engagement. With English supertitles. $25–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lincoln Center's New York State Theater, 64th St. and Broadway (307-4100).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mamaloshen—Could any man do an evening of Yiddish hummables—plus a deadpan translation of "White Christmas"—better than Mandy Patinkin? The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklempt*. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 8/22. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

A New Brain—Though written still with the old brain, this teetering new musical from William Finn at least manages to fall mostly forward. Here, we get a young Jewish composer-lyricist and what happens when he seems to have an inoperable brain tumor. The music and lyrics are uneven, but both try commendably to shake the Sondheim spell Finn has labored under. There is a good deal of hit-or-miss humor. David Gallo's playfully skewed scenery is a distinct pleasure. As director-choreographer, Graciela Daniele, fresh from *Ragtime*, goes from strength to strength; it is she, I suspect, who infused the proceedings with most of their exuberantly caroming originality. The show makes a star out of the personable and versatile Malcolm Gets. Acting or singing, bedridden and sorely beset or frantically careering about, Gets fills the stage with his winning presence. (Simon: 7/13/98.) $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. $30–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many newfangled interpretations. $40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Aasif Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. $30. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $42.50–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Photograph by James Bevins/Big USA/NYSF.

New York

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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Talent
First String

There are practical reasons for entering a profession, and there are neurotic ones. Performers rivet our attention—but in many cases, they also need it. *Side Man,* the very fine Warren Leight play currently running at the Roundabout, is (as the title says) about sidemen, an odd breed of fifties performer to whom adulation and wealth were mysteriously secondary. These men—trumpet players, saxophonists, drummers, you name it—were the transparent fleet of dependables who backed up marquee jazz musicians, often for little pay and many taxing weeks on the road. Aptly, the seven actors who bring this grainy world to life toiled in similar obscurity until this June, when *Side Man* moved from the respectable-yet-smallish Classic Stage Company to its present home uptown. They compiled solid, admirable credits, generally Off Broadway, at the regionals, and with touring shows. They worked for little money. Many received good notices for their efforts—great notices, even—but that's not the same as getting *noticed,* as any actor can tell you. Until *Side Man,* three of them had worked on Broadway only in invisible, silent, or replacement capacities; three others had never worked on Broadway at all. Robert Sella, who plays Clifford, a sideman's son, appeared in *My Fair Lady* with Richard Chamberlain, but he's convinced almost no one in the industry saw it. "It's not like I expect everyone to have the poster," he says. "Or for people to say, 'Oh! Here! I have a pillow with your face embroidered on it in my condo and I see it every day before going to bed!' But really . . ." He drifts off. "I feel like this is my Broadway debut." It's a feeling the actors all share—along with gratitude. "When this play moved," says Sella, "they could have gotten just about anyone for my role. But they didn't." On the contrary: Six of the seven original cast members migrated north with the show. "We love this play," says Michael Mastro, whose previous Broadway experience consisted of two understudy performances in *Love! Valour! Compassion!* and a season of howling offstage directions to Christopher Plummer in *Barrymore.* "We dipped into our savings to do it. When this show first opened at the Classic Stage Company, we were earning $220 per week. Before taxes." Silence. "Actually, that was a raise for some of us," says Frank Wood, who plays Clifford's father. "Not for me," says Angelica Torn, who plays a waitress and obliging bed-bunny to the boys in the band. "I was making $300 per week on unemployment." **JENNIFER SENIOR**

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Unzippin' My Doodah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political-comedy troupe. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots—and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Off-Off Broadway

Balm in Gilead—Straight from the Heart Productions presents a revival of Lanford Wilson's first full-length play. $12. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/29. *30th Street Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (642-6396).*

Butterflies and Tigers—A revival of John Glines's stories from the Chinese cultural revolution. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. *Orenda Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (330-7200).*

Dancing on Ice/Good Sense—This pair of one-acts is the third summer production from the Glines. In the first, a young soldier from Idaho spends an evening with a Puerto Rican transvestite hooker; in the second, a young gay man from North Carolina discusses chicken farming, home improvement, and coming out to a conservative rural family. $20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 8/16. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (330-7200).*

Erotica Project—A series of sexual, emotionally-charged monologues performed by a company of six gals and a guy; written by Lillian Ann Slugocki and Erin Cressida Wilson, with an assist from Laurie Stone and John Patrick Shanley. $12. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. Through 8/29. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Henry V—Expanded Arts's gritty-gummy summer tradition of Shakespeare in the Parking Lot continues. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Municipal parking lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. (253-1813).*

How to Talk Dirty/True Confessions of a Go-Go Girl—A pair of one-acts: The first, written and performed by Adam Nelson, re-creates the hard-drinking, sick-joke atmosphere of an evening with Lenny Bruce; the second, written and performed by Jill Morley, describes what it's like to jiggle for dollars. A portion of the proceeds will go to God's Love We Deliver, an organization that delivers hot meals to those living with AIDS. $15 plus one-drink minimum. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; cocktails begin at 7:30. Through 8/22. *Mother, 875 Washington St., at 14th St. (459-4352).*

Icons and Outcasts—A vampire, a hustler, a redneck, an angel, and four other types you're likely to meet in your neighborhood randomly intersect. $10 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 7:30. *Duplex Cabaret Theatre, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).*

Larry and the Werewolf—Blood! Gore! And even a few Roman centurions. Adobe Theatre presents a five-part serial about Dick Piston, crime detective. Audiences need not attend every show to understand the plot; the actors, bless them, will begin each performance with scenes from the previous week. Written by Jeff Goode. $10. Sat. at 8 and 10. Through 8/29. *The Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (924-0077).*

A Midsummer Night's Dream/The Cherry Orchard—Performed in rotating rep by Gorilla Rep. Free. *Midsummer:* Thurs. and Sat. at 8 through 9/26. *Orchard:* Fri. and Sun. at 8 through 9/27. *Washington Square Park. (330-8086).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

No Exit—Hell is other people—though the prospect of spending all eternity in a Second Empire drawing room is pretty awful, too. Performed by the Cocteau Rep.; translation of Sartre's play by Paul Bowles. $24–$30. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, though showtimes may occasionally vary. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

peregriNasyon—Ma-Yi Theatre Ensemble presents Chris B. Millado's story of Filipino migrant workers in the shipyards of Seattle, the canneries of Alaska, and the fields of Central California. $15. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 2. In previews for an 8/16 opening. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (581-8896).*

Taxi Taxi! The Equality of Life—A touring musical comedy about a rock-and-roll angel who's sent to earth to see why New Yorkers are so distressed. (Before he died, this guy must have lived in Cleveland.) *Call 254-1109 for showtimes and locations; shows will be traveling to various parks and playgrounds in all five boroughs.*

The Tramway End—Another play from a young Irish laddie (this time Dermot Bolger, who writes novels and poems too). After watching his favorite soccer team lose to Holland, an Irishman living in Germany contemplates his proper place in the world. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 9/6. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (388-2806).*

When I Was a Girl, I Used to Scream and Shout—Sharman MacDonald's award-winning coming-of-age story set in Scotland in the fifties. Presented by the John Montgomery Theatre Company; starring Robin Morse and Roberta Maxwell. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/29. *John Montgomery Theatre, 134 W. 26th St., Suite 1202 (627-7076).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

art

Dennis Oppenheim...Willie Cole

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings from the estate of the artist ranging in date from 1895 to 1945, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 10/10. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

James Lee Byars—Four early drawings in ink on paper and a single wooden figurative sculpture; through 8/31. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Edward Giobbi—Recent watercolor still lifes of flowers; through 8/22. Nardin, 605 Madison Ave. (486-1888).

Steve Wheeler—Intricately patterned color silkscreen prints that incorporate Native American iconography, Cubism, Surrealism, and Automatism, and were produced in conjunction with the artist's 1947 book *Hello Steve*; through 8/28. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Ward Davenny—Monumental charcoal drawings of landscapes; 8/12–9/19. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925–1980) who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Tony Smith—The artist's drawings and photographs of his working models and mock-ups on loan from the Tony Smith Estate; through 9/30. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (572-7000), Mon.–Thurs. 9–5, Fri. 9–1.

George Gardner Symons—A selection of *plein-air* paintings by the American Impressionist, who worked in New York and California; through 8/29. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Paul Dickerson—Objects and drawings by an artist (1961–1997) who combined traditional art techniques with industrial materials; through 9/3. American Fine Arts, Co., 22 Wooster St. (941-0401).

Richard Humann—An installation comprising 442 cast Styrofoam blocks whose arrangement on the gallery's floor represents the Talking Heads song *Psycho Killer* in Morse code; 8/18–28. Fung, 537 Broadway (334-6242).

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ann Lovett—A mixed-media installation that uses photographs, medical diagrams, and text to explore the symbolism of the human body; through 8/28. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Chelsea

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977–1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Jenny Watson—Narrative tapestries on the subject of the artist's relationship with her mother; through 8/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A–Z" series; through 8/31. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Other

Lillian Ball—*Support Systems,* a sculpture project for which the artist has molded silicone forms from the negative spaces of a wide array of objects, from plumbing fixtures to flotation devices; through 10/4. Queens Museum of Art satellite gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75–20 Astoria Blvd., Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Figure drawings by Arikha, Baselitz, Bourgeois, Dine, Fischl, Neel, K. Smith, P. Smith, Thompson, Zucker, others; through 9/11.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Julien Levy: Portrait of an Art Gallery," an exhibit of paintings, sculpture, and photographs that were shown by the art dealer Julien Levy (1906–1981) in his legendary 57th Street gallery, including works on loan from museum and private collections and works and ephemera from Levy's own collection; through 10/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Works by Artschwager, Baumgartner, Cragg, Penone, Weiner, others; through 8/28.

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). Summer show of works by gallery artists Abakanowicz, Botero, Caro, Estes, Grooms, Kitaj, Marisol, others; through 9/4.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Sculpture by Amato, Graham, Karella, Twombly; paintings by Caracciolo, Fendrich, Meyer, Trujillo, others; through 9/5.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Flavin, Judd, Mangold, Martin, Oldenburg and Van Bruggen, Ryman, others; through 9/3.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts," including works by Bearden, Kim, Saar, Weems, Yamamoto; through 9/11.

Schmidt Bingham—41 East 57th St. (888-1122). "Camouflage" works by Buck, Caponigro, Hardy, Treiman, Uttech; through 8/28.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Algus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). "White," with works by Haerer, Levinson, Mikus, Redinger, Ruyter; through 8/22.

Gagosian—136 Wooster St. (228-2828). Works by Clemente, Rauschenberg, Ruscha, Salle, Smith, Taaffe; through 8/28.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "1898 Is Still Standing," celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the consolidation of greater New York; through 8/29.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works that depict map-related imagery, by Baechler, Boetti, Fuller, Turrell, Warhol, others; through 8/28.

Lee—377 Broome St. (343-3950). "Elasticity," with works by Andre, Dvorkin, Hackett, Lozano, Mondejar, Sheehan, Sweeten, Van Every, Zapf; through 8/31.

Chelsea

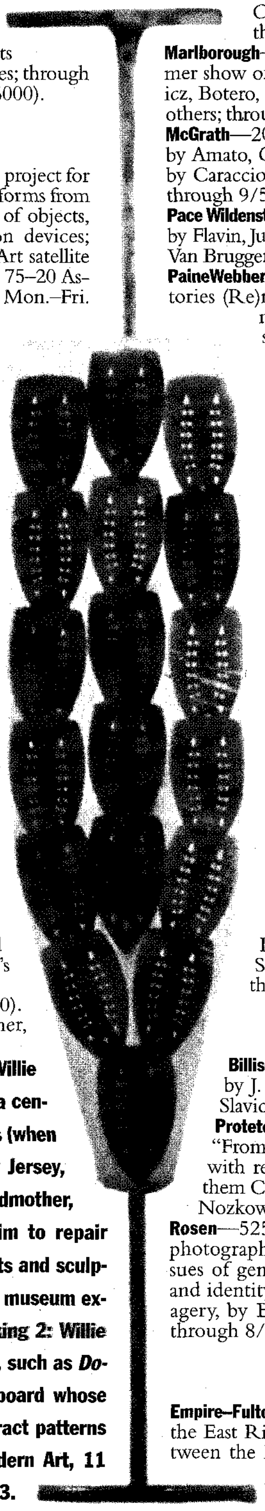
Billis—526 W. 26th St. (645-2621). Works by J. Beckley, Bellan-Gillen, Maier, Olds, Slavick, Weidner; through 9/4.

Protetch—511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999). "From Here to Eternity: Painting in 1998," with recent paintings by 28 artists, among them Currin, Dona, Fraser, Lasker, Lomberg, Nozkowski, Reed, Sillman; through 8/31.

Rosen—525 W. 24th St. (627-6000). Recent photographic works that loosely examine issues of gender, androgyny, self-representation, and identity within the contructs of serial imagery, by Buell, Coplans, Tandberg, Tillmans; through 8/21.

Other

Empire–Fulton Ferry State Park—New Dock St. at the East River, Brooklyn. (718-596-2507). "Between the Bridges," waterfront outdoor sculpture show with works by Beall, Brown, Burke, Carroll, Culhane,



Talent Since the late eighties, Willie Cole has explored the steam iron as a central theme in his prints and sculptures (when he was growing up in Newark, New Jersey, Cole's grandmother and great-grandmother, both housekeepers, often asked him to repair their irons). In fact, most of the prints and sculptures currently on view in Cole's first museum exhibition, "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole," are almost entirely iron-made, such as *Domestic Shield I* (right), an ironing board whose pad has been transformed into abstract patterns of scorches. At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street; through October 13.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Jean-Marie, Koole, Kovel, Lipman, Martens, Merrick, Murphy, Orlinsky, Sperber, Ursachi, Yeo, others; through 9/7.

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. (879-3500). "6 Sculptors," with works by Baracz, Feinstein, Hensman, Naito, Schlatter, Weyhe; through 9/29.

Photography

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Ship/Shape," photographs of nautical subjects by American and European photographers, among them Margaret Bourke-White, James Doolittle, Herbert Matter, Edward Steichen, Weegee; through 8/29.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher"; through 9/13.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $5.50, $4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823?–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. . . . "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Jock Sturges—Photographs of his longtime female subjects taken over the past several years and recent work depicting the naturist beach colonies of Montalivet, France, and communes in Northern California; 8/12–9/4. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Miller—Six unique mural-size prints made by Walker Evans for his 1971 Museum of Modern Art retrospective; images of diners by Higgins, Klein, Mydans, Tice, Winogrand, others; through 8/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs by nine women, among them Leah Demchick, Marianne Engberg, Erica Lennard, and Marcia Lippman, that reflect their travels to exotic countries; through 9/5.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Sur La Tête," photographs that use the head as a central subject, by Boubat, Cravo Neto, Iturbide, Von Graffenried; through 8/28.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. . . . "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Maryl Levine; through 10/4. . . . "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. . . . "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution; $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

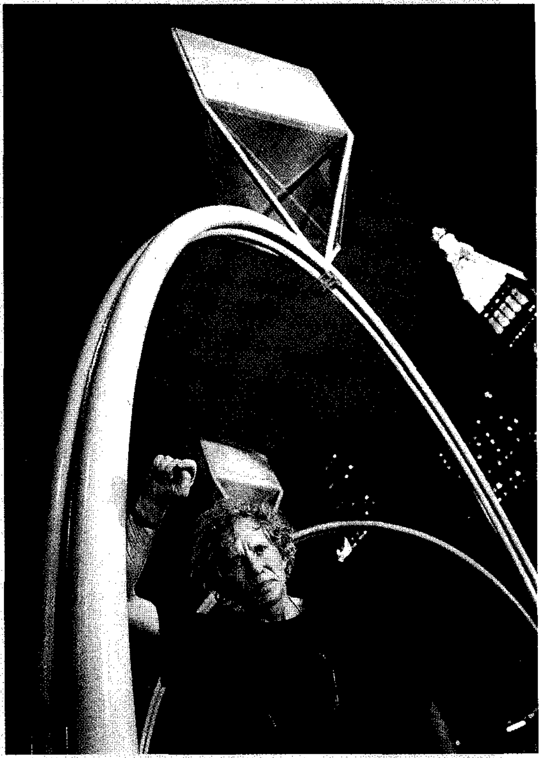
Asia Society—"More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Tomie Arai: Double Trouble"; through 8/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881–1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. . . . "Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. . . . "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 8/23. . . . "Sally Victor, Mad Hatter:

On View
Lord of the Rings

Ask any sculptor who's done it: Putting up a large-scale outdoor work in New York City is tedious business. Aside from the obvious issues of finding money and a site, such bureaucratic road bumps as community-board approval must be navigated. Permits must be acquired. Then, after the work is installed, there's no guarantee it won't be vandalized or stolen (or, worse, ignominiously "removed" by the city). And city sites, parks included, aren't the most hospitable, protected places, which is why much contemporary outdoor sculpture is constructed of steel and concrete. That said, few spots challenge sculptors like the traffic island at Broadway and 23rd Street, which offers an almost bizarre combination of high visibility from cars, indifference from passersby who just want to make it across the intersection in one piece, and perilous exposure for the work. Ilya Kabakov's poetic *Glove,* the last sculpture to occupy the site, was remarkable for its diminutive size. Now the wedge-shaped island has all but disappeared beneath Dennis Oppenheim's looming *Engagement,* a work that comprises two enormous steel rings (one is 30 feet high, the other 28) tilted away from each other, each topped with a steel-and-glass house that lights up at night. Unlike its predecessors, *Engagement* takes full advantage of the openness of the immediate area and complements the geometry of the surrounding buildings (especially the Metropolitan Life building, whose tower, shown at far right, is also illuminated at night). It is also more structurally straightforward than many of Oppenheim's densely theoretical, contraptionlike, often motorized sculptures. (Fifteen years ago, Oppenheim's sculpture *Rolling Explosion,* then on display at Sixth Avenue and Church Street, nearly lived up to its title when its wheels, unscrewed by a prankish art student, rolled down Sixth Avenue into Magoo's bar.) Indeed, *Engagement* is one of the most accommodating works the artist has ever made. "It has a delicate element—the houses," he says, "but they're out of reach." Oppenheim did not seek funding for *Engagement,* which cost approximately $70,000 to fabricate and install, but once his plans were made known, $20,000 for the installation was obtained by Stefan Stux Gallery in collaboration with Joseph Helman Gallery, Oppenheim's principal dealer in New York. The rest came from Oppenheim's own pocket. "I wanted to be alone in this without any art agency," he says. "I support the idea of artists doing things completely on their own." He says he first tried to get permission to install the sculpture on a plaza near the Municipal Building on Chambers Street, where marriage licenses are issued, "so that it would represent a monument to the institution of marriage, which includes the possibility of disconnection or collapse." But its darkly humorous message would likely be grasped anywhere, even at Broadway and 23rd. **EDITH NEWHALL**



Photograph by Bernd Auers.

1935–1965." Twenty-five hats designed by the legendary American milliner; through 8/23. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. . . . "Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 8/30. . . . "Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. . . . "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 8/30. . . . "Claude Monet's *Vétheuil in Summer* From the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto; through 10/4. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. . . . "Vilhelm Hammershoi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. . . . "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award winner Douglas Gordon and by finalists Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. . . . "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31. . . . "Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833–1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921–1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour and others; through 9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958–1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A retrospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; through 10/6. . . . "More Pieces for the Puzzle: Recent Additions to the Collection"; through 9/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of photographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed., Thurs., Sat. 10–5, Fri. 10–8, Sun. 12–5 (summer hours through August 14); $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Innovation/Imitation: Fashionable Plastics of the 1930s." A selection of plastic textiles, garments, accessories, and decorative objects; through 8/15. . . . "School Uniforms: A Hot Topic!" Sketches and drawings of school uniforms for the next millennium by FIT fashion-design students; through 8/15. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"The Academy and American Art: History and Highlights." Works from the National Academy's collection by Church, Durand, Eakins, La Farge, Morse, others; through 8/23. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri, 12–6 (Fri. 5–6 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War III Illustrated; through 9/20. . . . "Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco–based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon, Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"William Sidney Mount: Painter of American Life." The first major loan exhibition of paintings by the Long Island native (1807–1868) often credited as the founder of American genre painting; through 10/25. . . . "Fading Ad Campaign: Vintage Painted Signs." Photographs of painted advertisements on buildings in New York City by Frank H. Jump; through 11/1. . . . "Militant Metropolis: New York and the Spanish-American War." Documents from the Society's collections; through 8/16. . . . "Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 10/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898–1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll." An exhibition of books and memorabilia marking the centenary of the death of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898), focusing on his life as a teacher, mathematician, photographer, and author; through 8/30. . . . "Settling New Scores: Music Manuscripts From the Paul Sacher Foundation." Music manuscripts, letters, and other documents from some 60 composers of this century; through 8/30. . . . "A Seal

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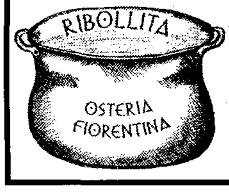

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Upon Thine Heart: Glyptic Art of the Ancient Near East, ca. 2100–500 B.C." A selection of seals from the Library's collection and from the Yale Babylonian Collection, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and several private collections; through 8/16. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Percutaneous Delights." An installation by the Vienna-based artist group Gelatin featuring pools, sprinklers, sunbathing platforms, saunas, and a refrigerated room; through 8/30. . . . "Gordon Matta-Clark: Reorganizing Structure by Drawing Through It." Works on paper, films showing the artist at work, and re-creations of site-specific installations; through 8/23. . . . "John Miller." A survey of the artist's paintings and drawings from the past nine years; through 8/30. . . . "Deep Storage." An exhibit on the theme of storing, archiving, and collecting contemporary art, with works by 40 artists; through 8/30. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Music of Unclarified Origin 1996." Forty gouaches painted for the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations in Stuttgart, Germany in 1996; through 8/30. . . . "Mario Merz: L'Horizant de lumière traverse notre vertical du jour." A work on loan from the Vera Van Laer Gallery in Antwerp, Belgium, that comprises a large glass table on which conical glass vases filled with wine or honey have been placed; through 8/30. . . . "Projects: Gelatin, by Jean-Michel Othoniel" through 8/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $4 suggested donation, $2 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Robert Colescott: Recent Paintings." A survey of paintings from the past ten years that explore issues of racial identity, power, and gender, by the 72-year-old African-American artist; through 9/27. . . . "Dawoud Bey." New large-scale Polaroid portraits of students from three Queens high schools; through 9/27. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Norman Lewis: Black Paintings, 1946–1977." An exhibition examining the aesthetic and metaphorical use of the color black in over 60 paintings; through 9/20. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth." The first retrospective of the artist's work to focus solely on his landscapes, inspired by his lifelong environs of Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, and Cushing, Maine; through 8/30. . . . "Charles Ray." A survey of the Los Angeles-based sculptor's career since 1973; through 8/30. . . . "Richard Pousette-Dart: The Studio Within." A partial re-creation of the studio the artist worked in for more than 30 years, including 20 paintings from different periods of his career, a selection from his collection of notebooks, and poems and small artworks; through 9/13. . . . "Louise Nevelson: Structures Evolving." A selection of sculptures and works on paper from the museum's collection that highlights the artist's practice of recycling components of existing works to create new ones; through 9/13. . . . "Liisa Roberts: *Blind Side.*" An installation in which a 16-mm. film operates as a sculptural element; through 10/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Hope Sandrow: *Water Life.*" An installation that consists of underwater photographs of human figures, arrangements of seashells, and the sound of running water; through 10/9. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 8/19 at 10: "End of Summer Sale." On view from 8/15.

restaurants

Box Lunch...Village Indian...Far-flung Fish

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. *179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Opening

C'est de Famille

Sud, the West Village's newest, itsy-bitsy French bistro, is run by Frenchman Didier Samama and his Tunisian-born aunt, Danielle Meyer, who taught their American chef the finer points of cooking couscous (like the mandatory inclusion of rose petals and cinnamon). The menu is rounded out with pastas, risotto, and moderately priced renditions of Gallic fare, from onion soup to salmon en papillote with thyme butter (entrées, $12–$16). (210 West 10th Street; 255-3805).

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane.

100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post–Film Forum noshing. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

I Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival,

Data

Seeing Red

Spartina's stuffed Moroccan rouget.

While it's true that American carnivores are heeding medical advice and consuming more fish, we're still pretty particular. We like our seafood to resemble, well, steak. Tuna, salmon, even the boycotted swordfish continue to reign in piscine popularity, despite the growing presence of less-familiar imports like monkfish and skate. Another relative newcomer, famous in France and underappreciated here, is rouget, also known as red mullet. "The French consider it the woodcock of the fishes," says Le Bernardin's Eric Ripert. ("A very distinguished bird" is what Brillat-Savarin called woodcock, "but few know of its charms.") Native to the Mediterranean, the rosy-hued rouget is tiny—often weighing less than a pound—and bony, which makes a lot of work for American chefs consigned by popular taste to universal deboning. Rick Moonen of Oceana rhapsodizes about the rich and complex flavor—"sardine mixed with bass"—he first encountered at La Côte Basque, where it was served "skin on, scales on, guts in." For the gutless, here are some alternative recipes.

IMPORTER	FISH DISH
CAFÉ CENTRO 200 Park Avenue, at 45th Street; 818-1222	Provençal festival, through August 24: sautéed rouget barbet with capers and an olive tapenade.
ESTIATORIO MILOS 125 West 55th Street; 245-7400	Imported from Greece, dusted in semolina flour and panfried.
OCEANA 55 East 54th Street; 759-5941	Component of the Oceana East Coast bouillabaisse, with lobster, scallops, mussels, clams, and garlic croutons with rouille.
SEAGRILL 19 West 49th Street; 332-7610	Sautéed rouget fillet served with a salad of pea shoots, cherry tomatoes, and roasted-corn salsa.
SPARTINA 355 Greenwich Street; 274-9310	Moroccan rouget stuffed with dates, almonds, and fennel served on saffron onions.
TROPICA 200 Park Avenue, at 45th Street; 867-6767	Taro-root-crusted rouget in a corn broth with salt-cod-and-lobster brandade and pickled-sea-bean salad.
VERBENA 54 Irving Place, near 17th Street; 260-5454	Rouget fillets served with baked beans, chorizo, and Manila clams.

Photograph by Duane Winfield.

i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mad 28—This stylishly streamlined restaurant serves homemade pasta, risotti, and thin-crust pizzas that emerge from a wood-burning oven built into a spectacular flagstone wall. The soaring space's other focal point is the large-screen TV, which is regularly tuned to European soccer broadcasts. *72 Madison Ave., nr. 28th St. (689-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

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Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but no more elegant, than the French-American fare concocted by ex–Lespinasse chef Fabrizzio Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yellowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have their own private lounge in which to indulge. *109 E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A $55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from five till closing for dinner customers. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Royalton Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. *235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant,

ASK GAEL

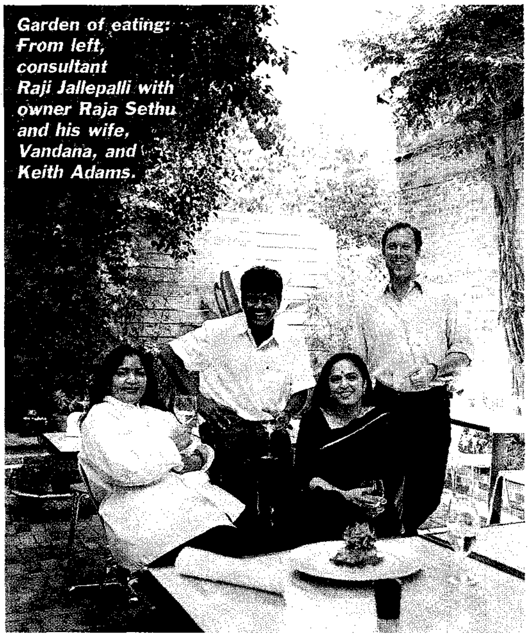
I'd go a long way for rijsttafel.

If Brooklyn is a trek for you, best call ahead and tell Ibu (Mrs.) Rofiah you're coming, because *Java is tiny, an intimate mom-and-pop kitchen turning out fabulous Indonesian food. Flickering* Christmas-tree lights welcome. Ibu brings fresh shrimp chips for dipping and menus pulled from a Balducci shopping bag. Bland soto (soup) madura cries for a dose of hot sauce. But the gado gado salad, à la carte ground-beef rolls (lumpia), and chicken kroket keep us content till the rijsttafel climax: eight little dishes on a warming stand for each of us ($27.50 for two). There are deliciously juicy sates on skewers with spicy peanut sauce, and pungent stews—lamb, beef, fish, shrimp—with traces of coconut, garlic, and lemongrass. The house nasi goreng (fried rice) is wonderful, too. And the eerie-looking "Green Light" gel of pineapple and coconut cream is surprisingly refreshing. (455 Seventh Avenue, at 16th Street; 718-832-4583.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

Preview
Style and Sustenance

Next week, a former Fila creative director and his fashion-film-processor partner bring their collective style and downtown connections to bear on Surya (Tamil for "sun"), the kind of unorthodox Indian restaurant that aims to transcend the genre's conventions with extra–Sixth Street features like a lounge, a garden, and an ambitious food-and-wine-pairing scheme. Even without the sleek interior design, the place is sure to be overrun by disciples of chef-consultant Raji Jallepalli, the Memphis restaurateur and acclaimed pioneer of French-Indian fusion. The South Indian menu is heavy on vegetables (sprouted-lentil salad with cumin and curry), fish (soft-shell crabs with spicy tamarind chutney), and rice-and-lentil crêpes stuffed with vegetarian stews and curries. (302 Bleecker Street; 807-7770.)



Garden of eating: From left, consultant Raji Jallepalli with owner Raja Sethu and his wife, Vandana, and Keith Adams.

with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. *16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. *400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. *8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna salad and red onion—not to mention an award-winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. *23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-

Photograph by Jeff Olson.

like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

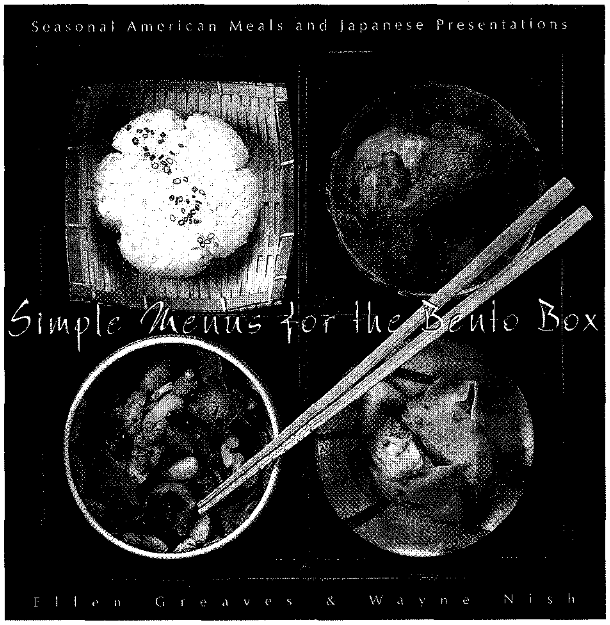
Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

In Print **"Can food ever be too beautiful to eat?" ponder chefs Ellen Greaves (the Tea Box at Takashimaya) and Wayne Nish (March) in their exquisite new cookbook, *Simple Menus for the Bento Box* (William Morrow; $25), a collection of seasonal meals artfully presented, haute-TV-dinner-style, in compartmentalized lacquered boxes. The question, happily, is purely hypothetical, since the co-authors (who met at the late, great Quilted Giraffe) have composed a dozen mouthwatering quartets of unlikely American concoctions, such as mozzarella-and-focaccia salad and panko-fried chicken. Each square meal juxtaposes textures, shapes, and flavors in a way Swanson could never have fathomed.**


Seasonal American Meals and Japanese Presentations
Simple Menus for the Bento Box
Ellen Greaves & Wayne Nish

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. *58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The $42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Long Island

Seafood Barge—Every seat has a view of the water at this North Fork restaurant, and as you'd expect, the menu reflects the location. Calamari, crab cakes, oven-poached bass, lobster, and mussels are just a sampling of the house specialties. And the wine list, commendably, is heavy on Long Island vineyards. *62980 Main Rd., at Port of Egypt Marina, Southold (516-765-3010). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

Badar Ali Khan...“A Day in the Garden”

Concerts

“Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors”—The institution’s third annual fresh-air festival. All festival events marked with an asterisk (*). Through 8/30. *Various locations, Lincoln Center (496-7070). Free.*

Bang on a Can All-Stars—Leave it to this freakishly fun New York collective to arrange Brian Eno’s seminal, all-synth *Music for Airports* for natural instruments. On their recording of the piece, released this spring, the Bangers unearthed a warm, touching, emotional heart buried within Eno’s ostensibly soulless (though uniquely lovely) composition. Live, the effect is even more captivating: At Bang on a Can’s *Music for Airports* concert at Lincoln Center, many audience members were moved to tears. With Mecca Bodega. 8/14 at 7:30 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 52). $3 suggested contribution.*

“Blues Cruise”—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of, uh, New York Harbor. 8/11: Terrance Simien. 8/18: Roomful of Blues. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $25.*

“Blues Music Festival”—With B. B. King, the Neville Brothers, Dr. John, and Storyville. 8/12 at 6:30 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$42.*

Central Park SummerStage—8/15: Bran Van 3000 is the brainchild of a Montreal video director (who is aided and abetted by about a dozen friends). Marrying Beck’s cut-and-paste sensibility to a distinctly Canadian brand of goofiness, the group is alternately hilariously charming and cringe-inducingly dorky. With Ozomatli. 8/16: Ricardo Lemvo y Makina Loca bridge Afro-Cuban big-band sounds and Afro-pop. Weekday shows at 7 P.M.; weekends at 3 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-1399). Free.*

“Concerts in the Parks”—8/12: Jose Alberto, “El Canario.” All shows at 7 P.M. *Sunset Park, Brooklyn (212-360-8290). Free.*

“Dancing on the Plaza”*—8/11: In-Young Sohn Dance Company with Norum March; Korean Drummers. 8/12: Formosa Aboriginal Dance Company. 8/18: Noche Flamenca. Shows at 5:30 P.M. *Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center (496-7070). Free.*

“A Day in the Garden”—Yet three more days of peace, love, and mainstream-alternative rock. In a further departure from the original festival, this version features hundreds of porta-potties, miles of roads, and, most radically, thousands of parking spaces. Plus, this time around, Joni actually does make it to Woodstock. 8/14: Don Henley; Stevie Nicks; Ziggy Marley & the Melodymakers; Ten Years After; Francis Dunnery. 8/15: Pete Townsend; Joni Mitchell; Lou Reed; Richie Havens; Donovan; Melanie. 8/16: Third Eye Blind; Goo Goo Dolls; Joan Osborne; Marcy Playground; Dishwalla; the Flys. *Yasgur’s Farm, Bethel, New York (212-307-7171). $25–$35.*

“Festival Flamenco”*—With José Greco II Flamenco Dance Company. 8/18 at 8 P.M. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (496-7070). Free.*

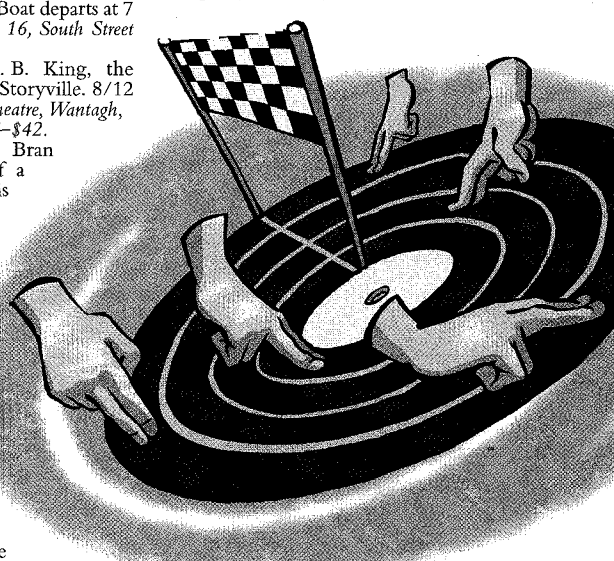
“Hudson River Festival”—8/18: Spirit Ensemble with Chief Bey; Johnny Almendra y Los Jovenes del Barrio. All shows at 6 P.M. *Battery Park City, Wagner Park (945-0505). Free.*

“Jazz on the Plaza”*—8/11: Monty Alexander Trio. 8/14 at 6:30 P.M.: The Bluiett-Jackson-Thiam Trio. 8/15: “Celtic Jazz.” Shows at 6:30 P.M. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (496-7070). Free.*

Menudo—Fifteen years on, Puerto Rico’s teenybopper sensations—all umpteen of them—reunite in all their heart-throbbing glory. 8/14–8/15 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. at Sixth Ave. (307-7171). $42–$77.*

Bonnie Raitt; Jackson Browne—8/14 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$45.*

“Smooth Jazz Cruise”—A weekly trawl leaving from the Seaport. 8/13: Tom Grant. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. *Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). $30.*



Competition

Spin to Win

Sometimes, just two turntables—and no microphone—are plenty. At the 1998 Technics DMC USA D.J. Championship (Irving Plaza, August 15), a dozen turntablists display all their freakish dexterity and showstopping rhythmic skills as they vie to represent the U.S. at October’s world championships in Paris. No run-of-the-mill battle of the bands, the competition has in the past anointed D.J.’s who now spin for the Beastie Boys, Dr. Octagon, and Beck. (See “Clubland.”)

“So Dear to My Heart”*—A Celtic-music mini-festival within Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors. 8/15: “Ceilie Swingin’”; “Celtic Folk Harmonies”; “The Song Tradition of Tommy Makem.” 8/16: “Play Party,” with songs, stories, and spells by the Badgett Sisters, Si Kahn, and others; “New Ground Revival,” with mountain clan the Mullins Family Singers; “A Country Dance Party.” Shows at 2 P.M. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (496-7070). Free.*

Van Halen—VH with Gary Cherone: Hard-rockers with new lease on life, or fish with bicycle? 8/15 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$49.*

“Warm Up” Performance Series—Imagine the greatest white-trash beach party in history—with excellent music (think bluegrass, electronica, and everything in between), beer a-plenty, and an aboveground pool. Now imagine it populated with hipster twentysomethings and set among a bunch of smart, engaging installations in the front yard of the best contemporary-art museum in the city. That, in a nutshell, is the “Warm Up” performance series. Shows start at 4 P.M. 8/15: D.J. Patrick Vidal; D.J. Adam Scott; Q-Burns. *P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). $5 suggested contribution.*

Clubland

Acme Underground—Once a skanky afterthought beneath a Cajun eatery, this intimate club has been overhauled, been cleaned up, and become the unlikely venue of choice for big-name rockers and legitimate up-and-comers alike. 8/12: Mono Puff. *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene’s Grocery—The Lower East Side’s newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 8/14: Reid Paley; Battershell. 8/15: Christine Ohlmann. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—8/11: New York guitarist Marc Ribot devotes his major-label debut to the work of Cuban composer Arsenio Rodriguez. *Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos (The Prosthetic Cubans)* is a collection of cool, intimate numbers that conjure a smoky Havana nightclub. A master of more genres than would be decent to mention in print, Ribot tosses in the occasional skronkish squall—but mostly he and his small group play it straight. Their Cuban identity may be a put-on, so to speak, but the Postizo crew have got the beat in their blood. 8/12: Ex-Television axman Richard Lloyd rocks the house with inimitably brainy style; Francis Dunnery. 8/13: Stickman Jones; Lisa J. Cornelio. 8/14: The Music of Frank Zappa by Ed Palermo & His Big Band; Mike Keneally & Beer for Dolphins. 8/15: Kenny Rankin; Alison Brown Quartet. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge’s roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 8/13: Jungle Nation. 8/18: Patty Griffin. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Brownies—Avenue A’s divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile.

Illustration by Christoph Niemann.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 8/13: Bush Tetras. 8/14: Gaunt. 8/15: Banana Fish Zero; the Geraniums. 8/16: Computer Cougar. 8/18: Dem Brooklyn Bums. *169 Ave. A (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's Stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 8/14–8/15: "Titans of the Underground." *315 Bowery (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Every Sunday in August at 9 P.M.: Open Blues Jam. 8/12: Texas Son. 8/13: Sugar Blue. 8/14: Black Widow Band. 8/15: Queen Bee & the Blue Hornet Band. 8/17: Danny Doll & the Big Hand Band. 8/18: Chris Carter. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 8/11: Cocktail Angst; Very Very; the Human Laird Dog. 8/12: Bill Rockamura; Mike Errico; Holly Palmer. 8/14: Arnae; Pete Belasco. 8/15: Bill Fox; Haywood. 8/16: Jackie Beat. 8/17: Swedish pop-freakazoid Doctor Kosmos. 8/18: Sue Garner; Danielle Howle; Ida. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—8/15: "1998 Technics DMC USA D.J. Championship." Ever since Grandmaster Flash discovered he could create a whole new song by intercutting snippets of different records, the hip-hop D.J. has acted less like a jukebox and more like a surgeon. This contest is dedicated to finding the ablest and showstoppingest scratchers and mixers in the land. (Recent competitions have seen D.J.'s balancing turntables atop one another, balancing themselves atop said appliances, and devising many other nontraditional uses for home-stereo equipment.) To that end, a dozen turntablists, including returning champ A-Trak, whose Invisibl Skratch Picklz crew has taken the world by storm since the young Canadian won the contest last year. Other noteworthy features include female contender (a rarity) Kuttin Kandy and a D.J. Hall of Fame induction ceremony honoring, among others, Grandmaster Flash and Afrika Bambaataa. 8/11: Grant Lee Buffalo. 8/12: Front 242; Project Pitchfork; Crocodile Shop. 8/13: The Grey Boy All-Stars. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 8/11: Spencer Barefield Quartet. 8/13: Shining Path. 8/16: Joe Morris, Ken Vandermark & Hans Poppel; Matthew Shipp. 8/18: Charles Gayle. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Life—At the only remotely hip place on Bleecker Street, Wednesday night's "Lust For Life" gets you in touch with your inner rock-and-roll rump-shaker. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 8/12: The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black; Demolition Dollrods. 8/19: Supersuckers; Zeek; Impotent Seasnakes. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 8/3: Heather Hardy (Lil' Mama). 8/16: Walter "Wolfman" Washington. 8/12: The Chris Duarte Group. 8/13: Tinsley Ellis. 8/14: The Robert Charels Band with Frankie Paris. 8/15: The Christine Santelli Blues Band. 8/17: Bobby Carson. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a dormant period of a couple of years, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 8/12: For those unable to make it in the door at last month's "surprise" gig at Ludlow Street's Luna Lounge, Northwesterner-turned-Brooklynite Elliott Smith offers a preview of his fabulous new album *XO*. 8/13: Eugene; Baby Drowsy. 8/14: Home. 8/15: ? and the Mysterians; the Prissteens. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—8/13: The much-ballyhooed mid-nineties Welsh-rock explosion never really took off the way pundits had hoped. (Remember Super Furry Animals?). Undeterred, rockers from the land of gnomes and consonants forge ahead, most recently in the Oasis-as-a-coed-quintet guise of Catatonia. The group's novelty hit, "Mulder & Scully," has taken Britain's dance floors by storm; it remains to be seen whether a TV-themed single will cut it here in the U.S., where people do watch television but rarely dance. 8/11: Varnaline; Willie Nile. 8/13: Catatonia. 8/14: Professor & Mary Ann. 8/15: Wunderband. 8/17: The Teen Beaters. 8/18: Varnaline; Mini King. 8/19: Natasha & the MGB. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 8/11: Jr. Jazz with Boom Shaka and Larry White. 8/12: At "Urban Tap," heel-clickers and record spinners jam in the strangest—and most captivating—low-tech hootenanny this town's ever seen. 8/13: D.J. Cam. 8/14: Zin; "Basement Bhangra Overnight." 8/15: Samba Novo. 8/17: Gilberto Santo Rosa. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan megaclubs, Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Now if they could just dig up a club kid or two . . . *20 W. 39th St. (719-9867).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 8/13: Morris Day & the Time. 8/14: Badar Ali Khan (see box, this page). 8/16: Snapcase. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." 8/12: TR3, with Dave Matthews guitarist Tim Reynolds; Walkin' Bird. 8/13: "The New Space Generation: New Sounds from Planet Spacerock." Architectural Metaphor; Alien Planetscapes. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244). $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays in August, Charli Persip & Supersound. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11

Talent

Badar to the Bone

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan collaborated with Peter Gabriel, appeared on the soundtrack to *Dead Man Walking*, and achieved a level of Western stardom unprecedented for a singer of *qawwali, the devotional music of Sufi mysticism*. So his death last year left what seemed an unfillable void: Who could possibly replace the "Pavarotti of Pakistan"? None other, it turns out, than the "Biggie of Pakistan." That would be Badar Ali Khan—Nusrat's 35-year-old cousin, and heir to both the Khans' centuries-old musical dynasty *and* to the moniker of late Brooklyn rapper Christopher "Biggie Smalls" Wallace. "People like Jeff Buckley and Eddie Vedder, they were after Nusrat," says qawwali producer Baba Varna, enumerating rock stars who worked with the late master. "All the hip-hop guys are after Badar." But even as beatmeisters such as Dan "the Automator" Nakamura, Prince Paul, and Wu-Tang associate Scott Harding are lining up to remix Badar's new *Lost in Qawwali II* (Baba Records/Worldly Triloka), the distinction between the younger Khan's music and the elder's remains subtle. On the entrancing *Lost*, Badar is backed by a traditional ten-man "party"; delivers the same kind of otherworldly, octave-leaping improvisations as his cousin; blurs the line between religious themes and romantic ones; and doesn't, mercifully, give Allah any block-party shout-outs. So what really sets apart Badar's brand of qawwali? "I try to sing about love and God," he says, through an interpreter. "Other people sing about God and love." There'll be no shortage of love in the house when Badar hits Tramps, August 14: At his concerts, just like at Nusrat's, ecstatic audience members regularly rush the stage, dance around the star, and shower him with money. For the priestly Biggie of Pakistan, as for the gangsterly Biggie of Brooklyn, it's all about the Benjamins.

ETHAN SMITH

Happening
Woodstock III

For days one and two of the weekend-long "Day in the Garden" festival, Woodstock alumni Pete Townsend (right) and Richie Havens join near-misses Joni Mitchell and Lou Reed at Yasgur's Farm. Day three is reserved for latter-day rockers Dishwalla (left), Joan Osborne, and others. (August 14 through 16; see "Concerts" for details.)

P.M. $10–$30 cover; $10 minimum. 8/17, 8/24, 8/31: Toshiko Akitoshi Jazz Orchestra, featuring Lew Tabackin. 8/12–8/13: Marc Johnson Quartet. 8/14–8/15: Roy Haynes Trio. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 8/11–8/16: Jon Hendricks & Company; Loston Harris Trio. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Tuesdays in August feature Dave Fiuczynski. 8/13: Jean-Michel Pilc. 8/14: Sandalwood. Sets at 7 and 10 P.M. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazzland, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 8/11–8/16: Horace Tapscott Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., Irish guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. 8/11–8/15: The Terrell Stafford Quintet. Sets Sun., Tues.–Thurs. at 8 and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; $10–$15 cover on weekdays, $15–$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. $10 minimum all nights. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Saint Peter's Church—8/16: Stan Edwards and Trio. *619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-2200). $10 suggested contribution.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 8/11–8/16: Chico Freeman with Guataca—Hilton Ruiz, Sante Davriano, with special guest Candido. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 8/13–8/23: Mike Serrati. $5 cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. All summer, John Zorn brings in assorted players to make the scene. 8/12: John Zorn's Cobra. 8/13: Frank London. 8/14: Mark Helias. 8/15: Guy Klucevsek. 8/16: Rashied Ali, Louis Belogenis, and Wilber Morris. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 8/11–8/16: "Jazz Meets Flamenco," with Gil Goldstein, Jorge Pardo, Charle Benavent, and Alex Acuña. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar) and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. Every Monday in August and 8/11: Emme Kemp. 8/12 and 8/15: Fish Belly Black. Shows Mon.–Sat. at 8 P.M. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 8/11: Robert Klein. 8/12: Phat Comedy with Dr. Dre and Ed Lover. 8/13–8/16: Bobby Collins. 8/18: "Sketch-Off." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offer's sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Shows Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. 8/12: The Central Fungus; Network Showcase. 8/13: Jack Mittleman. 8/14–8/15: Judah Friedlander; Jordan Rubin; Jim Gaffigan; Mitch Fatel. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 8/17–8/23: Mitch Hedberg; Vic Henley; Kevin Brennan; Jim David; Jim Norton; Ian Bagg. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 8/16: Carrie Karavas, Greg Rogel, Joe Mulligan, John Rizzo, Nancy Redman. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M., and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 8/13: "Gilda's Show." 8/14–8/15: Vanessa Hollingshead; Mike Royce; Greer Barnes. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9 P.M.; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 8/14–8/15: Elon Gold; Tom Rhodes; Al Ducharme; Gregg Fitzsimmons. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

"We Rule the Planet"—A collection of comedy routines by Eric Slovin and Leo Allen. Every Thursday through 9/3 at 10:30 P.M. *Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202). $10.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Through 8/22: Lainie Kazan. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—$10 music charge; no minimum. Through 9/10: Peter Mintun. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Denial—Sake aficionados whose tastes skew more elegant than East Ninth Street's hipster-clogged warrens but less formal than the average midtown sushi bar finally have a lounge to call their own. Right around the corner from the SoHo Grand, Denial slakes thirsts with 30 varieties of rice wine—many of them nice and cool for summer. *46 Grand St. (925-9449).*

Photographs: left to right, Zoren Gold; Terry O'Neill.

the mix

Bronx Tennis Classic...Rare Camera Expo

Radio Highlights

The Infinite Mind—Sundays at 3 P.M. 8/16: A discussion of forgiveness with researcher Dr. Robert Enright and former hostage Terry Anderson. WNYC, 820 AM.

Mountain Stage—8/14 at 2 P.M.: Leon Redbone, John Hartford, Beau Jocque, live performance. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Casper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 8/15: Paul Hoffman, author of *The Man Who Loved Only Numbers;* former astronaut Alan Shepard; and Olympic Gold Medal winner Rafer Johnson. WOR, 710 AM.

Classic Radio—Sundays at 11 P.M. 8/9: Arthur Hopkins presents *Ah! Wilderness.* WFUV, 90.7 FM.

City Folk—8/11: Songs about dogs by Neil Young, The Story, Doc Watson, David Grisman, Big Mama Thornton, and others. 8/12: Paul Simon. 8/13: Michelle Shocked, Johnny Cash, Tom Waits, Eddie Vedder. 8/17: An encore presentation of Merv Griffin's interview with Marc Cohn. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 9:30 A.M., 8 P.M, and 8:30 P.M. 8/16: Judy Blume, author of *Summer Sisters.* WPAT, 930 AM.

On View **If you *still* can't get over *Seinfeld,* here's your chance to walk amid his relics. The American Museum of the Moving Image will display the set of "Monk's Cafe," which hosted Jerry's weekly West Side coffee klatch, along with props and costumes (including Newman's postal uniform). Opens August 15. See "Exhibitions."**

The Written Word

Jonathan Ames—8/12 at 7:30: Reading from his new book, *The Extra Man.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Marie Ponsot—8/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *The Bird Catcher* in Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Martha Nochimson—8/11 at 7 P.M.: Reading from and signing *The Passion of David Lynch: Wild at Heart in Hollywood.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Alfred Corn—8/13 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Present.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Bruce Lane and Scott Wyatt—8/15 at 3 P.M.: Discussing *New York's 50 Best Places to Eat Southern,* with a demonstration by Terry Mangrum of the Hog Pit. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Lee Child—8/17 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Die Trying.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Lectures and Panels

Career Nights at the School of Visual Arts—at 6:30 P.M.: An overview of various creative careers intended to demystify the process of finding employment in the arts. 8/13: "Understanding Graphic Design." 8/17: "Advertising for Civilians: An Introduction to Business." 8/18: "Understanding Illustration and Cartooning." 8/26: "Understanding Photography." 209 E. 23rd St., fifth floor, Rm. 502 (592-2010); free.

Multicultural Workshops—Through 8/13 at 1 P.M.: Tuesdays: paper quilts and *chirieri,* Japanese ripped paper, workshops with Roya Tsuchiya; *matroshka* dolls and *wycinanki,* Polish paper cutouts, with Amy Kuzniar. Wednesdays: Tibetan monks lead workshops in traditional mandala sand painting, calligraphy, butter sculpture, and Than-ka painting. Thursdays: A workshop in creating turn-of-the-century toys. American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); $5.

Events

Record and CD Collectors Expo—8/15 from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.: New and used, rare and collectible records, CDs, tapes, posters, and T-shirts. Holiday Inn, 440 W. 57th St. (773-6067); $6.

The New York City Camera Show and Sale—8/16 at 10 A.M.: A showcase of new and used cameras, lenses, darkroom and studio equipment, antiques, memorabilia, film, and more. Embassy Ballroom, Holiday Inn, 440 W. 57th St. (472-5460); free.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; free.

Benefits

A Day of Pants—8/12: Sexperts Candace Bushnell, Bradley Gerstman, and Christopher Pizzo offer advice to the lovelorn at this inspired clothing drive: Women are asked to bring old articles of men's clothing left behind by boyfriends past in exchange for a spanking-new pair of X-Pants by Structure to give to their newest fish-in-the-sea. All clothing collected will be donated to H.E.L.P.—the nation's largest developer of transitional housing and provider of living programs for homeless families. Structure, 34th St. bet. Fifth and Sixth Aves. (685-4300, ext. 151); free.

Tours

The East Village—8/16 at 1 P.M.: Explore the area made famous by radicals and immigrants alike with Manhattan historian Joyce Gold. Meet at St. Marks-in-the-Bowery Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (242-5762); $12.

Chinatown Culinary Walk—8/13 at 11 A.M. and 8/15 at 1 P.M.: Learn about Chinatown's food markets with the guidance of a Chinese-cooking teacher. Sample everything from dim sum to Chinese pastry. Meet at the northeast corner of Canal and Mulberry Sts. (925-5369); $12.

Historic TriBeCa—8/15 at 1 P.M.: Stroll the streets and explore the historical and architectural wonders of the western frontier. Meet at Bogardus Triangle, intersection of Chambers, Hudson, and West Broadway (439-1090); $10.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing: The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour"—8/16 at 1: Featuring the historic and gastronomic delights of the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, and Little Italy. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $13.

Walks in Old Chelsea—8/16 at 2 P.M: A journey through the legends and lore of this ever-changing neighborhood. Meet in front of the Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth

Photograph from Photofest.

Benefit

Pants in the City

Sex and charity make strange bedfellows. Bring in sartorial reminders left behind by flames past to be donated to Housing Enterprises for the Less Privileged and receive advice on your love life from Candace Bushnell. See "Benefits."

Ave., and W. 23rd St. (969-8262); $10.

Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights—8/16 at 1: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include Plymouth Church and Walt Whitman's childhood home. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call 439-1090 for more information; $10.

Ravishing Riverside Drive—8/16 at 1 P.M.: Urban historian Marvin Gelfand takes you through the monuments, mansions, and townhouses of a neighborhood that has been home to Marc Chagall, Duke Ellington, Hannah Arendt, George and Ira Gershwin, and William Randolph Hearst. Call 996-1100 for more information; $20.

Greenwich Village—8/16 at 1 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary history of an area that is associated with everyone from George Washington to Bob Dylan and is still as fashionable as ever. This tour will focus on the 1910s and the 1960s. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (718-492-0069); $10.

Ladies Mile—8/15 at 2 P.M.: Stroll through Greenwich Village and the Flatiron District, nineteenth-century New York's most exclusive fashion and shopping center. Meet in front of the Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Ave., and 23rd St. (969-8262); $10.

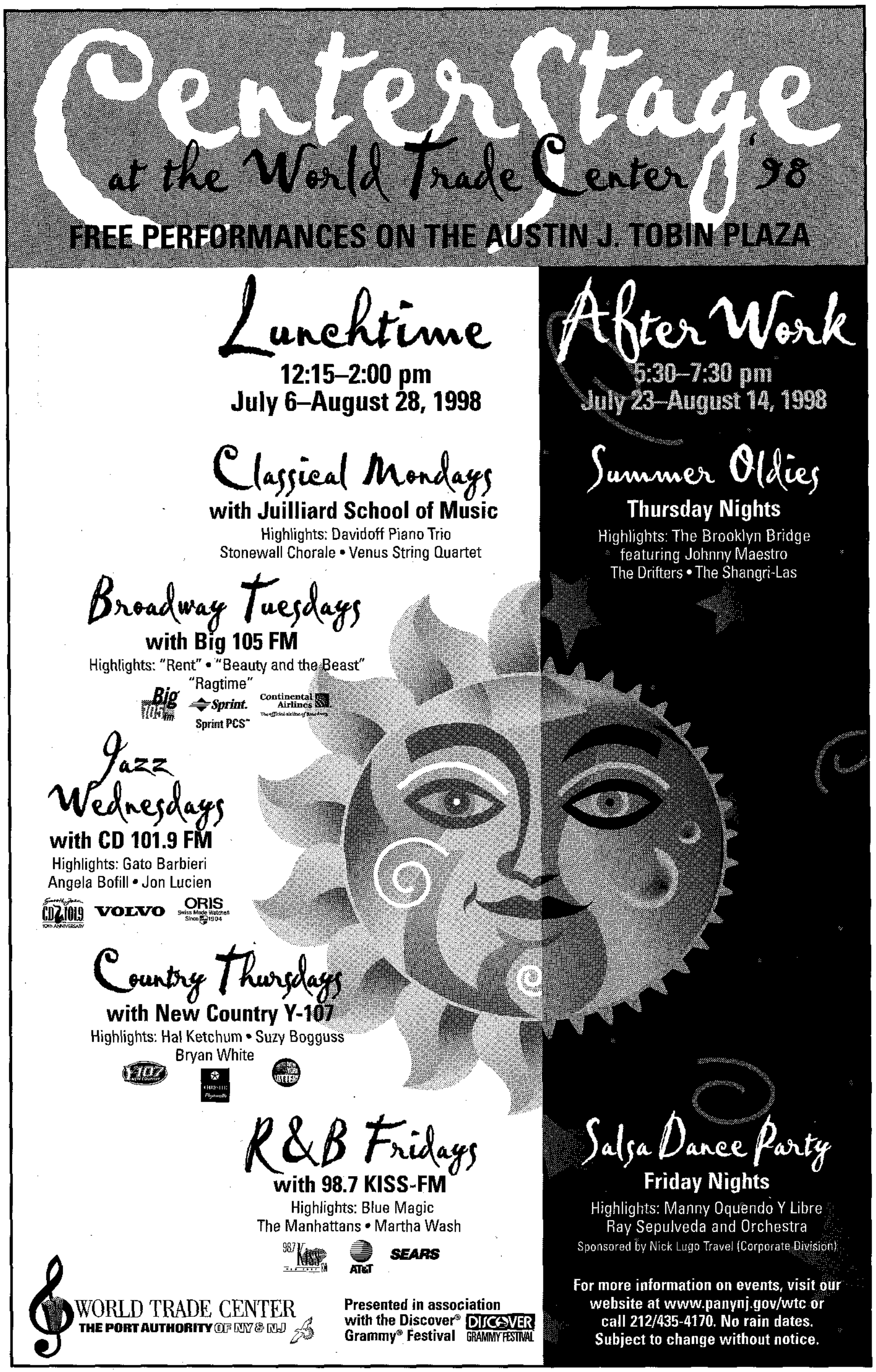
Celebrities of New York—Saturdays and Sundays at 10:30 A.M. on the West Side, and 2 P.M. on the East Side: Discover the homes of the stars and the countless cinematic sites of the city. Call 683-4133 for more information and meeting places; $15.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; $25.

Exhibitions

"Seinfeld's Diner"—8/15/98–8/1/99: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine,

Photograph by Henry McGee/Globe Photos.


CenterStage at the World Trade Center '98
FREE PERFORMANCES ON THE AUSTIN J. TOBIN PLAZA

Lunchtime
12:15–2:00 pm
July 6–August 28, 1998

Classical Mondays
with Juilliard School of Music
Highlights: Davidoff Piano Trio
Stonewall Chorale • Venus String Quartet

Broadway Tuesdays
with Big 105 FM
Highlights: "Rent" • "Beauty and the Beast"
"Ragtime"

Jazz Wednesdays
with CD 101.9 FM
Highlights: Gato Barbieri
Angela Bofill • Jon Lucien

Country Thursdays
with New Country Y-107
Highlights: Hal Ketchum • Suzy Bogguss
Bryan White

R&B Fridays
with 98.7 KISS-FM
Highlights: Blue Magic
The Manhattans • Martha Wash

After Work
5:30–7:30 pm
July 23–August 14, 1998

Summer Oldies
Thursday Nights
Highlights: The Brooklyn Bridge
featuring Johnny Maestro
The Drifters • The Shangri-Las

Salsa Dance Party
Friday Nights
Highlights: Manny Oquendo Y Libre
Ray Sepulveda and Orchestra
Sponsored by Nick Lugo Travel (Corporate Division)

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For more information on events, visit our website at www.panynj.gov/wtc or call 212/435-4170. No rain dates. Subject to change without notice.

What looks like a cold, sounds like a cold and feels like a cold, but isn't a cold?

Asthma. But asthma can be much more serious. So if your child has a cough that won't go away, is often short of breath, or wheezes a lot, especially at night or after running, don't treat it yourself. Go to your doctor or clinic.

Breathe easier. Ask your doctor if it's asthma.

National Asthma Education and Prevention Program
National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute;
National Institutes of Health; Public Health Service; U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

and George will be on display along with props and costumes. The American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Las Twines"—8/15–9/19: A media installation about twin girls by Pepon Osorio. Osorio will be on hand to discuss the work, which will be shown in a storefront in the Hunts Point section of the South Bronx. 858 Southern Blvd. (718) 588-1936; free.

"Fading Ad Campaign"—Through 11/1: Photographs by Frank H. Jump documenting the vintage advertisements painted on the building walls of New York City. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $3–$5.

"Between the Bridges"—Through 9/7: The sixteenth annual outdoor sculpture show at the Empire–Fulton Ferry State Park. New Dock St. at the East River (718-858-4708); free.

"The Making of a First Lady"—Through 8/23: A 30-piece collection of images featuring Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and John Kennedy that chronicles their lives from anonymity to superstardom. The Atrium at Citicorp Center, 153 E. 53rd St. (559-6758); free.

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—Through 12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is $3–$6.

"Anne Frank—Anguish and Hope"—Through 8/14: Oil paintings and works on paper by Shaoul Smira, inspired by her famous diary. Syracuse University's Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. (826-0320); free.

"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll"—Through 8/30: The Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who wrote his *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* under the nom de plume Lewis Carroll, was also a photographer. His works, along with early illustrations by Max Ernst, Harry Furniss, Sir John Tenniel, and E. Gertrude Thompson, and an assortment of objects inspired by Carroll's images, are on display in this exhibit. The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); $4–$6.

"The Year in Pictures"—Through 8/15: Photos of the news of 1997, with a special emphasis on New York City. The Forbes Magazine Galleries, 60 Fifth Ave., bet. 12th and 13th Sts. (620-2200); free.

"True Sew: Songs of the Sweatshop"—Through 9/20: A collection of sculptures by Linda Lee addressing the abuses in the "sweating" and needle trades from their origins in tenement apartments. Lower East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); $3.

"Here & There"—Through 8/15: Documentary photography from New York and the rest of the world. The Access Theater, 380 Broadway, fourth floor (966-1047); free.

Rodin at Rockefeller Center—Through 8/31: A public exhibit of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker.* Channel Gardens, bet. Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza, at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III,* which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); $10.

Chinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's University, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica, Queens (718-990-1526); free.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; $5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898–1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); $5.

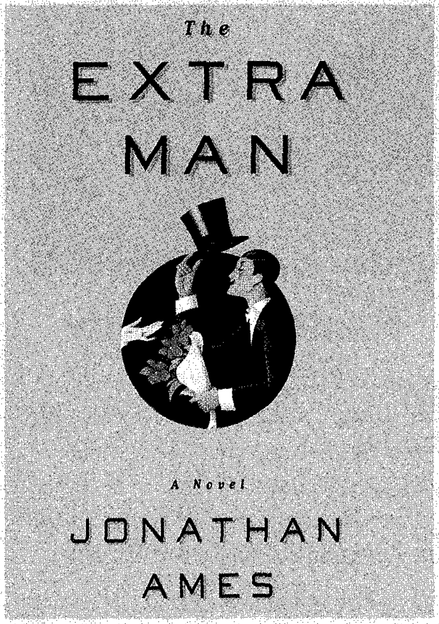
Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); $8 suggested contribution.

"America's *Concentration* Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; $5.

Happening Plus One

In preparation for his second novel, *The Extra Man,* Jonathan Ames "set up a program of hanging out," which took him to such exotic locales as Palm Beach and Newport to research the craft of the male escort. "I even got to do a little extra-manning myself," says the New York *Press* columnist. Though his novel is set entirely in New York City, Ames wanted a wider experience of the escort life. "It's a little more exclusive in the other places I visited," he says, "but it's basically the same thing: bridge, dancing, getting invited to travel. I didn't get invited anywhere exciting because I was too young to be a suitable companion, but youth has its own particular value in these situations." Louis, the young cross-dressing hero of Ames's novel, frequently finds himself in the company of slightly unsavory characters, like the 60-year-old dominatrix he visits for "recessional spanking." "I did some investigating in New York's transsexual world, and the line does blur between research and what one gets sucked into," says Ames, "so I'm sympathetic to transgression." Ames manages to imbue nearly all of Louis's encounters, particularly the most sexually outlandish of them, with a quirky sweetness: "Louis is kind-hearted and he intuitively seeks out like-minded people in his trespasses." Ames will be reading at Barnes & Noble Astor Place on August 12 (see "The Written Word").

ARIEL LEVY



Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week you'll find: Dr. Koop's guide to health and fitness; the online journal of an actual Viking voyage; a site that attempts to ease New York real-estate woes; a new soap-opera-style Web mystery; and a housewares catalogue that's easy on the eyes. And hey, while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals in Angie Maximo's "Cheap Thrills," and music suggestions from Ethan Smith in "Sound Choices." Also, daily trivia, a Subscriber Service Center, extensive archives, a searchable "Cue" section, and oh, so much more.

Sports

Bronx Tennis Classic—8/15–8/23: Lovely Crotona Park is the site for this U.S. Open warm-up. And unlike at the Open, admission is free. Call 718-786-7110 for information.

Manhattan Half-Marathon—8/15 at 8 A.M.: Only four months until the full Marathon. This race, part of the five-boroughs half-marathon series, should be on your training schedule. Call 860-4455.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS			COL MSG 7:30PM			MIA ABC 4PM	
LIBERTY		PHO MSG 7:30PM		WAS MSG 7:30PM		HOU NBC 4PM	
YANKEES	MIN MSG 7:30PM	MIN MSG 7:30PM	MIN MSG 1PM	TEX WPIX 7:30PM	TEX WPIX 7:30PM	TEX FOX 1:15PM	TEX WPIX 1:30PM
METS	STL FSNY 8PM	STL FSNY 8PM	STL FSNY 8PM		ARI WOR 10PM	ARI FSNY 10PM	ARI FSNY 9PM
	8/10	8/11	8/12	8/13	8/14	8/15	8/16

kids

Garden Party...Young Bards

Festival
Alterna-Babies

It's never too early to introduce your offspring to edgy, genre-expanding theater. FringeJr, new and expanded this year, allows even 3-year-olds to explore the downtown, multi-venue action of FringeNYC, New York's international theaterfest. The junior version starts with an open-to-everyone parade through the East Village on August 21 (the more outrageous the outfit, the better) and continues with a week of calypso legends, gibberish epics, cave-boy antics, and inner-city melodrama. Call 420-8877 for more information; all programs take place at either the Connelly Theater (220 East 4th Street) or Context (28 Avenue A).

Photograph by Marty Umans.

Children's Events

Al Fresco Dance—Dayton Contemporary Dance Company for Kids limbers up early on 8/14, for a 10:30 A.M. performance at the **LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS FESTIVAL.** On 8/15, the festival features an entire day of Irish music, dance, and culture, starting at 2 P.M. Lincoln Center Plaza, Broadway at 66th St. (875-5108). ●

A Garden of Activities—Plants are the theme the weekend of 8/15 and 8/16 at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM.** At 1, 2, and 3 P.M., kids can draw local fruits and flowers and attach their renderings to handcrafted garden hats. On Saturday at 2, the "Juice Jamboree" will offer samples of distinctly different organic-juice combinations. And on Sunday at 2, a Lundy's chef will turn backyard produce into a gourmet feast. Hat workshop $2 plus admission. Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060). Tickets are $4, free to children under 2.●

"School Uniforms: A Hot Topic!"—With 670 New York public schools set to require uniforms next year, students at the **FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY** have tackled the subject in this exhibition, running through 8/15. Twenty-five fledgling designers have reached beyond the traditional plaids and pleats to create garments that the average kid might actually want to wear to school, including colorful fleece tops and fake-fur coats. At the Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. and 27th St. (217-5800). ●

Arts in the Parks—There's more to park performers than three-card monte and the shell game. The City Parks Foundation's Arts in the Parks series features children's performers from across the tristate area, offering puppet shows, magic, storytelling, and even a little vaudeville. What's more, they'll practically come to you. Acts will appear at eighteen different playgrounds in the five boroughs at approximately 10:30 A.M. throughout the summer. For a schedule of events, call 360-1399. ●

A Spielberg Summer—As part of its summerlong tribute to Steven Spielberg, the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE** gets serious on 8/15, screening one of Spielberg's earlier takes on World War II, *Empire of the Sun.* 35th Ave. and 36th St. in Astoria, Queens. Call 718-784-0077 for film schedules and show times. Movies are free with museum admission: $8.50, $5.50 for students and seniors, $4.50 for children.

"Kid City"—The centerpiece of Kid City, an exhibit that now has a permanent home at **THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** is a street corner at 82nd St. and Broadway. The former row of two-story buildings has been re-created as it was in 1901. Kids can open doors, peer into mailboxes, handle items in the stores and apartments—and learn about the differences between the lives of children who live there today (where there is now a Gymboree, a McDonald's, and a Barnes & Noble) and those who lived there at the beginning of the century. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Regular admission is $5 for adults, $3 for students and seniors.

Homer's Sketchbook—In 1876, Winslow Homer traveled south to watch freedmen dressing for the slave holiday Jonkonnu. Hear the story of his trip from Homer scholar Ian Schoenherr at the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART.** 8/15 at 4 P.M. 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000). Regular admission is $4 for adults, free for children under 12. ●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

"Under the Sun"—Not all sun worship involves SPF 15. Learn how ancient rituals celebrated the dawn of summer at the **COOPER HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM.** The "Outdoor Exhibition of Light" features various unique structures that harness solar energy, many of which can be seen glowing through the museum's gates at night. The museum's "Under the Sun" concert series showcases different tribal solstice celebrations, including extinct cultural rituals, throughout the summer. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300). Regular museum admission is $5, $3 for students and seniors, free for children under 12.

City Swinger—Tarzan forsakes the tropics for the urban jungle in this 1942 version of the classic fish-out-of-water tale *Tarzan's New York Adventure,* starring Johnny Weismuller (in loincloth) and Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane. At the **WALTER READE THEATER,** Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St. (875-5610). Tickets are $2, available daily at the box office beginning two weeks before the show from 1:30 to 8 P.M., or can be ordered from 777-FILM, #954, with a $1.50 service charge per ticket.

Fun With the Fishes—It's only natural that the performing dolphins, seals, and other frisky fish life at the Coney Island **AQUARIUM FOR WILDLIFE CONSERVATION** would choose somewhat unusual summer partners. Every weekend in August from 11 to 4, the aquarium will compete with the freaks with its own set of Elvis impersonators, hula-hoop dancers, live music, and aquatic-themed trivia contests. Through 8/30. W. 8th St. and the Boardwalk, Brooklyn (718-265-FISH); $8.75, $4.50 for kids and seniors, free for children under 2.

"You Gotta Have Bard"—Children 8 to 12 learn iambic pentameter, and some Greek history, at the **KINGS COUNTY SHAKESPEARE COMPANY'**s week-long Shakespeare workshop, 8/10 to 8/14. Twenty students learn about Shakespeare through theater games, storytelling, stage fighting, and costume design, culminating in a performance for parents and friends. Prospect Park Picnic House, Brooklyn (718-858-7583); $150 per week. ●

"Kahurangi"—Every Friday at 6:30 P.M. the **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** presents a free family performance. This week, it's Maori song and dance from a New Zealand native company. 145 Brooklyn Ave., at St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn (718-735-4402); $3 suggested admission. ●

Theater Thursdays—Meet felines far more fabulous than your kitty at one of the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** Thursday twenty-minute performances by Broadway stars. Starting at 2 P.M., the cats from *Cats* teach kids how to move like Sheba. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234).

Safe Skate—Safety comes first at **NEW YORK SKATEOUT'**s free sessions on Saturdays at 3. Designed to let kids who are members of the Rollerblade-sponsored "Scouts on Skates" program skate with other experienced in-line skaters under 14, the sessions are social as well as instructional. Skateout also offers morning lessons on Saturdays and Sundays for kids who aren't ready to be let loose in the park. All protective gear required. Meets at the 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. entrance to Central Park, weather permitting (486-1919). Reservations required. Lessons cost $25 for a one-hour session. ●

cue

Barbara Ensor	*Kids*
Patricia Falvo	*Movies*
Brian Farnham	*Sports*
Nick Meyer	*In Concert*
Ariel Levy	*Books* *Events* *Radio*
John Leonard	*Television*
Edith Newhall	*Art*
Robin Raisfeld	*Restaurants*
Stephanie Saulmon	*Online*
Jennifer Senior	*Theater*
Ethan Smith	*Nightlife*

in concert

Tharp! at the Prospect Park Bandshell

Classical Music

Tuesday, August 11

Amernet String Quartet—Performs Haydn String Quartets, part of a series of twilight concerts. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 6; $20.*

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs works by Mozart and Handel, with violinist Christian Tetzlaff and mezzo-soprano Susan Graham. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, (721-6500), at 8; $18–$38.*

Wednesday, August 12

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs Mozart's Overture to *Der Schauspieldirektor,* Piano Concerto No. 25 in C Major, Violin Concerto No. 3 in G Major, and Symphony No. 34 in C major. With violinist Christian Tetzlaff and pianist Louis Lortie. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$38.*

Amernet String Quartet—See 8/11.

Leontovych String Quartet—Performs Handel's Passacaglia, Mozart's Quartet in E-flat Major, Beethoven's Quartet in F Major, and Schubert's Quartet in E-flat Major. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 6:30; free.*

Thursday, August 13

Colorado String Quartet—Continues the Haydn String Quartet series. See 8/11 for info.

The Canadian Brass—Performs works by J.S. Bach, Gabrieli, Pergolesi, Mozart, Barber, and Bizet, arranged for five horns. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $22–$42.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Shostakovich's Piano Trio No. 1, Arensky's Piano Trio in D minor, and Tchaikovsky's Piano Trio in A minor. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), 7:30; $20–$30.*

Friday, August 14

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs works by Mozart, Rossini, and Schubert, with pianist Alexei Lubimov and clarinetist Richard Stoltzman. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $18–$38.*

Colorado String Quartet—Continues the Haydn String Quartet series. See 8/11 for info.

Summergarden—Violinist Sylvia Danburg, cellist Brent Samuel, pianist Vivian Chang, and clarinetist Benjamin Fingland perform chamber works by Wuorinen, Moore, Brown, and Ives. *Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Bargemusic—Performances of J. S. Bach's Suite in D minor for Cello, Beethoven's Sonata for Violin and Piano in C minor, and Ravel's Trio in A minor. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), 7:30; $20–$30.*

Saturday, August 15

Colorado String Quartet—Continues the Haydn String Quartet series. See 8/11 for info.

Summergarden—See 8/14.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 8/14.

Sunday, August 16

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Continues St. Bartholomew's Summer Festival of Sacred Music with a performance of Jean Langlais's *Messe Solennelle;* Daniel Moriarty, conductor. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. and 51st St. (378-0200), at 11 A.M.; free.*

SummerMusic '98—Soprano Cristina Arsuaga gives a concert performance of arias by Puccini, Verdi, Bellini, and Rossini arranged for soprano and wind quintet. *Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, Bronx (718-601-7339), at 2, and McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus at Southern Blvd., at 4; free.*

Bargemusic—See 8/13, at 4.

Jazz

Tuesday, August 11

Monty Alexander—The Jamaican pianist performs his jazz-reggae hybrid as part of the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 6:30; free.*

Friday, August 14

Bluiett/Jackson/Thiam Trio—Baritone saxophonist Hamiet Bluiett, pianist D. D. Jackson, and percussionist Mor Thiam perform at the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5108), at 6:30; free.*

Dance

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—The cross-dressing all-male ballet troupe performs classics such as "Les Lac des Cygnes" and an excerpt from "La Vivandiere," as well as the New York premiere of "Stars & Stripes Forever," set to the music of John Philip Sousa. 8/17 at 8. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $35.*

Dayton Contemporary Dance Company—Performs a tribute to choreographer Donald McKayle, with guest artist Tamica Washington. Program includes *Games* and *Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder* by McKayle, 8/13 and 8/14 at 8. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (875-5108), free.*

Celebrate Brooklyn! Festival—Twyla's Tharp! performs a program of Tharp originals, including *Roy's Joys, Sweet Fields,* and *The Fugue,* 8/15 at 8. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882); free.*

Previews
Sole Music

The Canadian Brass may be the only classical ensemble with a sneaker deal, but then, they've always been a bit unusual. The members of the marching, dancing musicomedy quintet will be even lighter on their feet than usual this Thursday at Avery Fisher Hall while performing selections from J. S. Bach's *Art of the Fugue* and the "Vengeance" aria from Mozart's *Magic Flute,* as well as works by Pergolesi, Barber, and Bizet, rearranged for five horns. The program is more classical than the Brass's regular road shows (which include works by P.D.Q. Bach and the Beatles), but don't expect them to stay in their seats for long.

Photograph by Denise Grant.

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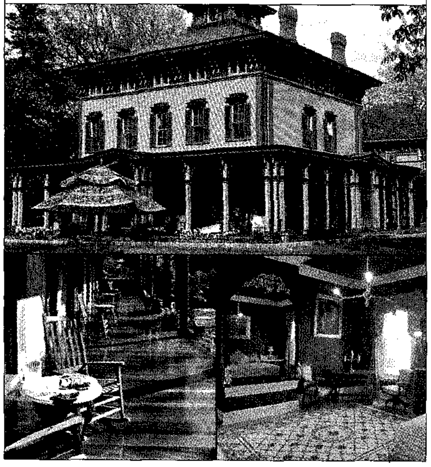

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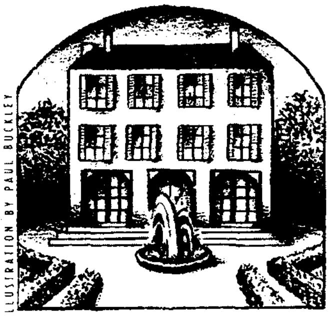
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Beautiful, Sexy, Athletic—Optimistic, Jewish (nonreligious), financially secure, 35 years old, with great job and downtown edge, looking for same qualities in a grownup man. I'm 5'5", 112 lbs, have dark brown eyes, no permanent tattoos and only the usual piercings. Please be able to carry on a conversation. Please have a sense of humor. Extra points if you can teach me to play golf. I have golf clubs. Super bonus points for skiers. Please don't include the words "fine dining" in your response. Photo. 4705 ✉

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Handsome, Irish, Harvard-Educated—Financially independent, fit, 5'10" gentleman, early 50s, seeks very smart, athletic, petite, wholesome, financially independent, Christian, 40-plus lady for travel and long-term relationship. Photo a must. 4743 ✉

She Is 42 Today (Happy Birthday Sis!)—*But the boys still think she's 30...* 5'6", strawberry blond, sensuous and a head-turner. A perfect evening, great food, fine wine and quick-witted conversation on endless subjects. Interested? You need to be 5'10" plus, 34"-36" Levi size, clean-shaven, nonsmoker, more desire to wear jeans than a suit, sharp, generous in spirit, smile easily and looking to have some fun. PS: movie buffs get preferential treatment! Photo and letter a must! 4713 ✉

Wanted: Partner For Parenthood—Sincere, attractive, fit, financially secure older gentleman seeks bright, healthy, sincere woman, 30-40, to have, keep and nurture a child with his assistance. Please include photo, age, relevant information. POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

Warm, Attractive, Lively—Self-employed woman, seeks intelligent, kind, stable man, mid 50s-60s. 4716 ✉

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Contact—Down-to-earth, vivacious, pretty, professional, sensuous soul mate who enjoys dancing, walks in the park, ethnic cooking and visits to museums... if you are a tall, attractive, secure, intelligent, affectionate, fun-loving, 50ish Jewish man who is interested in a committed relationship. Letter/photo optional. 4729✉

Intelligent, Athletic, Nice-Looking—Nonsmoking, single Jewish male, down-to-earth, math professor, 41, 5'8", 140. Enjoys working out, tennis, long walks, sports, dining out, movies, museums, etc. Seeks intelligent, attractive, professional, nonsmoking, single Jewish female, 30s, for long-term relationship. 4718 ✉

Uncle—Very pretty (tall, blond hair, green eyes), creative, successful, athletic single mom, 41, looking for handsome, successful, kind man to enjoy life with. Photo and note, please. 4709 ✉

New To NYC—32, 5'10", 175 lbs, Jewish MD-entrepreneur. Average looks, build, expectations. Intelligent, motivated. Enjoys outside activities, fitness, reading, dancing. Seeks 24-30 Jewish female, presentable, smart, upbeat, thoughtful, understanding, from a stable family. Note/photo. 4694 ✉

Attractive, Warm, Successful—Manhattan Jewish female, early 60s, great sense of humor, intelligent, adventurous, prefers classical music and white beaches, looking for a great romantic and friend. 4719✉☎

Mom Raised Me Right—Well-trained Jewish man, 36, attorney, home owner, family-oriented, loyal, dog lover, avid bowler. I like to work out, go to ball games and concerts, dine out or just hang out. If you're a smart, funny, commitment-ready, nonsmoking Jewish woman, 27-35, with similar qualities and interests, let's talk. Photo, please. 4720 ✉ ☎

Jet-Setting Heiress—Pretty, outdoorsy, upbeat, funny, 40, 5'5", 115, seeking a cerebral, stable, curious, well-rounded man with humor and gullibility. 4714 ✉☎

Ravishing Writer—Pretty, blond, cultured lady, both serious and fun, loves Mozart, travel and the arts. Seeks warm, bright professional man, 47-60, for friendship and romance. Photo. 4725 ✉

Let's Live Life To The Fullest!—NY, cultured lady, tall, slim, attractive, 52. Passions: languages, travel. Loves good wine, music, dancing, the gym, laughter. Seeks tall, attractive gent with similar interests, sense of humor, taste for adventure. No smokers. Recent photo. 4722 ✉

Warm, Mid-Age (Female) Physician—Who enjoys cultural, athletic activities, seeks tender-hearted, career-oriented man (45-55) to share life's pleasures. 4696 ✉

Longing—To make him incredibly happy. Very attractive, slender, ultra-feminine and passionate, 39, heart of gold, in tune with others' feelings and desires. Successful yet very traditional. Nothing beats love. Yearning for very successful, traditional gentleman, 50s, who's generous of heart and mind, romantic and attentive... longing to be number one. NY/CT. Descriptive note, please. 4689 ✉ ☎

York Avenue—Gentleman, 50, seeks sane woman, 35 plus, for "sharing life's path, offerings". POB 20359 NYC 10021

Sweetheart Seeks Same—Deep thinker, 35, who also loves to laugh and learn, seeks non-narcissistic, secure, good guy, physically fit and cute. I'm pretty, 5'8", 128 lbs, very bright, financially secure and engaged with life, divorced for six years, finally ready to give my heart. Photo and note essential. 4687 ✉

Ivy Attorney—62, 5'11", 190, athletic, fit, good sense of humor, fun, successful, nonsmoker - like tennis, travel, sailing. No baggage. Westchester, CT or NYC. Please send photo/note. 4700 ✉

Sophisticated, Strikingly Attractive—Single black female, 31, 5'6", 128 lbs, enjoys golf, cooking, fine dining. Seeks handsome, stylish, successful, single white male, 38-50, lives in NYC and summers in the Hamptons. Let's say hello. 4735 ✉☎

Alluring Asian Female—MD, 30s, slim, fun-loving, 5'6", with great legs, seeks tall, fit, educated male, 30-40s, for true love. Photo, please. 4723 ✉

Independent, Confident—Eccentric woman in her 50s, seeks caring, bright man who appreciates a healthy and nurturing lifestyle. Note/photo/phone. 4698 ✉

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Ragazza Italiana—I am an Italian girl, 5'8", blond with green eyes, 30; I love going back to my native country every year. I am cultured, well-bred, lover of the arts yet down-to-earth, and can make a mean sauce! I am looking for my Prince Charming in this cold city, while trying to keep my solid traditions I brought over from Italy, and am discovering that nice girls really do finish last. Why is that? Note and photo, please. 4704 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Woman MD—Slim, warm, gentle, Jewish, 47, seeks soul mate. 4703✉

Got A Heart And A Brain?—There's a classy lady, 40s, nonsmoker, (914) based, interested in meeting a cheerfully serious professional guy, nonsmoker, for talking, dining, laughing - indefinitely. 4724 ✉

Are You A High-Maintenance Woman—Wanting a lot of care and attention? If that's you, and you're petite/thin, mid-late 40s, this financially secure Jewish entrepreneur living in fashionable Scottsdale, may want to share his abundances with you for a long-term relationship. Submit photo ID to board my ship. 4693 ✉

Irish-Catholic Professional Female—Early 30s, naturally slim and not a fitness fanatic, seeking Christian/Catholic male, 35-45, to share movies, dinner, theater, etc., in NYC. Note/photo/phone. 4702✉

Jewish Doctor—Mid 40s, with heart of gold, seeks sensitive soul mate for lasting relationship. Interest in theater, opera and long walks in Central Park a plus. Please include photo with short letter. 4697 ✉

Satan's Little Helper Seeks Angel Boy—This slim, sexy temptress with mischievous streak, 35, is interested in striking deal with good natured soul: 32-42, Jewish, great sense of humor and devilish good looks. Must be corruptible. Photo and note. 4745 ✉

Men May Be From Mars—Women may be from Venus, but I'm marooned somewhere beyond Pluto. Any divorced/widowed Jewish women, 35-47, hopefully with young children, willing to get into their space capsules and take me home? I'm 46, divorced Jewish male with a 9-year-old daughter, a social service career and a life to share. 4717 ✉

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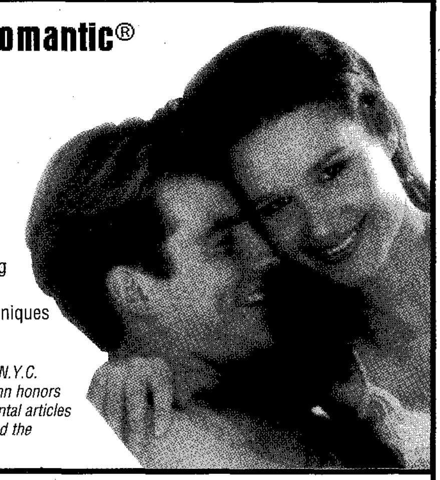

Dr. Dorfman has practiced in N.Y.C. for thirteen years. He is a Penn honors grad who has edited many dental articles and is a member of Mensa and the American Dental Association.

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Profane, Sacred, Silly—Kinder, realer, handsome hippie type, PhD, 40, seeks slim, soulful, lustful, tattoo-type woman-child for happy/sad, love, trust. 4701✉☎

Gay White Male, 52—Are you out there? Looking for a sincere man with a sense of humor to share life's ups and downs with same. Note/phone. 4688 ✉

One Good Man—DC/NYC, in search of several good women (just kidding!). Earthy, attractive Jewish male, late 40s, good-hearted, well-educated, with diverse interests, seeks contact and connection with upbeat, spontaneous, tall woman with engaging smile, sexy demeanor, independent yet intimate. If you catalyze the best in others, value friends and family, and have a good moral compass, please respond with a nongeneric note/ recent photo/phone. 4669 ✉

Gay White Male, 45—Tall, in-shape, seeks quality man, 25-35, with interest in travel, music, NYC and the finer things. Please be educated, fun, sincere. Thin build, preppy a plus. Note/photo. 4728✉

English South Coast—Vivacious, curvaceous blond, 40s, with education, lineage, culture and style, desires fun and romance with commitment, from American executive male, 38-50. I'm willing to relocate for the right person. Genuine replies with recent photograph please. 4744 ✉

Extremely Successful—Handsome executive, very generous and physically very fit, seeking an attractive white female, 18 plus, to have mutually satisfying relationship, because you deserve the best. 4726 ✉

Boca Raton—Optometrist, 27, seeks tall, loving Jewish woman. Photo. 4712 ✉

Divorced, Nonreligious—Jewish-flavored math professor, 69, 5'9", NYC, two children, Ivy League, bookish. Seeks woman, 59-71, to share life of the mind. 4710 ✉

NYMessage

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You: seat 13A, long black hair and skirt. Me: seat 10F, navy blue suit. Call 4730✉☎

Wishes To Become A Father—Russian-American, 33, attractive, intelligent, blond, wants to have a child with sweet, sincere, financially secure lady. Note/photo/phone. POB 380, New York, NY 10113

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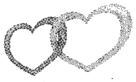

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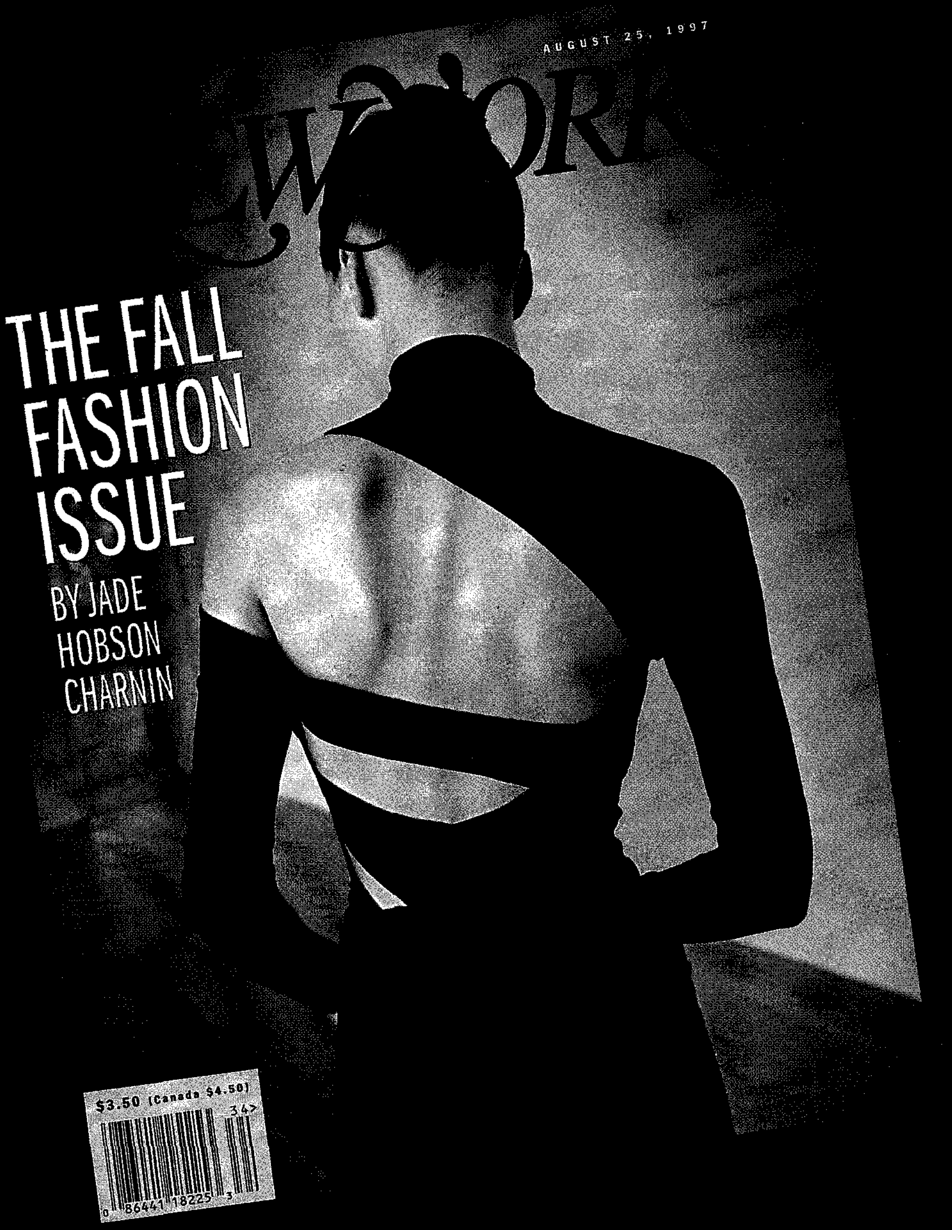
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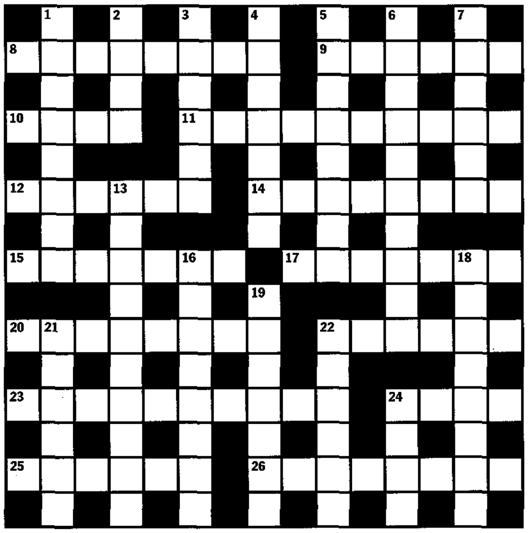
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

8 It's supposed to be placed at tea-time, sweetheart. (8)
9,22 ACR Part of the Houdini contract? (6,6)
10 Laurel's second cure. (4)
11 Bar instructions—swift justice? (5)
12 Hold the queen to be a complainer. (6)
14 One follower looked at Janus, say. (3-6)
15 This time, Jean's day, January 3rd is put back? (7)
17 Show like "The Band Wagon" that copied one away. (7)
20 Fancy two drinks first and cards? (3,5)
22 See 9.
23 Such evidence is of the end. (10)
24 Men on board are cut. (4)
25 Pole position, thanks to game. (7)
26 Lank's allowed to be thrown down. (8)



DOWN

1 Pearl could be sophisticated. (8)
2 Principal ocean. (4)
3 German who is not overweight? (6)
4 Go between broadcasters and those ends. (7)
5 Welsh and English students have completed to gain approval. (4,4)
6 Mark "L" has article denoting fever. (10)
7 A firearm for each. (6)
13 One lengthens for caterpillar. (10)
16 Artist and Frenchman save an exotic fruit. (8)
18 Resilient sort, one hears. (8)
19 Second year in Georgia when the lilac blooms. (7)
21 One pressing on in anger, runs. (6)
22 Little fox captures her, sweet child. (6)
24 Name what's said to be the construction area. (4)

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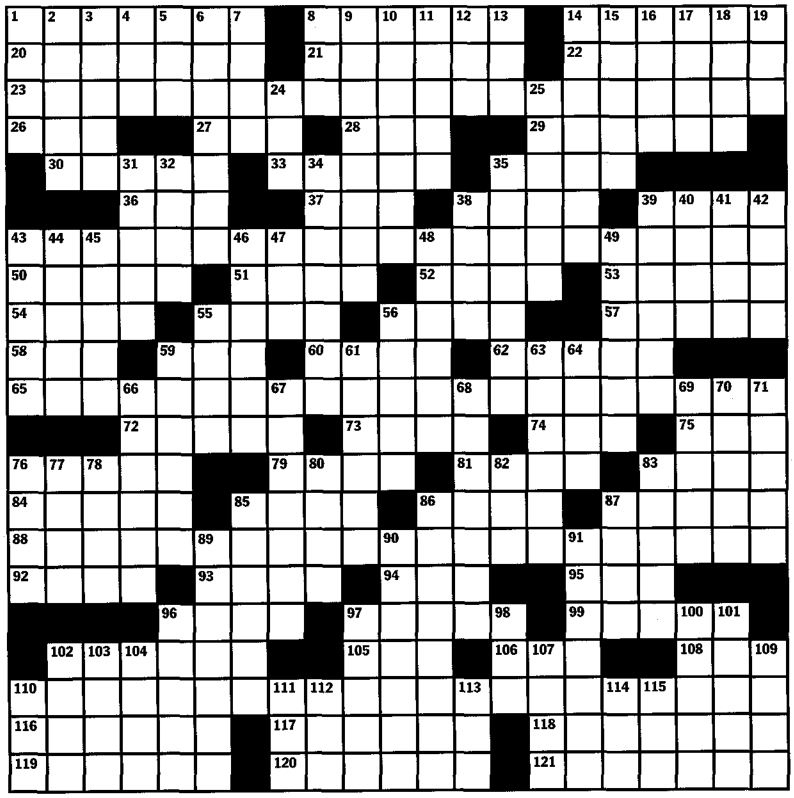
'F, My Name Is —': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Scapegoat
8 —— as a pancake
14 Rose's town, in an Irish song
20 Accomplish
21 Nabokov nymphet
22 More weird
23 F, MY NAME IS ——
26 "Ich bin —— Berliner": J.F.K.
27 Tally up
28 "Rosemary's Baby" author Levin
29 Majority of the world's people
30 Train terminal
33 Mercedes rivals
35 Piggy-bank aperture
36 Ab —— (from inception)
37 Oiseau's nest
38 Egotist's love
39 Barbra's "A Star Is Born" co-star
43 AND ——
50 Bolshevism founder
51 Poly's go-with
52 Car-hire company
53 Etiquette's Post
54 Layer of the iris
55 Literature Nobelist Morrison
56 Algerian port
57 Quincy or Inigo
58 Not agin
59 Reagan son
60 Philosopher Immanuel
62 Ellis Island arrival, once
65 AND ——
72 Draw out
73 "The King and I" role
74 Gangdom gun
75 Lon of Cambodia
76 Title for a guru
79 Apple throwaway
81 Racetrack tipster
83 Teenage zits
84 Guthrie namesakes
85 Notes that follow sol
86 Jack's stalk
87 With all one's might
88 AND ——
92 Rapier's relative
93 Andy's radio sidekick
94 Capote, to friends
95 Globe
96 Illegal coin
97 The Donald's second
99 Fabric junctures
102 Toy train's whistle sound
105 Forty thieves' foe
106 Peppery
108 Oahu guitar, informally
110 AND ——
116 Weather phenomenon in the news
117 One of the Borgias
118 Kitchen alcove
119 Less of a mess
120 Itty-bitty
121 Having more sticky sludge

DOWN

1 Smokey Joe's place
2 Sharp to the taste
3 Scottish lord
4 Sermon topic
5 Chest muscle, to a bodybuilder
6 Airman
7 Make one's way
8 TV extraterrestrial
9 Harden
10 Gulf state
11 Turkish monetary units
12 Took sustenance
13 Sun-bronzed
14 Starts, at golf
15 Repair a ship
16 Melody for 25-Down
17 Columbia's mascot
18 Poetic twilights
19 Geologic time span
24 Writer LeShan
25 Diva of "Master Class"
31 Banquet platforms
32 Microwave
34 Dissimilar
35 Study session
38 Hindu god
39 Geisha's garb
40 Jockey's control
41 Without a job
42 Utters
43 Blow one's lines onstage
44 Live it up
45 Juan's January
46 Bitterly humorous
47 Swindler's game
48 Clan plaid
49 Refuse to take
55 Soybean curd
56 Cat——tails
59 Relish-tray item
61 Visigoth king
63 California Beach
64 —— the kill
66 Distant
67 The Ten Commandments
68 Momentous, as a decision
69 Pizarro's victims
70 Kind of boom
71 "Maria ——," 1941 hit tune
76 Umpire's call
77 Do up a gift
78 What George couldn't tell
80 Elevator innovator
82 Regatta need
83 A protozoan
85 Gulliver's first name
86 Obstacles
87 Zoning division
89 Be attracted to, slangily
90 Neapolitan, for one
91 Nasal opening
96 Composer with Cahn
97 Billiards shot
98 Palindromic exclamation
100 Civvies
101 Go on blades
102 Legend
103 Choreographer White
104 "Don't bet ——!"
107 City laws: abbr.
109 Ogler
110 Marshland
111 Libra-Scorpio mo.
112 Key's fifth word
113 Elfin
114 After an aitch
115 Line of fashion interest



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 71.

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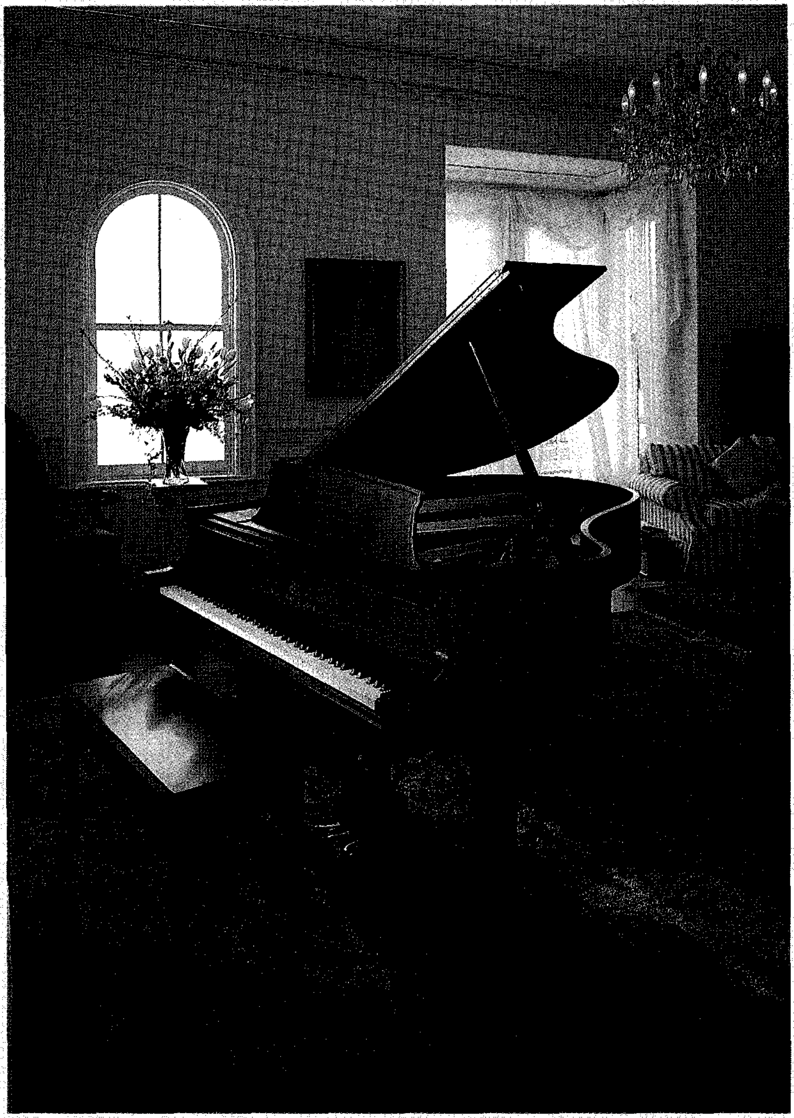

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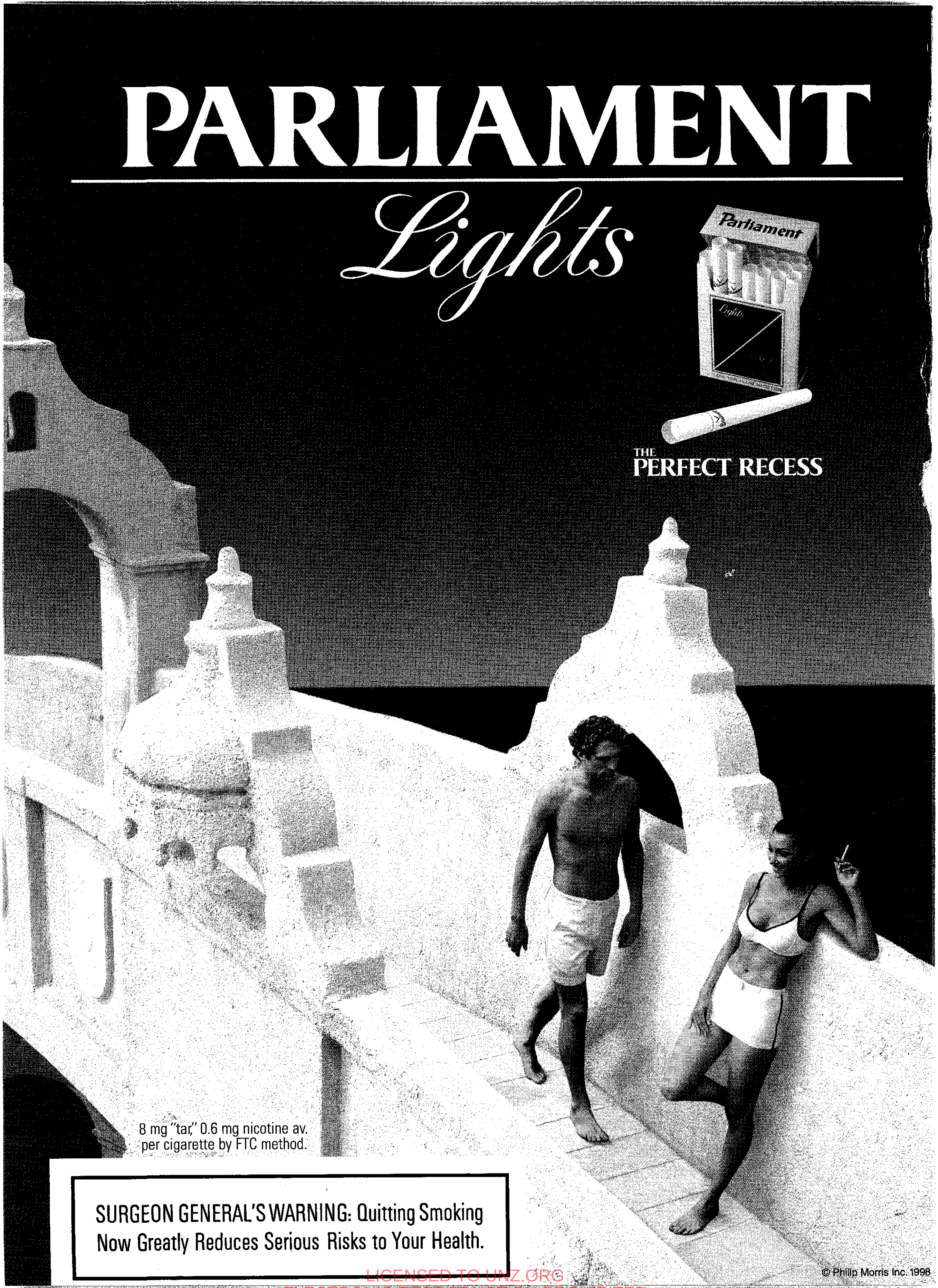
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